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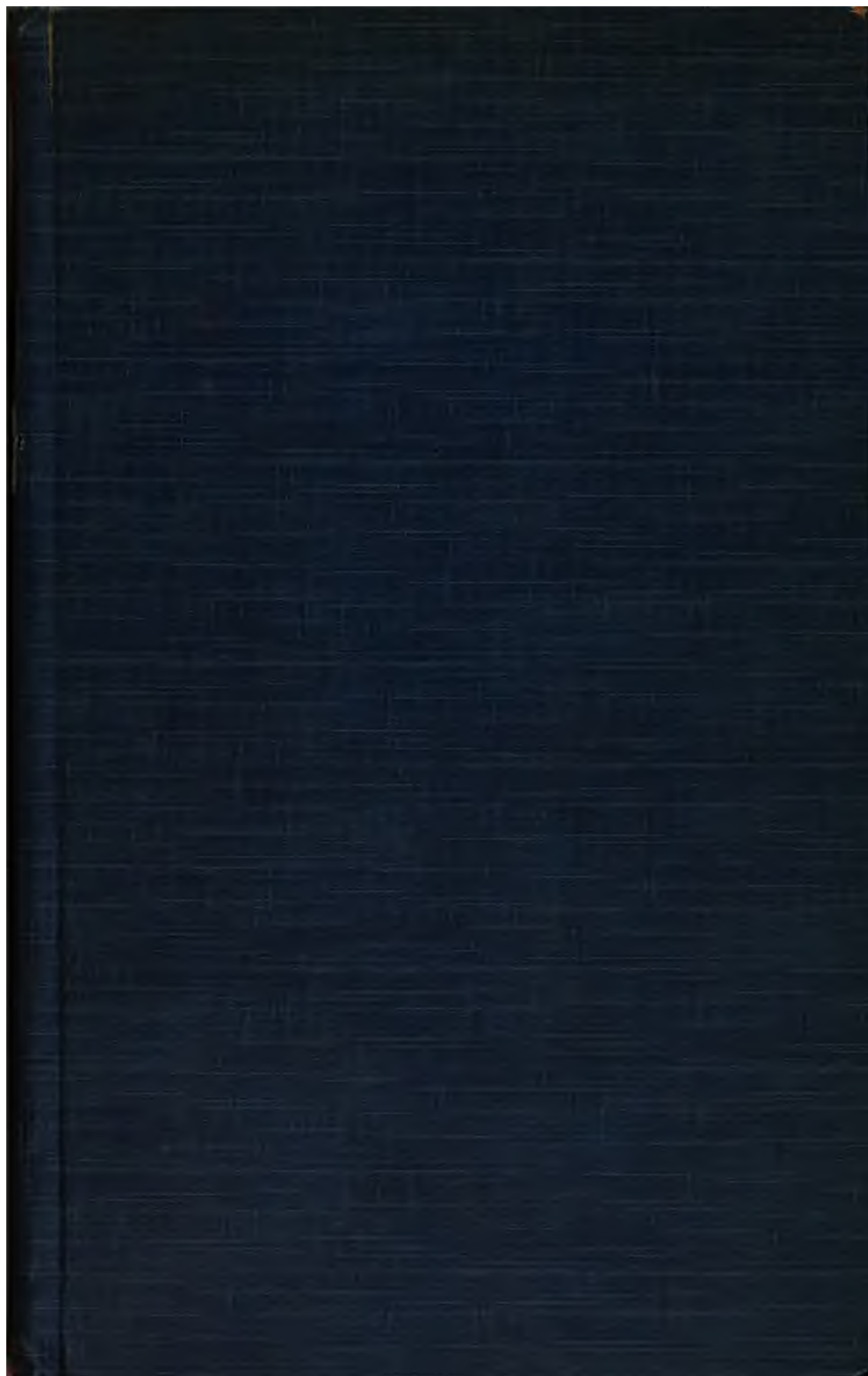
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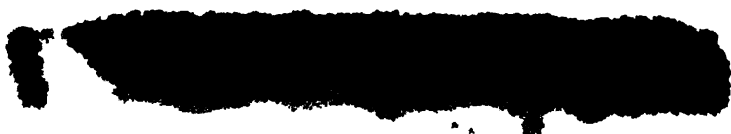
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Don Whipple
1822

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

XVI.

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FOR

JULY 1822.

BOSTON :

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NEW SERIES, No. XI.

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ART. I.—1. *Essai sur Jean Jacques Rousseau par Bernardin de St Pierre.* Paris, 1818.

2. *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau par V. D. Musset Pathay.* 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris, 1821.

NOTWITHSTANDING the length of time which has elapsed since the death of Rousseau and the strong interest which has always been felt in his person and character, there is yet no good biography of him in any language. His Confessions supply the deficiency for the greater part of his life; but like the charming memoirs of himself by Franklin they break off before its close, and leave of course some of the most interesting scenes wholly undescribed. The fulness of this recital, as far as it goes, is probably however one of the principal reasons why no supplementary work has yet been attempted by a writer of competent ability. The second of the publications, whose titles are prefixed to this article, is a laborious and well meant effort, made by an enthusiastic admirer of Rousseau, to complete his history and to vindicate his character and principles, from all the charges that have been made against them. This second object is so plainly injudicious, that it betrays at once a want of power and philosophy in the mind of the biographer. The intelligent friends of Rousseau are the first to admit that his errors of theory and practice

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were numerous and considerable. There is also an entire absence of literary talent in the execution of the work, and it has no other merit than that of bringing together from various quarters all the facts that are known respecting the life of the famous Genevan, and of rendering more accessible several detached accounts, which had previously appeared of particular passages in his history.

The *Essay of Bernardin de St Pierre* is of a different description, as may be supposed from the name of the writer. It has the attraction of style, which uniformly marks his productions, and the interest which necessarily attends the observations of one deep and powerful thinker upon the character of another. It is however only an unfinished fragment of less than a hundred pages, which the author did not complete, and which has lately appeared with some other unpublished writings in the edition of his works which we noticed in a former number. One or two passages contained in it were inserted by the author in the *Studies of Nature*. We propose to lay before our readers several extracts from this interesting little sketch, and shall afterwards add a few others from the materials collected by the new biographer.

The acquaintance of Rousseau and Bernardin de St Pierre commenced in the following manner. The latter was returning home in the year 1771 from the Isle of France after his long and unsuccessful chase in pursuit of fortune; and touched in his way at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was detained for some time. In a letter from this place he dwells in strong language upon the pleasure, which he promised himself from his return of enjoying two summers in the same year—the month of January when he wrote being the time of vintage at the Cape and corresponding with that of August in France. The person to whom this letter was sent communicated it to Rousseau, who immediately expressed a desire to become acquainted with the writer. Upon his arrival at Paris, St Pierre was accordingly introduced to the eccentric philosopher. The latter received him with great cordiality, and said that he should always esteem a man, whose mind, on returning from the land of fortune, was occupied with the expectation of enjoying two summers in one year. Such was the beginning of their acquaintance, which grew into a lasting and intimate friendship. These facts are related by the biographer of St Pierre. His own narrative

commences with the following account of his first interview with Rousseau.

‘ In the month of June 1772, a mutual friend accompanied me to the dwelling of J. J. Rousseau, which was then in the *Rue Platrière* nearly opposite the post office. We ascended three pair of stairs and knocked at the door, which was opened to us by Madame Rousseau. She said to us—“ Come in, gentlemen, my husband is at home.” We passed through a small antichamber neatly set out with household furniture into a room where Rousseau was seated in a great coat and white cap, copying music. He rose with a smiling air and placed chairs for us, and then sat down again to his work, conversing with us at the same time.

‘ He was of middling stature and thin. One of his shoulders appeared a little higher than the other, either from a natural defect, from age, or from his habitual attitude. In other respects he was well proportioned. His complexion was dark with a tinge of red on the cheeks—his mouth handsome—his nose well formed—his forehead round and high, and his eyes full of fire. The lines, which fall obliquely from the nostrils towards the extremities of the mouth and give the face its expression, denoted in his acute sensibility and something like distress.

‘ His sunken eyes and heavy eyebrows indicated melancholy, and the furrows in his forehead profound sadness; while at the same time a number of small wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes, which closed when he laughed, expressed a lively and even satirical wit. These opposite qualities predominated by turns in the general expression of his countenance, accordingly as his mind was affected by the different subjects that occurred in conversation. When tranquil, it exhibited something of them all; and inspired at the same time feelings of affection, respect, and pity.

‘ Near him was a spinnet, which he occasionally touched. The furniture of the chamber consisted of two small beds of blue and white cotton and hangings of the same, a chest of drawers, a table, and a few chairs. There hung against the wall a plan of the wood and park of Montmorency, where he had lived, and an engraved portrait of the king of England, formerly his patron. His wife was seated at her needle work; a canary bird was singing in a cage which hung from the ceiling, and several sparrows were picking crumbs of bread at

a window that opened toward the street. At the antichamber window were placed several boxes and pots of indigenous plants. Altogether there was an air of neatness and quiet simplicity in this little establishment, which was singularly pleasing.

‘He spoke to me at first of his travels; and the conversation afterwards turned upon the news of the day. He then read to us the manuscript of a letter he had just been writing, in answer to one in which the Marquis de Mirabeau requested him to publish something more upon political subjects. He entreats the Marquis not to insist upon his engaging again in the bustle of literary controversy. We talked of his works, and I told him that those which pleased me most were the *Devin du Village* and the third volume of *Emile*. He appeared to be charmed with my opinion. “They are also those,” said he, “which I am best pleased to have written. My enemies may say what they will, but they will never compose a *Devin du Village*.” He showed us a collection of several sorts of seeds which he had arranged in little boxes. I said to him, that I had never seen before so large a collection of seeds made by a person, who had so little land to sow them in. This remark made him laugh. When we took our leave, he conducted us to the head of the stairs.

‘Some days afterwards he came to return my visit. He was dressed in a complete suit of nankeen with a round wig curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and a little cane in his hand. His appearance was plain but very neat, as that of Socrates is said to have been. I offered him a piece of marine cocoa with its fruit to increase his collection of seeds, and he accepted it. I shewed him a beautiful species of amaranth from the Cape, the flowers of which resemble strawberries and the leaves strips of gray cloth. He thought it very curious, but I could not offer it to him, as I had already presented it to another friend. As I accompanied him back across the Tuilleries, we perceived a smell of coffee. “There,” said he, “is a perfume, of which I am very fond. When the other lodgers in the house where I live burn their coffee, my neighbours shut their doors to keep out the smell, but I open mine.” “Then you are fond of coffee,” said I. “Yes,” said he, “ices and coffee are almost the only luxuries for which I have a taste.” I had brought with me from the isle of Bourbon a bale of coffee, and had made up several parcels for presents to my friends. The

next day I sent him one of these with a billet, in which I said, that knowing his love for foreign seeds I requested his acceptance of these. He returned a very polite note, in which he thanked me for my attention. The day after I received another note, written in a different tone, of which the following is a copy.

"Sir, I had company with me yesterday and was unable to examine the parcel which you sent me. We are hardly acquainted yet, and you begin by making presents. Such proceedings place us on too unequal a footing, as my fortune does not allow me to make any in return. You will therefore take back your coffee, or we never meet again.

"Accept my very humble salutations

J. J. ROUSSEAU."

"I wrote him in answer, that as I had obtained the coffee in the country where it grew, the quantity and quality of it were of little importance to me, but that I would leave him to make his own choice in regard to the alternative proposed. The dispute was finally accommodated upon my consenting to accept from him a root of ginseng and a work on ichthyology, which had lately been sent to him from Montpellier, and he invited me to dine with him the next day. I accordingly went to his lodgings at eleven o'clock in the morning. We conversed till half past twelve, when his wife laid the cloth. He took a bottle of wine, and putting it upon the table, asked me whether it would be enough for us, and whether I loved to drink. How many are to dine? said I. "Three," said he, "you, my wife, and I." When I dine alone, I replied, I generally drink half a bottle of wine, and when I am with my friends, a little more. "In that case," said he, "there will not be enough, and I must go down to the cellar for another bottle." His wife served two dishes, one of pastry, and the other under a cover. "There," said he, pointing to the pastry, "is your dish, and here is mine." "I am not particularly fond of pastry," said I, "but I trust you will permit me to taste of your dish." "By all means," said he, "they are both in common; but few people are fond of this. It is a Swiss dish, composed of pork, mutton, chestnuts, and vegetables stewed together." It proved to be excellent. These two dishes were succeeded by slices of beef in salad, biscuits and cheese, and finally coffee. "I do not offer you cordials," said he, "because I have none. I am like the cordelier who preached against adultery; I would rather drink a bottle of wine than a glass of cordial."

‘During dinner we talked of the Indies and of the Greeks and Romans. Afterwards he shewed me several manuscripts, among which were a continuation of *Emile*, some letters on botany, a little poem in prose on a scripture subject, and some charming passages translated from Tasso. Do you intend to publish these works? “God forbid,” replied he, “I wrote them merely for my amusement and that of my wife.” “O yes!” said madame Rousseau, “they are very touching—poor Sophronia! I wept enough when my husband read that passage to me.” She told me at length that it was nine o’clock, and I took my leave. The ten hours in succession, which I had passed, seemed but an instant.’

After this account of the commencement of their acquaintance, St Pierre enters into a number of details respecting the preceding events in the history of Rousseau, which are now much more fully known from the Confessions. The following passage describes the manner in which he disposed of his time at this period of his life, and the state of his pecuniary affairs.

‘He rose in summer at five o’clock and copied music till half past seven, when he breakfasted. At breakfast he amused himself by arranging in papers the seeds, which he had collected in his walk the day before. After breakfast he copied music again till half past twelve, when he dined. At half past one he went out to a coffee house to take coffee, and we often met for this purpose at a house in the Elysian fields. In the afternoon he took his walk into the country to collect plants, always keeping his hat under his arm in the hottest weather, and in the sun. He thought that the action of the sun upon his head was beneficial. I sometimes represented to him that the covering of the head employed by different nations was uniformly thicker in proportion as their climate approached the equinoctial line, and mentioned in proof of this remark the turbans of the Turks and Persians, the high pointed hats of the Chinese and Siamese, and the mitres of the Arabians—all which nations endeavour to maintain a large volume of air between the surface of the head and the covering they wear upon it, with a view of moderating the action of the sun; while most of the northern nations wear a close cap. These remarks made no impression upon him, and he always replied by appealing to his own experience. I am inclined to think however that his subsequent illnesses were owing in part at least to this practice. He never went out when it rained. “I am just

the reverse," said he, "of the little figure in the Swiss barometer. When he comes in I go out, and when he goes out I come in." He returned from his walk a little before dark, supped and went to bed at half past nine.

'One morning I was at his house, when the servants of his customers came in the usual way to take the music he had copied or to bring him more. He received them uncovered and standing. To some he said, "the price is so much," and took their money; to others, "how soon must I return you this paper?"—to which the servants perhaps would answer, "my mistress wishes for it in a fortnight," and he would reply, "Oh that is impossible, I have a great deal of work, and cannot possibly do it in less than three weeks." Sometimes he accepted and sometimes refused the work that was proposed to him, and went through the whole business with perfect seriousness. When we were alone I could not help saying to him, "Why do not you turn your talents to some better account?" "Oh!" said he in answer, "there are two Rousseaus in the world—one rich, or capable of being so if he would, a singular, capricious, fantastic being—this is the public Rousseau. The other is obliged to work for his living, and that is the one before you." "But," said I, "why not choose some better employment than that of copying music?" "Every employment," said he, "has its inconveniences, and copying music is an occupation I am fond of. I do it for pleasure as well as for profit; and I should continue to do it, if I had a hundred thousand livres a year. Nor is it below the situation in which I am placed by fortune. I am the son of a workman and a workman myself. I do what I have done since I was fourteen years old." "But your works," said I, "ought to have put you at your ease: they have made the fortune of a great many booksellers." "Twenty thousand francs," said he, "is more than I have received from them. This however would have been a little fortune to me, if I had obtained it at once and invested it; but receiving it in small sums at different times, I spent it as it came. A Dutch bookseller has settled upon me out of gratitude, an annuity of six hundred francs, half of which is to be continued to my wife after my death. This is all my fortune. My little establishment costs me twenty-five hundred, and I am obliged to make up the difference by my labor." "But why," said I, "did you not sell your manuscripts dearer?" In answer to this he observed that he had obtained as much as he could for them,

and mentioned in particular their several prices, which I do not now remember. That of *Emile* was seven thousand francs. "But," said I, "you might now write more." "Would to God," said he, "that I had never written any thing. My books have been the cause of all my misfortunes, as Fontenelle predicted to me that they would be. When he read my first publications he said to me—'I see what your success will be, but remember what I now tell you. I have turned my literary talents to as good an account as most persons. They have procured me wealth, rank, and reputation, but with all this I have never received so much pleasure as pain from any one of my productions. When you take your pen in hand, you must bid farewell to repose and happiness.' And I find he was right. I was never quiet again till I laid it aside. It is now ten years since I have written any thing." Racine is reported to have said the same thing. Here then are three literary men of the highest reputation and all unhappy. The profession of authorship must be a very miserable one in France.'

The conviction here expressed by St Pierre of the wretchedness of the literary profession in France did not prevent him from devoting himself to it for the rest of his life, and from finding much more tranquillity and happiness in the pursuit, than he had derived from the more active enterprises of his earlier years. In reality the misery inflicted upon two or three distinguished authors, by their own morbid sensibility, is no argument against the profession of letters. This unfortunate disposition of mind is more the result of temperament than of particular intellectual qualities or professional pursuits. It may be observed in persons of every employment, and we are not inclined to think that the proportion of those who suffer from it is unusually great among literary men of eminence. If Pascal, Racine, and Rousseau in France—if Swift, Cowper, and Johnson in England were the victims of nervous disease, we may find among their contemporaries in both countries examples not less illustrious of an opposite kind. Fontenelle himself, one of the luckless wights mentioned by St Pierre, sustained the weight of its sorrows for a century, and was acknowledged to the last to be the gayest and most gallant man in Paris. In general it has been observed that men of letters are uncommonly vivacious—no bad proof that their condition is at least tolerable. Montesquieu says of himself, that every morning when he opened his eyes,

he enjoyed a secret satisfaction at beholding the light of another day; and that he had never in the course of his life felt a chagrin which was not removed by an hour or two of reading. The cheerfulness and gaiety of Voltaire are sufficiently known, and are the more remarkable as his health was generally bad. In England, if report say true, we need not go beyond the wits of the present age to find examples of the happiest and most amiable social qualities united with the highest poetical and literary talent: although it must be allowed on the other hand that the sentimental sorrows of lord Byron and the Lake poets are entitled to their full share of compassion. Dr Johnson was morose; but his great contemporaries, Burke, Hume, and Adam Smith, were uncommonly amiable; and our own Franklin, not inferior to any of them in genius, was still more remarkable for the cheerful sweetness of his temper. If Pope was occasionally splenetic, his disposition seems to have been radically good, and his life on the whole as happy a one as could well have been passed by a man of so many infirmities. He tells us himself that Rowe would laugh all day, and dwells with enthusiasm on the social qualities of Bolingbroke. Shakspeare and his contemporary poets we know were happy to a fault; and the wits of Charles will not be accused of having been uncommonly miserable. In short, we apprehend that a general survey of the private history of men of literary eminence would shew that instead of being as wretched as they are here and elsewhere represented, they enjoy life as much as any other class of persons.

For, to touch the matter a little more deeply and not to rest wholly in examples, it would be rather singular if the case were otherwise. If literary talent supposes an acuteness of sensibility which makes its possessor more vulnerable to the common accidents of life, it implies in like manner the 'divine philosophy,' which cures the wounds they inflict, and is itself, as the poet says, 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets.' Success in letters, if not so intoxicating and brilliant at the moment as some others, is a pure and lasting source of enjoyment. It is true that like all other success it makes enemies; but their malicious attacks are only testimonials of merit in a particular form, and will be so considered by an author who makes a just estimate of his own worth. The radiant queen of the ball room regards the sneers and sidelong looks of rival belles as not less essential to her triumph, than the homage of the admiring beaux. The mistake seems to arise from confounding the

condition of the successful and unsuccessful candidates for literary distinction. The profession of letters is rather a dangerous one to embark in, at least as a means of support; because while the highest talents are requisite for success, mediocrity is less valued and worse paid than in most other pursuits. The unsuccessful candidates in this as in all other professions are necessarily dissatisfied and unhappy; nor is it unnatural that they should attribute their misfortunes to the injustice of the world, rather than their own defect of talent. These persons complain of course very loudly of slighted merit and public caprice. But to say that the few who have reached the envied heights of literary eminence, and are basking in the full sunshine of general favor, are also of necessity miserable, is, we apprehend, a rash and hazardous assertion, neither consistent with abstract probability, nor supported by actual experience. We might as well predicate unhappiness of a young beauty at the opening of her first winter in town—of a king on his coronation day—or of a pair of lovers at the close of a novel.

But however this may be in general, there have been doubtless individual cases, in which the highest and most extensive reputation has failed to secure the happiness of its possessor, and that of Rousseau was among the number. The nervous disease under which he labored embittered all his triumphs in the field of letters, rendered him through the whole of his life one of the most miserable of human beings, and quite deprived him at times of the use of his reason. His irritability displayed itself occasionally in forms bordering very nearly on the comic, as in the following instance related by St Pierre.

‘One day I was going to call upon Rousseau to return a botanical work which I had borrowed of him, and met his wife coming down the stair case of his lodgings. She gave me the key of his apartment, saying that her husband was at home, and I opened the door. He received me in perfect silence and with a severe and solemn air. I spoke to him, but he replied only in monosyllables, still copying his music, and often erasing and blotting what he had written. To relieve the embarrassment of the situation, I opened a book which was lying on the table. “The gentleman is fond of reading,” said he with a troubled voice. Upon this I rose to go, and he, rising at the same time, conducted me to the head of the stairs. I begged of him not to take this trouble, and he observed in answer, that this was the proper way to treat strangers. I made no reply,

but retired in great emotion, and with a settled determination never to visit him again.

‘I had not seen him for two months and a half, when we met one afternoon at the corner of a street. He came up to me and inquired why I had ceased to visit him. “You know the reason,” said I. “There are some days,” said he, “in which I wish to be alone. I return from my solitary walk so quiet and happy—I have there offended nobody—nobody has offended me. I should regret,” said he, with an air of tenderness, “to see you too often ; but I should be still more grieved not to see you at all. I am afraid of intimate friendships, but nevertheless I have a project, when the proper time comes.”—“Why,” said I, “do you not hang out a signal at your window, when you wish to receive my visit? or if you choose to be alone, why not tell me so when I come?” “Do you not perceive,” said he, “that my ill humour gets the better of me? I struggle with it awhile, but it finally prevails, and breaks out in spite of me. I have my faults, but if we value a person’s friendship, we must take him as we find him.” He then invited me to dine with him, the next day.’

The following anecdotes, related by Corancez, indicate very clearly an occasional aberration of intellect.

‘I had perceived for some time, says this narrator, a striking change in the habits of Rousseau, and I often found him in a state of convulsion, which altered his physiognomy entirely, and gave it an expression really frightful. His looks were vacant and wild : he would turn half round on his seat, and passing his arm over the frame of his chair, move it rapidly, backward and forward, in the manner of a pendulum. Whenever at my entrance, I saw him take this posture, I expected the most extravagant conduct, and I was never deceived. On one of these distressing occasions he said to me, “do you know why I feel so remarkable a partiality for Tasso?” “No,” said I, “but I think I can guess. Tasso, united with the utmost richness of imagination, and the highest poetical talent, the advantage of being posterior to Virgil and Homer, and was able of course to profit by their beauties, and their faults.” “Yes,” said he, “there is something in that : but I value him because he predicted my misfortunes.” I made a motion, as if intending to speak, but he checked me. “I understand you,” said he, “you mean to say that Tasso lived a long time ago, and could have no knowledge of the events of my life. Of this I

know nothing, and perhaps he knew as little ; the fact is, he predicted them. Observe that there is this remarkable property in the poem of Tasso, that if you take a single stanza from the work, a single verse from any one of the stanzas, or a single word from any one verse, the whole poem falls to pieces ; so precise was he in his language, and so careful not to insert any thing superfluous. Now with the 77th stanza, of the 12th canto, to which I allude, the case is different. Take it away, and the poem remains as perfect as before. It has no connexion with any thing that precedes, or that follows ; it is wholly superfluous. The probability is, that Tasso composed it involuntarily and without understanding it himself : but the application to me is clear enough." He then repeated this miraculous stanza, which is the following.

Vivrò fra i miei tormenti, e le mie cure,
 Mie giuste furie, forsennato errante.
 Paventerò l'ombra solinghe, e scure,
 Che'l primo error mi recheranno innante :
 E del sol, che scopri le mie sventure,
 A schivo, ed in orrore avrò il sembiante.
 Temerò me medesmo ; e da me stesso
 Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre appresso.

Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
 A dire example of disastrous love !
 While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest,
 And raging furies haunt my conscious breast,
 The lonely shades with terror must I view,
 The shades shall every dreadful thought renew :
 The rising sun shall equal horrors yield,
 The sun that first the dire event revealed !
 Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
 And seek, tho' vainly, from myself to fly !—

'I had presented to him the musician Gluck, after first obtaining his permission ; and this distinguished artist, whose genius he valued and admired, was for some time received by him with great distinction. One day, however, without any previous misunderstanding, he said to Gluck, that he was sorry to give a gentleman of his age the trouble of going up three pair of stairs so often, and begged him in future to abstain from it. Poor Gluck was quite distressed about this for several days. As I had presented him to Rousseau, I thought

myself at liberty to inquire the reason why he had treated him so rudely. "Pray," said he, "do you think that Gluck, who has habitually composed music, for poems in the Italian language, so favorable for this purpose, now employs the French, although so very difficult, merely to shew his powers? Do you not perceive that it is because I have asserted that it was impossible to compose good music upon French poetry, and that he wishes to convict me of an error? This is the reason why I have broken with him."

'At another time, I called upon him, after assisting the evening before, at a representation of the *Devin du Village*, and thinking to flatter him, I gave him an account of the applause and enthusiasm, with which it had been received. I was surprised to see him reddened with anger. "What," said he, "will they never be weary of persecuting me?" I was quite unable to understand how applause could be construed into persecution. "Oh yes," said he, "it is quite natural that you, with your simplicity, should consider applause as applause: you do not know the adroitness and malignity of my enemies. They first spoke ill of the piece; but finding that the public persisted in applauding it, they have changed their mode of attack, and now assert that I stole it: and to make the crime as great as possible, they are constantly exalting the value of the work."

He sometimes admitted himself that the occasional singularity of his conduct was the effect of madness.

'One day at table,' says the writer last quoted, whose narrative of his acquaintance with Rousseau is incorporated in the biography before us—'one day at table he described to us the precipitate manner of his return from England. He had taken it into his head that M. de Choiseul, then prime minister in France, was endeavoring to get possession of his person; and in order to make his escape, he quitted his residence at a moment's warning, without money, and leaving most of his effects behind him. At this time he burnt the manuscript of a new edition of *Emile*, which he afterwards regretted. He was obliged to pay his tavern bills, by breaking off pieces from the silver forks and spoons, which he had with him. He finally arrived at Dover. The wind was contrary, and this natural occurrence was immediately construed into a device of his enemies, to prevent his departure. Without knowing the language, he got upon an elevation, and harangued the people, who, of course, did not understand a word that he said. The wind

finally changed and permitted him to sail. These details were all given by himself, and he added, that he could not disguise from himself or us that he was laboring at the time under a temporary fit of insanity. "Such indeed was the severity of it," said he, "that I even suspected this excellent woman," pointing to his wife, "of being in league with my enemies."

The following passage is from the narrative of St Pierre.

'We met one morning at a coffee house in the Elysian fields, in the intention of walking together to Mount Valerian. Before setting out, we took chocolate together. It was a fine morning, the wind westerly, the air fresh, and the sky thinly fleeced with large white clouds, interspersed in fields of blue. We entered the *Bois de Boulogne* at 8 o'clock, and Jean Jacques began to botanize as we continued our walk. In a solitary part of the wood we saw two young girls, one of whom was dressing the hair of the other. This pastoral scene struck us both very agreeably. "My wife tells me," said Rousseau, "that in the province where she was born, the shepherdesses constantly assist each other in this way in dressing in the open field." We came to the river, and passed in the boat with a great number of persons who were going, from devotional motives, to Mount Valerian. We climbed a very steep ascent, and on reaching the top found ourselves hungry, and began to think of dinner. Rousseau conducted me to a hermitage, where he knew that we should be hospitably received. The monk who admitted us conducted us to the chapel, where they were chanting the litanies of Providence, which are very beautiful. We entered just at the moment when they were pronouncing these words,—*Providence that carest for empires! Providence that carest for travellers!* These simple and affecting expressions filled us with emotion; and when we had prayed, Rousseau said to me with much feeling, "I now experience the truth of the saying in scripture,—*Where two or three are met together in my name, I will be with you.* There is a sentiment of quiet and happiness here which goes to the heart." I said to him, "If Fenelon were living, you would become a catholic." "Oh," said he, in a transport of feeling, and with tears in his eyes, "if Fenelon were living, I would try to be his footman in the hope of becoming his valet de chambre." We were introduced to the refectory,

and sat down to hear the sermon, which Rousseau listened to very attentively. It turned upon the injustice of the complaints of man. God created us from nothing, and we have no claim whatever upon his justice. When the sermon was over, Rousseau said to me in a tone of the deepest emotion,—“Ah! what a happy thing it is to believe.” We returned by a very pleasant road, talking of Plutarch. Rousseau called him the great painter of misfortune: and quoted his account of the deaths of Agis, Antony, and Monimia, the wife of Mithridates, of the triumph of Paulus Emilius, and the sorrows of the sons of Perseus. “Tacitus,” he observed, “alienates our feelings from men, but Plutarch reconciles us to them.” We were walking at the time under some large chestnut trees in full bloom. Rousseau cut off one of the blossoms with his little botanical sickle, and shewed me the beauty of the flower. We then agreed to take a walk the next week to the hills of Sèvres. “There are fine fir trees there,” said he, “and heaths all covered with violets.” The mention of fir trees reminded me of the north of Europe, and I took this occasion to relate to him my adventures in Russia, and my unfortunate loves in Poland. They interested him very much, and at parting he pressed my hand, and expressed to me how much pleasure he had received from our excursion.

Not long after the time to which this narrative relates, the health of Rousseau declined and he became incapable of the daily labor, to which he had so long resorted for subsistence. Various proposals of aid and comfort were made to him from different quarters, which his jealous and misanthropic temper led him to decline. He was induced at length to comply with the offer of Mr de Girardin and to take up his abode in an apartment at the castle of Ermenonville, where this nobleman resided. During the little time that he passed at this place, he gave lessons to the children of the proprietor: and one of them, who is now a member of the house of deputies, frequently takes occasion to felicitate himself in his speeches upon having been the pupil of Rousseau. It was hardly a week however after his removal to Ermenonville that he died very suddenly; and although this event happened within a few miles of Paris, and at a time when the reputation of Rousseau was at its height, it has always been and still is in a degree uncertain whether his death was natural or volun-

tary. The opinion of some of his most intelligent and warmest admirers both at the time and since was in favor of the latter supposition. Among this number was Mad. de Stael, who took the strongest interest in the subject, and expressed her opinion in her letters upon Rousseau published soon after his death. Corancez, who was intimately acquainted with him for several of the last years of his life and who made the most exact inquiry on the spot where his death happened and elsewhere, came to the same conclusion. On the other hand, his wife and the family of Mr de Girardin positively affirmed that he died of apoplexy, and the surgeons who examined the body in order to certify the manner of his death confirm this relation. The particular facts, as far as they are known, appear to be the following.

His wife relates in a letter which she wrote to Mr Corancez in the year 1798 in answer to one from him making inquiries upon the subject, that on the day of his death, which was the 3d of July 1778, her husband rose early as usual, but did not go out according to his common practice. He was that day to give the first lesson in music to Mademoiselle de Girardin. The family breakfasted, but he ate nothing, either from indisposition or some other cause. After breakfast his wife went out at his request upon some commission; and at her return about 10 o'clock she heard the cries of her husband as she ascended the stairs. Upon entering the room, she found him lying upon the floor. He was sensible, and requested her to open the window and then to place him upon the bed. Some remedies were administered, and after taking them he rose from the bed and sat up.—While sitting, he was struck with another fit of apoplexy and fell from his chair with such violence, that he gave himself a severe wound in the forehead, which bled profusely. He died without uttering another word. The certificate of the surgeons is dated the same day, and states, that after a full view of the body they both make report, that M. Rousseau came to his death by a serous apoplexy.

The accounts which attribute his death to suicide are two. The first is related by Madame de Stael, who gives as her authority a Genevan, whom she does not name, but who she says lived much with Rousseau at the close of his life, and had inquired with great exactness into the circumstances of his death. This account states, that on the day when he died,

he rose very early in good health, but affirmed that he should never see the sun again ; that he took some coffee, which he had prepared himself, and then walked out ; that not long after he returned and soon began to suffer great pain, but would allow no assistance to be called, and died in the course of the morning. Corancez heard the same account from his father in law, with the variation that Rousseau went out before taking his coffee and brought back some plants, which he infused into it. Supposing the truth of these details, it is to be presumed that he gave himself poison.

The other account is that of Corancez himself, who went out to Ermenonville to visit Rousseau the very day of his death. Upon arriving at the last post house on the way to this place, the post master informed him of the unfortunate event ; and expressed his surprise that a man, like Rousseau, should have committed suicide. Corancez inquired the manner, and was told that he had shot himself with a pistol. Upon his arrival he communicated this information to Mr de Girardin, who contradicted the statement with warmth, and proposed to Corancez to shew him the body, observing at the same time, that Rousseau had fallen from his seat and made a hole in his forehead. The offer of seeing the body was declined. The wound in the forehead, however inflicted, seems to have been deep, as Corancez was informed by the sculptor Houdon, who took a model of the face, that he found some difficulty in filling it up for this purpose. Corancez was told by Mad. Rousseau at this time, that her husband, just before his death, requested that the window might be opened, and looking out upon the landscape expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing once more before he died the face of nature, which had always been the object of his fond devotion. An engraved representation of this scene is frequently to be met with, having an inscription under it to the effect just mentioned. From all that he could learn by himself and others, Corancez drew the conclusion, that Rousseau had taken poison in his coffee, and finding his sufferings intense and long, had brought them to a close by a pistol.

This is all that is now, or probably ever will be known upon the subject. The direct evidence is strong in favor of the supposition of a natural death. The account of Madame Rousseau is sufficiently clear and probable. It is confirmed by Mr de Girardin, a person of the first respectability, who

had apparently no motive for deception, and who had every means of obtaining information, as well from Madame Rousseau as from the female servant who lived in their apartment, and probably witnessed the event. It is also confirmed by the certificate of the surgeons. These authorities seem to establish satisfactorily the truth of the statement. On the other hand, it may be observed, that there is a contradiction in some trifling particulars between the letter of Madame Rousseau, and what is known with certainty of the circumstances. She affirms positively, that Mr and not Madame de Girardin came into the apartment of Rousseau at the time of his illness; while Corancez was told by Madame de Girardin herself, that it was she who saw him. But as this fact, true or false, has no connexion with the principal event, there could be no motive for deception, and the anxiety of Madame Rousseau to make her account correct, even in unimportant particulars, rather argues in favor of her veracity. Supposing, however, the perfect accuracy of the narrative of Madame Rousseau to the extent of her knowledge, her husband might still have taken poison without her knowing it, since she states herself, that he ate nothing at the usual hour of breakfast, and immediately after requested her to go out on business. Her absence left him sufficient time to prepare and take his coffee. But this account, though it has come down in two or three different ways, and was evidently current at the time, cannot now be traced to any certain origin, which might serve to determine the degree of its authenticity. Contradicted as it is by so large a body of direct evidence, it throws but a slight shade of uncertainty upon the subject. The account of Corancez comes in a more authentic shape, but is also refuted more completely; because the fact related in it could not be true without having been known to Madame Rousseau, Mr de Girardin, and the surgeons. If we admit this account therefore, we are obliged to suppose, (as Corancez himself does,) a combination among these persons to conceal the real state of the case; and this is a very improbable thing, considering the respectability of some of them, and the slight inducement they could have for such a course of proceeding. There is, it is true, an appearance of deception in the story of a deep wound in the forehead occasioned by a fall from a seat: but it may be observed on the other hand, that had the wound been made by the dis-

charge of a pistol at so small a distance, it would be at least equally singular that it was not deeper and more considerable than it seems to have been. Few heads treated in this way would give much scope to the art of the sculptor. Taking together all the evidence we have upon the subject, we should therefore conclude without much hesitation, that the probability, at least, is in a favor of a natural death: and this we believe is the opinion now generally entertained, although the present biographer leans to the other.

It is rather remarkable, that the correctness of the account of Corancez should not have been put to the test of an examination of the remains of Rousseau. Ample opportunity has been given for this purpose by their repeated transfer from place to place since his death. Not long after this event, they were taken from Ermenonville at the request of the National Assembly, and deposited in the vault of the Pantheon, or Church of St Geneviève, where they remained undisturbed till within the last few months. Since the late change of ministry in France they have been removed, with those of Voltaire, from this place; and we observe with pleasure by the newspapers, that Mr de Girardin, whom we have had occasion to mention already, as a pupil of Rousseau, and one of the house of deputies, has requested permission to restore them to the Isle of Poplars. The conduct of the generals of the allied army upon their entry into France, forms an agreeable contrast with this ferocious persecution of the illustrious dead. They extended to the memory of Rousseau the same respect, which Marlborough and Eugene exhibited a century before for the living virtues of Fenelon, and exempted the village of Ermenonville from military contribution. Whatever may be in future the resting place of Rousseau's mortal remains, he has secured for his name a monument, which the caprice of ministerial authority is equally incapable of giving and of taking away. Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφαιῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος: 'The world itself,' says Thucydides, 'is the sepulchre of illustrious men.'

Of artificial monuments, the one erected to his memory, in conjunction with that of Fenelon by Bernardin de St Pierre, is perhaps as honorable as some others of a more imposing character. St Pierre himself gives the following account of it in a note at the close of the *Studies of Nature*.

'I happened to meet some time ago with one of those little plaster urns, which the Italians sell in the street for three or four sous, and the idea occurred to me to place it in my hermitage, with a suitable inscription, as a monument to J. J. Rousseau and Fenelon, in the manner of those, which the Chinese erect in honor of Confucius. There were two small escutcheons upon the urn, on one of which I wrote '*J. J. Rousseau*,' and upon the other '*F. Fenelon*.' I then set it up at the height of six feet from the floor, in a corner of my study, with the following inscription,'

A la gloire durable et pure
De ceux, dont le genie éclaira les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur et les abus,
Et tenta d'amener leur siècle à la nature ;
Aux Jean Jacques Rousseaux aux François Fenelons
J'ai dédié ce monument d' argile,
Que j'ai consacré par leur noms,
Plus augustes que ceux de César et d' Achille.
Ils ne sont pas fameux par nos malheurs,
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs,
Ravis vos bœufs ni vos javelles ;
Bergères, vos amants ; nourissons vos mamelles ;
Rois, les états ou vous regnez ;
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire,
Si vous donnez à leur memoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont épargnés,

To Fenelon and Rousseau I erect
This little monument of clay, and write
Upon its sides their honorable names,
More glorious far in my esteem, than those
Of Cæsar or Achilles : for with them
Superior genius was arrayed in all
The loveliness of virtue. Not upon
The base of human misery did they build
The temple of their greatness, but they waged
The better war of truth, essayed to stem
The tide of vice and error, and bring back
Corrupted mortals to the holy law
Of nature. They required, ye simple swains,
No contributions from your scanty store
Of flocks and herds ; ye mothers and ye maids,
No sons and lovers from your bleeding hearts
To die in distant battles ; never broke
The peace of neighbouring kingdoms, and they ask,
To grace their sepulchre, no other tears
But such as they have wiped from suffering eyes.

In another part of his works St Pierre has introduced the following epitaph, written by himself upon Rousseau.

'He cultivated music, botany, and eloquence: he disdained fortune, and contended with hypocrites and tyrants. He improved the condition of infants, and increased the happiness of mothers; and he was persecuted. He lived and died in the hope, which is common to us all, of a better life.'

We have left ourselves no room for observations on the works of Rousseau; nor, after all that has been said upon the subject, would it be easy to offer any thing very new or interesting. His reputation, as a vigorous and elegant writer, remains undiminished; and is probably as well established as that of any author of modern times. His philosophical opinions are variously esteemed, according to the views and interests of those who judge them; but as they accord in substance with the liberal ideas, which are making such rapid progress in all parts of the world, they stand a good chance of gaining, rather than losing, hereafter in the public estimation. The spirit of his political writings is excellent; but their scientific value is not perhaps so great as it has sometimes been considered. The theory of a *Social Contract*, though somewhat plausible at first view, does not bear the test of accurate examination, and is rarely admitted at the present day by competent judges. But the examination of this subject would require of itself a long treatise; and it is much too important and extensive to be touched upon, even superficially, at the close of an article.

ART. II.—*A Discourse delivered at Plymouth, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement of New England. By Daniel Webster.* Boston, 1821, 8vo.

AMERICANS have been repeatedly charged by those foreign writers, who find it for their interest to hold up our national character to ridicule before the great republic of letters, with being deficient in that patriotic attachment to the land we spring from, in that filial and pious regard for the ashes of our forefathers, which the people of other countries feel proud to cherish. We are scornfully told of the shifting population of our villages, and reproached with a migratory, restless, and unstable disposition, and are pointed to the enterprising spirit

of adventure, which is constantly pouring out the inhabitants of the eastern states into the luxuriant valley of the Mississippi, in the proof and justification of the charge. You have no fixed and settled feeling of affection for the spot, on which you were born and bred, say our accusers; none of that deep veneration for the 'genius of the place,' which lifts up the soul of an Asiatic, as he wanders through groves consecrated for uncounted years to the repose of his fathers' dust, and the worship of his fathers' gods; or which inspires the European, while he gazes on temples, palaces, and monuments of the dead, in whose revered piles every stone is associated with some heart-thrilling recollection of the past; none of those lofty sentiments of awe, which are awakened in the breast of the inhabitant of an older country, as he treads upon the field of battle, that has been fattened with the blood, and immortalized by the achievements of his gallant ancestry. From this unfounded charge, we desire no more ample vindication of our name, than is afforded by the strain of ardent love of country pervading Mr Webster's discourse, which we trust and believe meets with a response in the bosom of every native American. Destitute, as we know our country to be, of those works of ancient art, upon whose pillared halls and sculptured marble the admiration of mankind has been accumulating fresh glories, age after age; and destitute, as we hope it will long continue, of those costly structures, which have been piled up in the old world by caprice, by luxury, by superstition, or by pride, at the expense of unutterable misery on the part of an oppressed people, still we contend, and we may cite the occasion, upon which, and the place wherein this discourse was delivered, no less than the discourse itself, to bear us out in maintaining, that Americans regard the scenes of their national glory with sentiments, as honorable to their character, as they are worthy of the cause of liberty and of patriotism.

'We have come to this Rock,' says Mr Webster, in the course of his introductory remarks, 'to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers, our sympathy in their sufferings, our gratitude for their labors, our admiration of their virtues, our veneration for their piety, and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations, which are rising up rapidly to fill our places,

some proof, that we have endeavoured to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard to whatever advances human knowledge, or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin. There is a local feeling connected with this occasion, too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place*, which inspires and awes us. We feel that we are on the spot, where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where christianity, and civilization, and letters made their first lodgment, in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here, at the season of the year, at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little barque, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories, where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock, on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience, and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood,—houseless, but for a mother's arms,—couchless, but for a mother's breast,—till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decisive and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation:—all these seem to belong to the place, and to be present upon the occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration.' pp. 10—12.

Indeed, the honorable testimony borne throughout this discourse to the character of our ancestors, to our own estimation of that character, and to our sincere and warm attachment to the land, in which are the graves of our kindred and our race, is one of its most remarkable features. It fastens our attention while Mr Webster is placing before us, in the most

lively and graphic coloring, the circumstances of the settlement of Plymouth, while he traces the peculiar qualities of the colonies which settled New England, in distinction from others of ancient and modern times, while he looks back to seize and delineate the leading traits of our history for the last hundred years, and most of all in his elucidation of the nature of society and government in New England. We have no design to attempt following him through all these comprehensive topics, illustrated and adorned as they have been by his masterly hand. Our design is merely to introduce a few observations upon one or two subjects, which it did not come within the scope or nature of the discourse to discuss minutely, but which the perusal of it suggests, concluding with a brief notice of the period in the history of New England immediately preceding the event so admirably commemorated by Mr Webster.

The difference between the colonies of New England and those established by the Greeks and Romans, and by the nations of modern Europe in the East and West Indies, with the effects of this difference upon the character of our country, is very fully explained in the discourse. And it is worthy of observation that much, perhaps most, of this difference, great as it is, will appear, on examination, to have been contrary to the manifest wishes and declared intent of the English government, and of all the original grantees of New England. Paradoxical as this may be thought, it is not the less a literal truth. At the commencement of the revolution, the confederate colonies might be arranged in five distinct classes. In some of them, as in Virginia and New York, the property of the colony and the administration of its government were united in the crown. In others, like the Carolinas, the crown had reserved to itself the government of the colonies, which were owned by certain individuals. A third kind was that where both the colony and its government had been granted to personal proprietaries and their heirs, as Pennsylvania to William Penn, and Maryland to lord Baltimore. All the colonies of New England, Plymouth, Massachusetts with Maine and New Hampshire, its dependences, New Haven, Connecticut, and Rhode Island originally constituted a fourth division, in which both the government and the ownership of the colony resided in the people themselves, who occupied the soil; but after the consolidation of Plymouth and Massachusetts into a single province, governed by agents of the crown, the condition of Massachusetts was

unlike that of any other colony in English America. Now it is evident from this, in the first place, that, as the colonists in this part of the country, unlike the rest of the colonists, united in their own persons the possession of the soil, the *proprietaryship* of the colony, and the direction of all departments of the government, of course they were almost independent of the metropolis from the beginning. It is equally clear that nothing could have been farther from the design of king James, than to allow of this independence. These colonies, as planned by the projectors of them, or at least as organized by their charters, were mere private trading companies, incorporated by the crown for the better management of their business, like any other mercantile corporation. Hence, in the old laws of Massachusetts, we do not find the colonists spoken of either as the subjects of any prince, or as the citizens of any state, but as *freemen of the corporation*, whose affairs were regulated by a governor with a board of assistants or directors, controlled in the last instance by all the corporators assembled in general court. This simple fact is the key to much which is obscure in the early laws, history, and pretensions of New England. When the first charters were drawn up, as the whole tenor of them plainly proves, no one ever dreamed that they comprised a constitution of civil government; and that the grantees had a right to transfer themselves and their charters to America, in order to establish there a new form of government and a new code of laws independent of those of England, was an exposition of the charters, as unexpected as it was displeasing to the metropolis. Assuredly, the English council never anticipated that the transcendent powers of the governor of a mighty province were concealed under the seemingly insignificant authority of the head of an obscure trading corporation; nor that such a corporation, under the guise of by-laws, was about to erect a peculiar system of internal administration, the germ and outline of a form of government for future independent nations; nor that this corporation would assume to itself the right of establishing a representative legislature, contrary to the express provision of its charter; nor still less that the colonists could so shelter themselves under the obscurities of their charter, as to substitute treason to the colony in the place of treason to the king, exercise the privilege of coining money, and otherwise invade the most sacred branches of the royal prerogative with impunity. Yet such was the course pursued

by Massachusetts and her sister colonies in New England ;— a course, that was largely conducive to the growth of those peculiarities in our forefathers' views, which are described with so much force and felicity by Mr Webster.

'They came hither,' are his words ;— 'They came hither to a land, from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix, their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed, when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight. They were acting, however, upon a resolution not to be changed. With whatever stifled regrets, with whatever occasional hesitation, with whatever appalling apprehensions, which might sometimes arise with force to shake the firmest purpose, they had yet committed themselves to heaven and the elements ; and a thousand leagues of water were soon interposed to separate them for ever from the region which gave them birth. A new existence awaited them here ; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren as then they were, they beheld their country. That mixed and strong feeling, which we call love of country, and which is, in general, never extinguished in the heart of man, grasped and embraced its proper object here. Whatever constitutes *country*, except the earth and the sun, all the moral causes of affection and attachment, which operate upon the heart, they had brought with them to their new abode. Here were now their families and their friends, their homes and their property. Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government and institutions of religion ; and friends and families, and social and religious institutions, established by consent, founded on choice and preference, how nearly do these fill up our whole idea of country ! The morning, that beamed on the first night of their repose, saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing, in the wanderings of heroes, so distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotected and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness ; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man. Every thing was civilized, but the physical world. Institutions, containing in substance all that ages had done for human government, were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature ; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence, with the very first found-

ations laid under the divine light of the christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun? Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say, that her first existence was with intelligence, her first breath the inspirations of liberty, her first principle the truth of divine religion?"

Connected with this subject of the peculiarities in the nature of the colonies of New England is another inquiry as to the kind of connexion, the degree of dependence, in which the colonists considered themselves placed with respect to England. It is very certain that when the puritans began to flock to America, for the sake of indulging in their own forms of religious worship unmolested, strong suspicions were awakened in the minds of the high-church party, that the motives, views, and purposes of the emigrants were not purely loyal. The bigoted upholders of the established church knew that the dissenters had been persecuted with unrelenting severity in some reigns, and harshly treated in all.—The inevitable consequence of this must be to estrange and alienate them from the interest of their native land, in which they were compelled to lead a life of insecurity, degradation, and wretchedness. Conformable to this is the testimony of historians. 'Speculative reasoners in that age,'—says Hume in allusion to the colonists,—'foretold that, after draining their mother-country of inhabitants, they would soon shake off her yoke, and erect an independent government in America.'—Indeed, it is well understood, that the puritans burned with an equally ardent zeal for both civil and religious freedom. They were alike for purging the high places of the church from its abominations, and for withstanding the exorbitant power arrogated by the Tudors and the Stuarts. And if the government had promoted and facilitated, instead of checking, the voluntary expatriation of these turbulent spirits, king Charles would, perhaps, have been spared the humiliation of dying on the scaffold, by the axe of the common executioner, and an obscure sect of religionists, might never have entertained pretensions so lofty as to be induced to lift up a soldier of fortune, to fill the throne of the Plantagenets. Among the emigrant puritans, there was, undoubtedly, a large number of the most distinguished leaders in the long parliament, and bravest partizans of the round-head

troops. John Hampden resided some time in Plymouth, and Hugh Peters, in Massachusetts :—which later colony recounts among its governors, the artful diplomatist, zealous republican, and enthusiastic sectary, sir Henry Vane. Nay, it is a certain fact, for which Mather, Neal, Hutchinson and Hume, are sufficient vouchers, that Charles I. by an order of council, prevented the intended emigration of several men, who soon afterwards contributed to strip him of his crown and life, among whom were Haslerig, Pym, and Cromwell. There was, therefore, ample cause for the mother country to be watchful of the colonies ; but the government at home carried their jealousy too far, when they suspected the exiles of a design to throw off their allegiance to the crown. Our ancestors entertained very peculiar opinions with relation to this point. They distinguished subjection, observes Hutchinson,* into necessary and voluntary. *Necessary subjection*, according to their ideas, arose from actual residence within a country, to whose laws the resident would feel himself obliged by duty and compelled by situation to submit. But they maintained that every person was justified in expatriating himself, even in the extreme case when the state should be in pressing need of his services, provided his inherent unalienable right to liberty of conscience was invaded. Such was their own condition. Now as they purchased their lands of the original inhabitants of the country to which they removed, succeeding at the same time to the soil and the dominion of that country, they conceived that they should thus have been rendered wholly independent of the English government, had they not accepted a charter therefrom, and thus entered into a state of *voluntary subjection*, binding them in circumstances where all necessary subjection was at an end. In short, they considered their allegiance to the crown to rest on charters alone, and a mutual compact made between the parties for their common benefit, which became null and void so soon as either violated the conditions of the agreement. But for them to have disclaimed the authority of the metropolis, at this early period, would have been sure destruction ; because the Dutch settlers along the Hudson, and the French in Acadia would gladly have seized upon the least occasion for crushing our colonies, were they not fearful of provoking the resentment of England. Of course the

* History of Massachusetts, i, 452.

colonists would feel cautious how they rashly divested themselves of their only safeguard, although it is unquestionable that the bond of union, which connected them with Europe, hung loosely upon them, since they assumed and exercised the right of enacting what laws, and adopting what form of government seemed most conducive to their interest, without pausing to inquire whether the common law was or was not infringed.

There is no part of this discourse, which seems to us more honorable to the speaker, than that in which he alludes to the venerable John Adams; a man, whose high career and signal fortune bear witness to the justice of the distinguished praise bestowed on him by Mr Webster. Well may the patriot of the revolution say, in the words of the poet quoted by Cicero,

Gratus sum

Laudari a te viro laudato.

The whole passage is so admirable, that we cannot forbear extracting it.

'It is now five and forty years since the growth and rising glory of America were portrayed in the English parliament with inimitable beauty, by the most consummate orator of modern times. Going back somewhat more than half a century, and describing our progress as foreseen from that point by his amiable friend, lord Bathurst, then living, he spoke of the wonderful progress, which America had made during the period of a single human life. There is no American heart, I imagine, that does not glow, both with conscious patriotic pride and admiration for one of the happiest efforts of eloquence, so often as the vision of "that little speck, scarce visible in the mass of national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body," and the progress of its astonishing development and growth, are recalled to the recollection. But a stronger feeling might be produced, if we were able to take up this prophetic description where he left it, and placing ourselves at the point of time, in which he was speaking, to set forth with equal felicity the subsequent progress of the country. There is yet among the living a most distinguished and venerable name, a descendant of the Pilgrims; one who has been attended through life by a great and fortunate genius; a man illustrious by his own great merits, and favoured of heaven in the long continuation of his years. The time, when the English orator was thus speaking, preceded, but by a few days, the actual opening of the revolutionary drama at Lexington. He, to whom I have alluded, then at the age of forty, was among the most zealous and able

defenders of the violated rights of his country. He seemed already to have filled a full measure of public service, and attained an honorable fame. The moment was full of difficulty and danger, and big with events of immeasurable importance. The country was on the very brink of a civil war, of which no man could foretell the duration or the result. Something more than a courageous hope or characteristic ardor would have been necessary to impress the glorious prospect on his belief, if, at the moment before the sound of the first shock of actual war had reached his ears, some attendant spirit had opened to him the vision of the future;—if it had said to him, “The blow is struck; and America is severed from England for ever!” if it had informed him, that he himself, the next annual revolution of the sun, should put his own hand to the great Instrument of Independence, and write his name where all nations should behold it, and all time should not efface it; that ere long he himself should maintain the interest, and represent the sovereignty of his new-born country, in the proudest courts of Europe; that he should one day exercise her supreme magistracy; that he should yet live to behold ten millions of fellow-citizens paying him the homage of their deepest gratitude and kindest affections; that he should see distinguished talent and high public trust resting where his name rested; that he should even see, with his own unclouded eyes, the close of the second century of New England, who had begun life almost with its commencement, and lived through nearly half the whole history of his country; and that, on the morning of this auspicious day, he should be found in the political councils of his native state, revising, by the light of experience, that system of government, which, forty years before, he had assisted to frame and establish; and great and happy as he should then behold his country, there should be nothing in prospect to cloud the scene, nothing to check the ardor of that confident and patriotic hope, which should glow in his bosom to the end of his long-protracted and happy life.’

Mr Webster’s discourse is replete with original views; but that portion of it, which relates to the public institutions of New England, bears, in a peculiar manner, the stamp of his vigorous and discriminating mind. Among the many important subjects there discussed, we must confine ourselves to that of general instruction.

‘Having detained you so long with these observations, I must yet advert to another most interesting topic, the Free Schools. In this particular, New England may be allowed to claim, I think, a merit of a peculiar character. She early adopted and has constantly maintained the principle, that it is the undoubted right

and the bounden duty of government, to provide for the instruction of all youth. That, which is elsewhere left to chance, or to charity, we secure by law. For the purpose of public instruction, we hold every man subject to taxation in proportion to his property, and we look not to the question whether he himself have or have not children to be benefited by the education, for which he pays. We regard it as a wise and liberal system of police, by which property and life and the peace of society are secured. We seek to prevent, in some measure, the extension of the penal code, by inspiring a salutary and conservative principle of virtue and of knowledge in an early age. We hope to excite a feeling of respectability and a sense of character, by enlarging the capacity and increasing the sphere of intellectual enjoyment. By general instruction, we seek, as far as possible, to purify the whole moral atmosphere, to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well principled moral sentiment. We hope to continue and prolong the time, when, in the villages and farm houses of New England, there may be undisturbed sleep within unbarred doors. And knowing that our government rests directly on the public will, that we may preserve it, we endeavour to give a safe and proper direction to that public will. We do not, indeed, expect all men to be philosophers or statesmen; but we confidently trust, and our expectation of the duration of our system of government rests on that trust, that by the diffusion of general knowledge and good and virtuous sentiments, the political fabric may be secure, as well against open violence and overthrow, as against the slow but sure undermining of licentiousness.'

We did intend, when we set out, to make some farther extracts from this discourse; and Mr Webster's ardent denunciation of the slave trade, which we well remember to have produced an effect on his audience like electricity, furnishes an inviting topic for remarks, which we are deterred from pursuing, through apprehension, lest this article should be drawn out to an unreasonable length; for which reason we must content ourselves with merely copying the conclusion of the discourse.

'The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and the occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist

only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

* * *

'Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!'

Having made these observations concerning Mr Webster's discourse,—not so much because we flattered ourselves that our tribute of praise would increase his celebrity, as that we could not suffer one of the finest pieces of the day to pass unnoticed in our journal,—we now proceed to describe, according to the intimation already given, a period in our history, which is very closely and directly associated with this discourse, namely, a period of more than a century and a half, which elapsed between the discovery of America and the settlement at Plymouth;—embracing the early intercourse of Europeans with our country, their voyages of discovery, commercial enterprises, and unsuccessful attempts to establish colonies in this quarter of the new world. The events, which happened during this interval, although by no means wanting in interest or importance, have been passed over in silence by some of the ordinary compilations connected with this subject, touched upon but cursorily and slightly by most

of those compilations, and presented to us by none of them in a clear, distinct, concise, and authentic narration. We will therefore, without any farther preface, give some account of our *ante-colonial* history,* a knowledge of which is necessary to the full understanding of many obscure points, in the antiquities of the eastern colonies.

What European it was that first approached this part of the continent, is a matter of doubt and uncertainty. Norway, whose hardy seamen were the earliest, and most adventurous navigators of the northern waters of the Atlantic, claims the distinction for Biron, a Norwegian, who is affirmed by Crantz, Pontoppidan, Torfæus, and others to have discovered, about the year 1001, an island, which he called Winland, from the profusion of grapes found growing spontaneously upon it, and which some late writers suppose to have been Newfoundland. A more questionable account of the discovery of the same island in the fourteenth century by a fisherman of Friesland, as related by Zeno, a Venetian navigator, may be read in Hakluyt or Purchas.—France, also, puts in her claim to the honor of the discovery, although her writers produce no satisfactory testimonials in support of her pretensions. The inhabitants of her maritime provinces habitually frequented the Grand Banks, sailed up the great river of Canada, and even published a chart of the neighboring seas, in the very beginning of the sixteenth century :—from which her historians argue, though with little plausibility, that her intercourse with America should be traced back to some obscure and unrecorded era in the darkness of the middle ages. Still more uncertain are the well-known pretensions of the Welch, who, to this day, piously seek for the descendants of Madoc among the savages beyond the Mississippi.† But, without stopping to

* The history of New-England may be distinguished into five periods or epochs, namely, the *aboriginal* ; the *ante-colonial*, as used in the text ; the *colonial* ; the *provincial*, extending from the forfeiture of the first charters to the revolution ; and the *constitutional*.

† The truth or falsehood of these pretended voyages is a curious subject of controversy, for which, however, this is not the proper place. Those, who feel disposed to enter into it, will find ample gratification in many books, that could be mentioned, especially Pontoppidan's *History of Norway* ; Torfæi *Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ* (a rare tract in the Ebeling Library) ; Southey's *Madoc* ; Williams' *Inquiry into the truth of the Voyage of Madoc* ; *Encyclopédie Méthodique, Géographie*, art. *Canada* ; Purchas' *Pilgrimage*, p. 617 ; Charlevoix, *Nouvelle France*, tom. i ; Gomara, *Historia de las Indias*, c. 37 ; and Belknap's *American Biography*.

consider these conflicting claims and apocryphal voyages, all which are proved by very slender evidence, we will come directly to the first voyage of discovery to this region, of which we possess any certain intelligence, that undertaken by the Cabots under the auspices of Henry VII of England.

While Spain was pushing her discoveries in the south, guided by the skill of Columbus and Vespucci, the king of England, animated with the hope of wealth and empire, planned an expedition for the purpose of exploring the ocean towards the north-west, where he was induced to believe there was a passage to the Indies. With this object in view,—the same which has been so frequently resumed and as frequently relinquished by his successors, and which is pursued so zealously at the present day,—with this object in view. Henry VII granted a royal commission to John Cabot, a Venetian pilot, residing at Bristol, and to his three sons, authorizing them to make discoveries in countries unknown to christians, assume the sovereignty of the countries discovered, and enjoy exclusive trade with the inhabitants. By virtue of this commission a small fleet was afterwards equipped, partly at the king's expense, partly at that of private individuals, in which Cabot and his son Sebastian embarked, with a company of three hundred mariners, in May 1497. Our knowledge of this voyage is collected from many detached and imperfect notices of it in different authors, who, while they establish the general facts in the most unquestionable manner, differ in many particular circumstances. The most probable account seems to be, that Cabot sailed north-west a few weeks, until his progress was arrested by floating icebergs, when he shaped his course to the south-west, and soon came in sight of a shore named by him *Prima Vista*, and generally believed to be some part of Labrador or Newfoundland. Thence he steered northward again to the sixty-seventh degree of latitude, where he was obliged to turn back by the discontent of his crew. He sailed along the coast in search of an outlet as far as the neighbourhood of the gulf of Mexico, when a mutiny broke out in the ship's company, in consequence of which the farther prosecution of the voyage was abandoned.—Cabot reached England with several savages and a valuable cargo, although some writers deny that he ever landed, and it is certain that he did not attempt

any conquest or settlement, in the countries which he discovered.

The voyage of Cabot was not immediately followed by any important consequences; but it is memorable as being the first voyage that is certainly known to have been made to this continent, and, as such, being the title by which the English claimed the territories that they subsequently acquired here. Three entire reigns, however, passed away before this title was effectually asserted, or even consummated by the formalities usual with Europeans. Various circumstances, which the histories of the period sufficiently develop, drew the attention of the English nation from the new world, and engrossed the counsellors of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary; nor was it until the reign of Elizabeth, when the views and power of England were extended by commerce, that the subjects of the maiden queen resumed their purpose of gaining establishments in America. Spanish literature, which, in the preceding reign, became fashionable in the court of Philip and Mary, had now diffused a knowledge of the new world among men of education and rank. The inexhaustible wealth, moreover, which Spain derived from her transatlantic dominions, excited the cupidity of the English, and plainly pointed out to them the quarter in which they could most successfully signalize their hatred of the prince, who sent forth against them the misnamed Invincible Armada. In this reign, therefore, among the many other splendid maritime enterprises which distinguished it, were the attempts of sir Humphry Gilbert, sir Walter Raleigh, and sir Richard Grenville to establish colonies in North America. Their exertions led to a better knowledge of the country, on which the 'throned vestal' bestowed the name of Virginia; and one of them formally took possession of it. But the miscarriage of their chief design was so complete, and aggravated by so many disasters, that the ardor of the nation for establishing colonies abroad was nearly extinguished.

Here, then, occurs another pause in the colonial enterprises of England. In common with the rest of Europe, she still continued to fish in the waters of North America, and trade with the savages on the adjoining shore; but there she stopped. Many years had been thus consumed in petty commercial adventures, when at last the voyage of Bartholo-

mew Gosnold, roused the nation from its lethargy. This voyage is the first, in which any particular examination was made of what is now New England. Fortunately we possess an authentic account of it, written by one of the company, and preserved in Purchas; by means of which, in connexion with Dr Belknap's valuable commentary thereon, we have pretty complete information concerning the proceedings of Gosnold.—He set sail from Falmouth (March 26th, (o. s.) 1602) in a small bark with only thirty-two men, intending, as it seems, to leave a colony in America; although historians are totally silent with respect to the projectors and patrons of the undertaking. Unlike preceding navigators, who, in making the voyage, had adopted a circuitous route by the gulf of Mexico, he steered as nearly west as the winds and currents would permit, and thus pointed out the only direct and proper course to Virginia. After a lapse of seven weeks he descried land within the bay since named Massachusetts; but not feeling satisfied with the first harbour entered by the ship, he pursued the windings of the coast to the southward, exploring and naming Cape Cod, with the islands and other remarkable objects in its neighbourhood. The ship's crew landed repeatedly, for the purpose of trading with the natives, and examining the country, its soil, its productions; and every thing, on which they cast their eyes, became a new source of wonder and delight. The savages were peaceable in their deportment, cordial in welcoming the strangers, and adorned with plates, pendants, and rings of copper, from which the English were led to flatter themselves, that the country afforded mines of this metal, perhaps of others more precious. They found the forests abounding with stately trees of the richest foliage, interspersed with gay lawns, over which numerous herds of deer were wandering in the fearlessness of undisturbed freedom.—Not only did they ascertain by experiment that the soil was propitious to the growth of European vegetables, but they saw many plants flourishing around them with the wildest luxuriance, which, in England, were slowly produced by careful cultivation. In short, the whole aspect of the country, so novel, so picturesque, impressed their minds with the image of an earthly paradise.

Animated with such feelings, Gosnold selected for his colony's residence one of the most romantic of the beautiful groupe

of islets, named by him Elizabeth's Islands. After building a house, however, and making arrangements for a settlement, he found the provisions of the company insufficient to support them till they could obtain another supply from home ; and the savages beginning to assume a hostile appearance, he was obliged to abandon his undertaking. Accordingly he re-embarked ; and, arriving in England, after an absence of about four months, with a rich lading of sassafras and furs, quickly diffused the reputation of his new discoveries.

The consequences of this voyage were more important than its seeming insignificance would lead us to anticipate ; for it revived among the English that ambition to acquire colonial possessions, which the inadequacy of former attempts had rendered unsuccessful. The length of the voyage from England to Virginia was diminished, as we should judge from inspecting the map, nearly one half by Gosnold's judicious innovation ;—at least Capt. Smith, the hero and the historian of the colony of Virginia, whom we shall mention more particularly hereafter, states that it was lessened more than five hundred leagues ;—and, in those days, an addition to a voyage of twenty-five or thirty degrees, in the open sea, was looked upon as greatly enhancing the risk of it. Besides, a new region had been discovered by Gosnold, which was represented as being in the highest degree delightful, nay, in the words of the original journalist of the voyage, as absolutely ravishing. The people of England could now perceive a vast continent spread out before them, of which they considered themselves the rightful and exclusive lords. Its interior provinces, indeed, were yet unexplored ; and their knowledge, even of its sea-coasts, was superficial ; but, as mankind are always prone to magnify what is uncertain, this very doubtfulness of the character of the country was perverted into a presumption of its excellence. They felt assured that, if they were industrious and persevering, the produce of the soil would liberally reward their exertions, and they hoped, without having occasion for either industry or perseverance, to start up into sudden opulence, fondly cherishing the belief that this continent, like its sister in the south, would yield them gold and silver in inexhaustible abundance.

Schemes for transporting colonies to North Virginia, as this part of America was then called, again became popular ; and, while these were in agitation, two vessels were despatched

(A. D. 1603) by the merchants of Bristol, under the command of Martin Prinne, partly on a commercial speculation, partly to ascertain whether Gosnold's account was entitled to full belief, or whether he had not concealed the defects and heightened the excellencies of the country, with a fond partiality for his own discoveries. Prinne examined the coast and islands, which Gosnold had discovered, besides meeting with many new objects of curiosity, and, after collecting a cargo of furs and sassafras, returned in safety to England ;—bringing back to his countrymen the most complete assurance of Gosnold's veracity, together with such other accounts in favour of the western continent, as greatly increased their passion for colonial establishments.

A report, similar in tendency, but in language still more rapturous, was made by George Weymouth, who, (A. D. 1605) being sent by the earl of Southampton and the lord Arundel of Wardour, in quest of a north-western passage to China, is chiefly remarkable as having first explored the river Penobscot.

With respect to these three voyages, we should recollect the observation made by Hubbard, in his history of New England, in forming our opinion of the flattering description of the country given by Gosnold, Prinne, and Weymouth. They landed here in the spring of the year, at a season when all nature is clad in verdant freshness ; and their error consisted, not in delineating the mildness of the climate and the luxuriance of the vegetable creation in too partial coloring, but in supposing these qualities of the country to be permanent and invariable. Englishmen, also, who were acquainted only with their own comparatively tame natural scenery, could not feel otherwise than delighted by the richness, profusion, and magnificence, which characterize the scenery of North America. Considering these circumstances, we certainly have a right to discharge Gosnold and his immediate successors from any imputation of wilful falsehood or designed misrepresentation, although, when the true condition of the country came to be known, the disappointment arising from the unexpected inelimity of the winter months was one of the most serious obstacles to the settlement of North Virginia.

Still the immediate effect of these voyages was to awaken the dormant spirit of colonization ; the warmest promoter of which was Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster, who, having early imbibed a taste for commercial knowledge, spent his

whole life in diffusing a relish for his favorite pursuits, and left behind him in his *Collection of Voyages*, a lasting monument of his enlightened and persevering zeal. In the opinion of Dr Robertson, England is indebted to him, more than to any other man of that age, for her transatlantic dominions ; since at length, chiefly by his instrumentality, an association was formed of sufficient wealth, numbers, and character to authorize the strongest hopes of eventually peopling a considerable portion of the new world with Englishmen. The charters granted by queen Elizabeth having either expired by the lapse of time, or been forfeited by the attainder of the grantees, new patents were become necessary ; and the projectors accordingly petitioned the king that he would be graciously pleased to sanction their designs with the royal authority. The reigning prince was James I, a monarch equally distinguished for his actual imbecility in the affairs of government, and for his pedantic affectation of political intelligence. He was delighted with the prospect, which was now opened to him, of displaying his legislative abilities, and eagerly engaged in an enterprise, that was so consonant with his tranquil and pacific temper. Resolving to patronize the intended settlement by his peculiar superintendence, he not only granted the petitioners a charter under the great seal of England, but also composed, with his own hand, a system of colonial ordinances.

The letters-patent comprised a grant of all that extensive region of North America, which stretches along the sea-coast, between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude, and which, says Hubbard, being considered too vast to be moulded into a single government, was divided into two several colonies, both possessing equal privileges, and nearly equal extents of territory. The patentees of the first colony, residing chiefly at London, were authorized and required to settle south of the forty-first degree of latitude ; and those of the second, residing chiefly at Plymouth, designed to fix their settlement north of the thirty-eighth degree ; but neither colony was permitted to approach within one hundred miles of the establishment made by its confederate.

As no part of New England was settled by virtue of this charter, and as it is well abridged in several popular works, particularly the introduction to Chief Justice Marshall's biography of Washington, we shall interrupt our narrative but for a moment, in order to give such an account of it as is necessary

for comprehending the operations of the Plymouth and London Companies.—The government of each colony was vested, then, in the first instance, in a council of thirteen residing in the projected settlements; and a Board of Control was formed in England, consisting likewise of two councils of thirteen; the members of the several councils, being nominated by the king, and obliged to act conformably to his instructions. The patentees were empowered to export commodities from the mother country free of customs for seven years, to search for and work mines of gold, silver, and copper, and to declare the trade of the colonies open to all nations. Every right, which the colonists or their descendants could enjoy in their native land, was nominally secured to them after their emigration; they being privileged, also, to hold their estates by the most liberal tenure recognized by the laws of England; but all these assurances of giving stability to private rights were in effect annulled, and the rights themselves reduced to a mere name, by the several clauses in the charter, which conferred on the king the sole power of ruling the colonies by his laws, instructions, and appointments. In fact, the letters-patent were soon followed by a code of ordinances for the internal administration of the projected colonies, drawn up by the royal hand, as a model of the utmost perfection of ingenuity in legislation. This code, confirming the charter in several particulars, added many very odious features to it, requiring the religious ceremonies and tenets of the colonies to be conformable to the established church, vesting all the powers of government in the colonial councils subject only to the revision of the king and of the superior councils, and reserving to the king alone a right to make such alterations as he should see fit, in the system of colonial jurisprudence. The palpable and gross impolicy of this instrument, by which, on the one hand, the personal rights of the colonists were effaced for ever, and, on the other hand, the metropolis neglected to secure for itself any of those exclusive commercial advantages, which, in other countries and at later periods, have been made the basis of every system of colonization,—the evident impolicy of such an instrument compelled the king to revise it time after time, and soon tempted the colonies, settled under its authority, to establish, without waiting for the royal consent, those representative forms of government, which have ever since been the boast and salvation of America.

With this charter, however, and with these colonial laws, such as we have seen them to be, the two companies went into operation. A few adventurers, hastily drawn together by the company of London, undertook the settlement of South Virginia, (A. D. 1607,) and, after a long struggle with the difficulties inseparable from their situation, succeeded in laying the foundations of that rich and powerful commonwealth. The company of Plymouth, with which alone the scope of our proposed remarks connects us here, was feeble than its associate, and therefore slower in effecting the purpose of its creation. Some principal members of the company of Plymouth, among whom sir John Popham, lord chief justice of the court of king's bench, and sir Ferdinando Gorges, a gentleman of influence and fortune in the west of England, were the most zealous, sent two vessels, soon after they were incorporated, to explore their new acquisitions. One of these vessels was seized by the Spaniards, as an interloper; but the safe return and favorable report of the other encouraged the adventurers to prosecute their undertaking. A colony was therefore organized, (A. D. 1607,) consisting of George Popham, as president, Raleigh Gilbert, as admiral, and six inferior officers, with about one hundred private individuals; the fancy of the projectors having fashioned the outlines of a large and flourishing state. They selected a small island at the mouth of the river Kennebec for their place of residence, induced by the commodiousness of its situation, as a port for fishermen, and wholly unconscious of the excessive coldness of the climate. Arriving here towards the close of the year, they were barely enabled to build and fortify a store-house before the cold became intense; and they were afterwards oppressed by a rapid succession of hardships, unforeseen and unprepared for. Having emigrated in the expectation of enjoying a perpetual spring in America, it is easy to conceive how great was their disappointment, when they found themselves exposed to the premature and unusual severity of a northern winter. The loss of their store-house by fire, and the death of their president had already depressed their courage, when tidings arrived of the death of sir John Popham, who was the very soul of the expedition. Gilbert, also, returned to England in the spring, having succeeded to a rich inheritance, by the death of his brother, sir John Gilbert. A tradition has existed among the neighboring Indians, that this colony, without any

provocation, killed a number of their ancestors by an atrocious and unprincipled stratagem, and thus converted a friendly tribe into persevering and implacable foes.* The resolution of the adventurers seems to have sunk under these accumulated misfortunes; for the settlement was soon afterwards abandoned in despair.

North Virginia now became the subject of detraction as violent and unauthorized, as its former celebrity had been extravagant. The prostrate colonists seemed anxious to hide their disgrace by invectives against the cold, sterile regions which they had forsaken; and they were so far successful, that the company of Plymouth never made another effort of equal magnitude with the expedition to Sagadahoc. This part of America continued to draw the attention of merchants, by whose ships it was frequently visited, and a few enterprising individuals, among whom sir Ferdinando Gorges was pre-eminent, defrayed the expense of several voyages thither, which combined the pursuits of science and gain. These voyages were instrumental in developing the true character of the country, and in making its advantages more notorious; but were seldom productive of any more important or memorable consequence. Many attempts were made by Gorges individually, both in person and by his agents, to establish colonies in North Virginia, with a perseverance worthy of better fortune, than it obtained; for, after spending a large portion of his life and estate in these attempts, and involving himself in several vexatious suits, the whole issue of his exertions was the establishment of an inconsiderable settlement in Maine, which one of his descendants was glad to sell for a small consideration to the flourishing colony of Massachusetts. John Smith, also, so well known in the early history of Virginia, for his address and heroism, and for the romantic interest awakened by him in the breast of Pocahontas, undertook two voyages to this country, once in the service of private individuals, and again in that of the company of Plymouth. His first voyage was wholly commercial in its object, and as such was very successful; but it was more remarkable for the circumstance, that, in the course of it, Smith made a personal survey of the principal islands, rivers, bays, and capes, from which he constructed a chart of the coast, and presented it to the

* The particulars of this tradition may be seen in the Collections of the Mass. Hist. Society, vol. i. p. 251.

prince of Wales, afterwards the unfortunate Charles I, who bestowed on the country the distinguishing name of New England. The energy of Smith prevailed on the company of Plymouth, soon after his return (A. D. 1615,) to make one more languid exertion; but this second voyage ended unhappily; for the ship, in which the colony embarked, and which Smith himself commanded, being unjustly seized and detained by the French, this expiring struggle of the adventurers likewise proved ineffectual.

Thus it appears that every attempt of this company to effect the design of its institution, was eventually frustrated. The furs, fish, and other productions of New England, continued to be an object of commercial enterprize, both to the company and to private merchants; but, although one or two petty voyages were made for the purpose of farther discovery, few persons retained any serious thoughts of colonization. Nor ought this, when we consider the subject attentively, to occasion any surprise. So long as the object of establishing colonies in America was the acquisition of riches, it was not to be expected that shrewd and calculating capitalists would engage in it, until they discerned a fair prospect of success. They would be slow to hazard a certainty for the sake of what was exceedingly uncertain. Large sums of money were necessary for the collection and transportation of colonists, and the maintenance of them until they should be capable of supporting themselves, in a wild and uncultivated country. Nor was it easy to find persons, who were willing to quit England for America. The nature of the voyage, the hardships to be expected from residing in the new world, the want of precious metals in the country, to allure and stimulate adventurers; the love of home implanted in the breast even of the lowest of the populace,—all these difficulties would render it no easy task to gather together a respectable body of colonists. A passage across the Atlantic was not then considered as it is now, to be safe at any season, and as an agreeable voyage at all times excepting in the coldest months of the year, but, on the contrary, was regarded with apprehension by all but experienced mariners. Besides, the early attempts of Raleigh and others to make settlements had completely failed, and every fresh disaster, not only disheartened the merchants and gentry, who lost by means of it, but deterred others from engaging in such hazardous experiments.—If, indeed, the first Eng-

lish navigators had found upon this coast a succession of mighty, polished, and wealthy barbaric empires, overflowing with a population that was rich without strength, luxurious without refinement or knowledge, factious and divided without skill in war, in short, laboring under the infirmities, without enjoying the corresponding benefits attendant on a high degree of civilization, and therefore presenting an easy prey to the conqueror; if the English emigrants, like the Spanish, had been introduced to a country covered with cultivated lands, and abounding in large and populous cities, to monarchs, encompassed with the whole pageantry of empire, to princes and nobles dwelling in sumptuous palaces, to priests performing their holy rites, in temples illuminated with diamonds and costly gems, instead of the frail products of European art, and walled up with massive columns of molten silver and gold instead of marble, temples adorned with such lavish profusion of gorgeous magnificence, that the most splendid edifices of the old world would seem comparatively poor and mean; if, indeed, the English had fallen upon a northern El Dorado, there is no doubt that they would speedily have rent assunder the ties which bound them to their natal soil, and flowed into Virginia, no less eagerly, swiftly, and precipitately, than the Spaniards inundated Peru and Mexico. But far different was the real situation of things, and different, therefore, the progress of colonization, in the Spanish and English possessions on the continent of America.

So great was the difficulty of obtaining settlers for the first colonies in North and South Virginia, that none but men of ruined fortunes and blighted expectations at home could be prevailed upon to adventure themselves upon what was accounted a forlorn and desperate expedition. Excepting the truly great men, who put themselves at the head of some of the colonies, the mass of the emigrants, were spendthrifts, 'unruly sparks,' in the expressive language of the Virginian Stith, 'packed off by their friends to escape a worse destiny at home,' needy adventurers, men deeply and irrecoverably involved in debts, and such others, continues the same historian, as were much fitter to ruin a commonwealth, than to raise or maintain it. It was this desperate character of the early emigrants, their incurable spirit of insubordination, their idle, dissolute, and irregular habits, the absence of any strong and fixed principle, to reconcile them to a perpetual separation

from their native land, added to their ignorance of the country, which so much retarded the growth of the settlement at James-Town. Nothing but the indefatigable exertions of capt. John Smith prevented its being abandoned, almost in the very outset; and there is little doubt that, notwithstanding the zeal of capt. Smith, sir Thomas Dale, lord Delaware, and other gentlemen of the like spirit, this colony would have shared the fate of its contemporary at Sagadahoc, but for the superior mildness of the climate of South Virginia. It is impossible to say, therefore, how soon the council of Plymouth would have succeeded in colonizing the territory committed to their charge, in the ordinary course of events, by the means, on which they had hitherto relied, and if no stronger motive had intervened, than the remote prospect of individual or national emolument. Nay, there is too much reason to believe that, in a short time, New England would have been irrecoverably lost to Great Britain. French establishments on the north and east, as we shall presently see, and Dutch on the south, were gradually extending themselves more and more into the heart of New England, so that the very name itself was fast yielding place to those imposed on the country by France and the Netherlands. But a mightier principle of action was now at work in England, than either ambition or avarice; a principle, that could steel men against suffering, and shield them from hardship, in situations where any different influence would have proved impotent. An animated, eager, unconquerable love of civil and religious freedom had sprung up under the scourge of ecclesiastical intolerance, a high and ardent enthusiasm, which enabled a band of persecuted pilgrims to do, what rank, power, and wealth had been striving in vain to accomplish.

We have been thus particular in showing the intercourse of the English with this country previous to the settlement of Plymouth. We will now extend the inquiry, although more briefly, to the enterprises of other nations, so far as they had immediate connexion with the history of New-England. To begin with the French, whatever may have been the truth in regard to the conflicting pretensions of France and England, it is certain that the former nation displayed more eagerness than the latter to confirm her title, and place it beyond the reach of dispute, by the formation of colonial establishments in North America. We have already mentioned

exploring the adjacent coast of America. This design he accomplished (A. D. 1609,) tracing the continent along Acadia and New-England, from the St Lawrence to the Chesapeake, and afterwards sailing up that noble river, which perpetuates the memory of his voyage and of his name. As he landed and held continual intercourse with the savages, who generally treated him with a confidence and good faith that were by no means reciprocated, he enjoyed the most favorable opportunities for judging of this region, which, although he did not discover it, he was certainly the first to examine with exactness. His employers, who readily saw the advantage, which might be taken, of this voyage, immediately (A. D. 1610) commenced a profitable traffic with the inhabitants, and in a few years (A. D. 1613 and 1614) formed two small settlements, which afterwards grew into the cities of Albany and New-York.* Whether the Dutch purchased the claim of Hudson to the tract which he was supposed to have discovered, or whether they considered themselves entitled to it, because he sailed in their service and commission, it is now impossible to determine; but it is certain that they assumed the possession of it in consequence of Hudson's voyage, and retained it for a considerable length of time, to the great annoyance of some of the English colonies, particularly Connecticut, Plymouth, and Massachusetts. But as Hudson did not discover this part of the continent, nor possess any exclusive right to it whatever, neither England nor France, each of which had already taken possession of the whole country with the customary formalities, ever paid much respect to the adverse claim of Holland. And although it is difficult to see how barely landing upon the brink of a vast continent, and verbally claiming it, when the rightful owner is either not present to resist the claim, or, if resisting it, is replied to only by being forcibly expelled from his ancient possessions, although, we confess, it is difficult to see how any such summary and high-handed process as this should legally transfer the property of the soil, yet, as international law was then understood, perhaps England was justifiable in her subsequent conquest of the New-Netherlands.

Such was the early intercourse with America, of those three

* Collections of the New-York Historical Society, v. i.

nations, which were intimately associated with the history of the eastern colonies. But as several other nations were then more powerful, or perhaps we should say, more eminent for their knowledge and success in navigation, than either England, France, or the Batavian Republic, why, it may be asked, were these last so exclusively fortunate in acquiring possessions on the eastern side of North America?

The maritime states in the north of Europe, if they felt any inclination, were obviously destitute of adequate means, for attempting to make foreign conquests, or to rival those powerful kingdoms, which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, held almost undisputed dominion of the seas. It is not, therefore, at all extraordinary that hardly any settlement in this country was undertaken, at the period under consideration, by Norway, Denmark, Sweden, or the free cities of Germany and Poland, in their national and public character, although the posterity of Swedish and German emigrants now composes a large and most valuable element in the population of several of the middle states. But the inquiry still recurs, how is it that no portion of this country belongs to the inhabitants of South Europe?—The Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians, at this time, surpassed all their contemporaries in the magnitude of their foreign acquisitions and maritime enterprises.—Portugal, whose appearance on the map of Europe is so insignificant, had obtained vast dominions in Asia and America; Spain was absolute mistress of the larger and richer part of the western world; and the minute republics of Italy, while they thronged every sea with their ships and mariners, were altogether supreme on the waters of the Mediterranean:—yet neither of these nations ever attempted to establish herself on the eastern coast of North America.

With regard to the last of these nations, we need not repeat what we have stated, in a former number, in an article vindicating the character of Amerigo Vespucci, that Italy, being partitioned into straightened republics and petty principalities, whose mutual jealousy exposed them to the incursions of foreign, and the no less desolating intrigues of domestic enemies, was effectually withheld from all enterprizes of extensive and national importance. As to the other two, soon after the successful voyages of Columbus, Gaspar de Cortereal, a Portuguese gentleman, stimulated by the jealousy that subsisted between his country and Spain, as we learn from the Jesuit Lafitau,
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sailed at his own expense on a voyage of discovery in which he explored and named the coast of Labrador, (A. D. 1500.) Immediately after his return, he fitted out another expedition, in which he was lost without leaving any vestige behind; and his brother, who sailed in quest of him, experienced the same fate.

A few years afterwards (A. D. 1506,) a Spaniard, of the name of Velasco, is said to have sailed up the river of Canada, and, coasted along the shores of the Tierra de Labrador; but this voyage is doubted by Charlevoix, nor is it mentioned by Gomara. This last writer, however, is not very remarkable for minute accuracy,* and tells us, himself, that several voyages, of which he gives us no account, were made to this coast early in the sixteenth century. Stephen Gomez is the first Spaniard, who is certainly known to have visited this country, which he did in the year following the voyage of Verazzani. But none of these voyages led to any memorable consequence; and Spain and Portugal, notwithstanding their pretensions, appeared to have abandoned the northern parts of this continent to other nations, continuing only to come here occasionally, for the purpose of fishing on the Banks. Accustomed, as they were, to a warm and grateful atmosphere, they probably dreaded a country, which remained buried in snows, for many months in succession; for it is remarkable that no people acquired a permanent footing in the colder regions of this continent, except the hardy natives of a similar climate in Europe. Besides, when Portugal and Spain had planted colonies in the warm, rich, and fertile climes of Asia, Africa, and America; especially when they had swept across the tropical regions of America like a torrent, scarcely resisted by the inhabitants, who were either feeble and unwarlike, or, if warlike, unskilled to withstand the fire-arms and discipline of Europeans; and lastly, when they were pampered with spices, gems, and gold, till their avarice became as greedy and violent as it had ever been insatiable; when they had done all this, they would naturally despise a country, which furnished nothing valuable but furs, whose only commerce thus evinced its wildness, whose climate was known to

* The opinion of Astoino de Solis may be taken as conclusive on this point. He says: *Escribiola* (i. e. la historia de la Nueva España), primero Francisco Lopez de Gomara, *con poca examen y puntualidad*, porque dice lo que oyo, y lo afirma con sobrada credulidad, fiandose tanto de sus oidos como *padres de sus ojos*, sin hallar dificultad en lo inexistente, ni resistencia en lo imposible. — *Conquista de Mexico*.

be inclement, and whose soil was darkened by forests, that sheltered a race of vigorous, warlike, and independent savages.

ART. III.—*A foreigner's opinion of England, &c.* By C. A. G. Gæde. Translated from the German, by Thomas Horne. Wells & Lilly, Boston.

TRAVELLERS from the continent of Europe, who have published their opinions of England, divide themselves with a few exceptions into two classes; of which the most numerous is made up of illiberal writers, who speak only the language of prejudice, and represent every object in the hues which their own national prepossessions, or personal antipathies, have thrown over it. The misrepresentations of such persons are so glaring, as generally to carry their refutation with them to the mind of every candid reader. It is not equally easy to guard against the more excusable, but hardly less mischievous faults of tourists of the opposite character. It matters little to the reader, whether he is deceived by a spirit of malignity and censoriousness, or by an overweening partiality on the part of the narrator. He has equal cause of complaint in either case, for he is equally misled; and to the nation which has the misfortune to be injured, it is of little moment whether it be by inordinate praise, or unmerited censure. Not that we have among ourselves any very great reason to murmur at the hardships we have suffered, from the first of these causes, but we have observed of late, that the manners of European nations, towards each other, in this regard are wonderfully softened, and that the writers of the present day, bandy compliments across the channel with as hearty a good will as their predecessors were wont to do invective and abuse. In this age of good humour, and good manners, we certainly are not disposed to act a churlish part, and to find fault with the prevailing sentiment. As indifferent readers, however, whose object is correct information, it is equally important to us, that truth should not be obscured by petulance or flattery. We do not intend to rank the writer now under consideration, in either of the above mentioned classes of travellers, although from a misapprehension of the true character of the government, and people of England, he occasionally falls into the faults of both. The author of this work was a professor in the philosophical faculty of the university at Göttingen; and died prematurely

and much lamented a few years since. He visited England in 1802, a period of great excitement and interest, and appears to have participated in the curiosity at that time prevalent in Europe, respecting the character, resources, and probable destiny of Great Britain. Of all the loyal subjects of the English crown, it is somewhat singular, that the most loyal should be the Hanoverians; who enjoy none of the benefits secured to the British by the constitution of England.—Whether this circumstance throws any light on the connexion between the loyalty and love of liberty, in the subject, we shall not stop to inquire. Notwithstanding his loyalty, our author always intends to be impartial, and so long as he confines himself to facts, we have reason to think he is so; unfortunately, however, he is not satisfied with a recital of what comes under his observation, but endeavours to explain upon philosophical principles, the leading phenomena of the English character. Here he betrays, in common with all continental writers, a surprising ignorance of some of the most obvious effects of a free government. The humblest citizen of the United States, would smile at the labored conjectures of the learned German, upon occurrences that create no surprise in himself, because they are perfectly familiar. The spirit of liberty displays every where the same features which her children instinctively recognize. The want of this perception, leads continental travellers into the most absurd theories, when they attempt to explain the actual condition and character of the English nation. To illustrate our meaning, we shall give a few instances in which the author has bestowed praise where it was not deserved, and condemned what he did not understand. After enumerating several of the great divisions of society in England, and endeavoring to show the intimate connexion between them, and how inevitably the ruin of one must involve that of the rest, he adds:

‘It would be easy to demonstrate how all these prominent features of the English character, supply, with a constant stream of light, this splendid luminary of public spirit which sheds such a brilliant lustre over the English constitution. In proportion to the individual varieties of Englishmen, the stamp of public spirit is impressed, in a thousand different forms and shapes upon all ranks and classes of people. It does not indeed, universally wear the same noble character. The enlightened and liberal statesman associates with it the most exalted conceptions, whilst the

narrow minded, selfish shopkeeper blends and confounds i with his own interested views. Upon the whole, however, independently of its different modifications, its glorious effects are universally felt and acknowledged.'

Here, then, according to our author, is the *primum mobile*, from which every minute subdivision of this vast machine derives its impulse. Public spirit is the vivifying principle, which imparts health and vigor to the body politic. In England, it seems, from the palace to the cottage, the public good animates every breast, and enters into every undertaking. If Mr. Gæde is correct, the ordinary motives, which impel the species, are here superseded by a disinterested patriotism. To such an agent, what effects may not be imputed? With a stimulus like this, to what degree of excellence may not a nation aspire? We must give the author the praise of having called in aid a power worthy of the occasion, but at the same time we must say, that, highly as we estimate the English character, we cannot impute its excellence to a source so entirely inconsistent with the laws of analogy in human affairs. We are disposed to believe, that a nearer view of society in England would have taught our author to refer her national greatness more to the peculiar influence of her constitution, than to individual virtue. He would probably have discovered that selfish wants and enjoyments were the grand incentives to action, and that the English patriot measured his periods, the English lawyer his briefs, the English physician his pills and powders, and the English shopkeeper his tapes and bobbins, upon nearly the same standard, which regulates the value of similar commodities elsewhere. It is undoubtedly true, that the citizens of free states entertain a purer and more ardent love of country, than can be experienced by the subjects of less popular governments. The encouragement to industry by the security of property, to emulation by the hopes of distinction, to bravery by the certainty of reward, is powerful and constant. The interests of the state and the individual citizen become in a degree identified, and the latter turns to his country, as to the fond parent, who is to share in his success, and whose arms are ever extended to cherish and protect him. This sentiment is as strong in England, as in any nation on the globe, but unhappily refined and virtuous emotions form but one of the ingredients in the human character, and he, who would refer great results to such motives, gives, to be sure,

honorable testimony to the goodness of his own heart, but at the same time betrays but a small share of observation. The felicity of England consists, not in the superior virtue of her citizens, but in the admirable adaptation of her government to the nature and wants of men. The glory of the English arms does not arise from the superior physical bravery of her soldiers over those of any other nation. There are brave men and cowards in all armies. But the English soldier knows that the performance of his duty offers him a surer and a richer reward than could be derived from the most successful criminal enterprise. English politicians are probably not more sincere than those of other nations, but such is the force of public opinion, that the demagogue, to gain his ends, must act the patriot. It is the excellence of the English government to have done better than any other in Europe, all that the best government can do, namely, to make the bad, as well as the good qualities of its subjects subservient to the public. This trait has been so well defined by a late French traveller in England, that we shall be excused for using his words. 'England, after all, is the only country in the world, where chance, perhaps as much as human wisdom, compounding with the vices and the virtues of our species, has effected a treaty between them, assigning to each their respective and proper shares, and framed its political constitution on the constitution of human nature.' We cannot, however, agree in allowing this praise exclusively to the government of England; we believe it to be the characteristic of all free governments.

Mr Goede's remarks on the police of England discover an equal misconception of the effects of free institutions upon national character. He is greatly scandalized that quackery is so prevalent, and devotes some pages to the enumeration of the tricks of certain worm doctors, venders of drugs, and wine manufacturers, whose practices he thinks extremely pernicious, and demanding the interference of the police. We agree with him entirely, that such abuses do exist, and in about the same degree, as in other nations equally populous and equally *refined*. But we are by no means convinced, that they are within the reach of any system of police, however rigorous. If our author had pointed out the country where there are not quacks and their underlings to compound and administer potions, and dupes in abundance to swallow them, and where the trader and the inn-keeper never put off bad wine upon the unlucky

customer, we might perhaps have become converts to his scheme of a *sanative police*. Our present opinion is that the most that can be done, is to endeavor, by education and the dissemination of truth, to open the eyes of the multitude to their true interests, and leave the rest to their good sense and sagacity. He also complains that the safety of individuals is neglected, in a strain that will appear to American readers somewhat novel.

‘That part of the police, to whose guardianship the personal safety of the subject is committed, is the most remiss in the discharge of its functions. Unhappily, accidents occur daily, which might be easily prevented by a very small degree of official vigilance. There is no festivity, no solemnity, in London, if attended by the sympathizing or inquisitive populace, in which the public rejoicings of the day are not disturbed by some tragical events. Upon some occasions, for example, very slight scaffoldings are erected for the spectators. It almost always happens, that some of them break down; yet has this never induced the London police to take the least cognizance of their construction. When the peace was proclaimed by a public festivity, one of these scaffoldings broke down near the Mansion House, upon which there happened to be more than thirty persons, and many of them were in consequence dangerously bruised; but the Londoners are so very indulgent to their police, that they do not even suspect that it ought to take any steps toward the prevention of such accidents; though not fewer than five of them, during my short stay in London, were announced in the public prints.

‘In none of the places, where it is presumed that great crowds of people will flock together, do you discover any traces of a police evincing the least concern for the maintenance of regularity, or the prevention of misfortune. They fight and squabble, (in some instances fatally,) at the entrance of the theatre, and the police has not yet been aroused from its lethargy. It will scarcely appear credible, that the carriages are not even enjoined to keep the necessary order on such occasions, yet though such scandalous confusion be always accompanied with unlucky casualties, the police suffers them to be renewed every day. At a subscription ball, which was given in commemoration of the peace, there were nineteen equipages overturned and broken to pieces! When I expressed my surprise to some Englishmen, I was told that it was nothing extraordinary; and they mentioned several excellent routs, where the same accident had happened to a still greater number.’

It is admitted, without hesitation, that these are evils; for we are by no means of the number, who maintain that such

disorders are requisite to keep alive the national spirit. But are they not evils, which necessarily grow out of the exercise of the privileges of freedom? Are they not the rank weeds of a fertile soil, which can hardly be eradicated without injury to the valuable product? The very circumstance mentioned by the author, that the English are not sensible of the inconvenience is of itself evidence, that it is not very great. Probably nothing would excite stronger indignation among the English, than an attempt, on the part of the government, to interfere in cases like those enumerated by the author, and the immediate sufferers would be likely to be the first to discover their resentment. The question is not, whether this or that trifling abuse might be reformed by a more rigid system, but whether they are prepared to submit to a continental police, with its spies and informers, its *gens d'armes*, and *lettres de sureté*; for to this the proposed measures must inevitably lead. It is for them to choose whether they will submit to the inconvenience of occasional tumults, or enter every place of resort for the purposes of recreation, of scientific and literary information, and even of religious worship, between soldiers with fixed bayonets, as occurs constantly at Paris. What is the occasional inconvenience from rogues and vagabonds on the high road, in comparison with the vexatious system of passports and police officers? Public opinion is the censor of English manners and the engine of reform, the laws rarely interfering, unless they are violated. Self-interest is the strongest incitement to correct conduct, for in every occupation there are competitors to take advantage of the least deviation. It is to these, that all free states must confide; and when they are no longer under their control, they may adopt a military police, for they have no longer a character to lose.

In his chapter on education in England the author bestows great praise on the plan pursued during infancy and childhood, which he prefers to that of the continental nations. He also notices a peculiarity in English education, which we strongly recommend, in the hope that it may not be lost upon us.

‘A singular maxim of English education is that a stripling is never invested with the dignity of a man, and no difference obtains in the penal laws of the higher and lower classes. A scholar of the first form at Eton, who already indulges himself with the fond hopes of running a brilliant career at Cambridge

and Oxford, receives the chastisement of the rod, for any transgression, as certainly as the naughty boy of eight years old, who refuses to submit to lawful discipline.'

What a contrast do our seminaries exhibit, where the rod is barely spoken of as an antiquated instrument of torture, and boys of twelve and fourteen assume the airs and consequence of men. Of the more advanced stages of education in England, the writer seems to entertain a very different opinion, and of the universities he speaks with a degree of contempt hardly becoming a foreigner, who admits that his information is procured at second-hand.

'It will be inferred then, perhaps,' he says, 'that English schools and universities possess an eminent degree of merit. Quite the contrary; in all the different branches of instruction, they are inferior to the other noted seminaries in Europe, by a remove of least two centuries.'

We know of no better standard of the merit of seminaries than the characters and acquirements of those who are taught in them, and we certainly think it savors a little of paradox, to extol a nation in one breath as the only one on the globe which has discovered the true secret of greatness, and in the next to charge her public seminaries with more than monkish degeneracy. We would by no means be understood to defend the practice of the English universities. The objections of a too close adherence to antiquated studies, and an extreme devotion to the classics, to the exclusion of other branches equally important, are in a degree well founded. He might have added, what we think a still stronger objection, that the benefits of an academical education are too exclusive. The expense attending a residence at the university, and the interest necessary to procure admission, deprive a great proportion of the nation of the enjoyment of this advantage, and what is still more to be lamented, the common branches of instruction in England are within the reach of, comparatively, very few. Happily in this country the case is reversed; in New England and some other portions of the United States, no individual, however humble, has to complain that he cannot procure a competent school education. But it is conceded that our praise must stop here; in the higher departments of education, particularly in classical learning, we are still far in the rear of European nations. What Johnson wittily said of learning in Scotland, that 'it

was like bread in a besieged town, where every man gets a share, but no man has a full meal,' may with some truth be applied to the actual situation of this country. This remark is not made by way of reproach; on the contrary, we think it reflects the highest honor on a people, that their first object should be to scatter with an equal hand the blessing of knowledge. The effect of this system on the character of our population, is its highest eulogium. It is however to be regretted, that many among us are not only disposed to rest satisfied with what has already been done, but to look with jealousy on every attempt to introduce a more thorough course of classical instruction. Some men of enlightened minds, and otherwise liberal views, have been known to urge against any innovation, that we have done very well hitherto with our present allowance of Greek and Latin; and why change a system of which we have no cause to complain? Nothing is so unreasonable, as contempt for what we do not understand, and consequently no prejudice is so difficult to overcome. Ignorance in itself is not disgraceful, for it may be unavoidable; but to persist in keeping posterity in darkness, because we ourselves are not enlightened, is the surest index of barbarism. It by no means follows, that, because some are learned, the mass is necessarily ignorant. My taper is not extinguished by the brightness of my neighbour's torch. On the contrary, nothing tends so much to stimulate to exertion, to encourage merit, and to refine and exalt the character of a nation, as a numerous and respectable body of men of learning. One of the first steps toward the attainment of so desirable an end, is to encourage learned foreigners to come among us. By a strange perversity, for which we can give no good reason, our citizens have uniformly shown an aversion to employ foreigners as instructors of youth, at the same time they have held out every lure to adventurers of all descriptions. This prejudice, we have reason to think, is gradually wearing away, and we hope that the example set by the national government, in the excellent academy at West Point, where several very respectable foreign gentlemen are employed, will have a good effect throughout the union.

To return, the author has given several anecdotes in illustration of a defect in English education, of which perhaps almost every traveller in England might furnish similar instances.

'There is, perhaps, no country where the ordinary science of geography is so little cultivated. In their daily conversation they constantly utter the most ludicrous absurdities, as to foreign parts. They are, in particular, strangely perplexed in forming an adequate conception of Germany. Most of them consider the states of the empire as a sort of parliament, destitute of energy, public spirit, orators, and debates. A well bred Englishman once expressed to me his astonishment, that we (Germans) could have deliberately given such a constitutional preponderance to the House of Peers, "for," added he, "I have never yet heard speak of the German House of Commons." By a strange association of ideas, he had metamorphosed the aggregate sum of all the Electors, and of all the great and petty Princes of the empire, into a House of Peers. The English are most conversant with the geography of France, and are the least acquainted with that of the north of Europe. For example, a Russian banker once told me that in a brilliant assembly at London, an English lady asked him, with much apparent solemnity, whether at Petersburg, the inhabitants were not exposed to danger in the streets, on account of the white bears? It is partly owing to the defective reports of their travellers, who seldom know any thing beyond what they glean in coffee-houses and at places of public resort, that these mistaken notions become radical and inveterate.

The religious dispositions, the jurisprudence, and the political divisions of the English nation, occupy separate chapters, which, as may be supposed, contain nothing particularly new or edifying to American readers. A distinct chapter is devoted to English literature, on which point some idea may be formed of the value of the author's opinions, when it is stated, that he places Ossian first on the list of British poets, speaks with no little contempt of Johnson and his works, and expresses his surprise, that the nation should have been so long insensible to the merits of Darwin and Brown. We must here except the remarks on the English stage, which are very judicious. The justice of the following observations will be generally acknowledged.

'The English give currency to Johnson's aphorism, that the theatre must be a school of morals, without annexing a more exalted idea to this conception, than is usual among ordinary pedagogues. Whoever is desirous to have positive evidence upon this fact need only glance at their theatrical censors. It is indeed somewhat surprising, that among a people whose characteristic distinctions do not proceed from the narrow circumfe-

rence of a school room, but from an enlarged and liberal survey of mankind, such a doctrine should gain ground; as if common place observations, which may be collected every day in the street, were sacred apothegms to instruct and edify our minds. But this standard has been universally adopted, to ascertain the moral excellence of dramatic poetry. When a character is nicely fashioned after some approved system of morality, when it is richly surcharged with the tinsel and embroidery of moral sentences, and is furbished up with such high coloring, that the spectator cannot divine the whole plot at the very first glance; then all demands are satisfied. I shall only cite a single performance, which has been universally extolled as a perfect model of this sort, the *West-Indian of Cumberland*. I have seen it performed at Drury Lane, before a very large audience; and have witnessed to my no small astonishment, the tumultuous applause bestowed upon the trivial sentences interwoven in the body of the piece. Whenever the actor, with a solemn accent, pronounced one of those choice scraps of morality, all the bystanders began to clap their hands, as if the goddess of wisdom herself were promulgating her oracles, for the illumination of mankind.

‘Independently of the poets who thus regale the public with the quintessence of morality, there exists at present in this country a certain description of dramatists, who elude the malignity of criticism by usurping the province of ordinary punsters. Never has the temple of wit been more sacrilegiously profaned, than by these petty retailers of *bon-mots*. One can hardly conceive it possible, that such pitiful conceits should dare to appear upon a stage, where Shakspeare’s majestic image may be imagined to reside; but this has actually occurred, and the public has taken them under its protection. The applause bestowed upon the vile productions of an O’Keefe and a Morton, and other poetasters of the same stamp, affords at once a lamentable and an irrefragable proof of this assertion.’

The remarks on the state of the fine arts in England, form one of the most interesting and masterly portions of the book. We believe that the progress of good taste within the last twenty years has had a tendency to confirm the truth of most of the author’s opinions in this particular. We shall quote as an example, his judgment of the merits of West, who is, perhaps, better known in this country than most English artists, though we ought to observe that Mr Gæde visited England at a period anterior to the production of Mr West’s most distinguished works.

“I have had an opportunity of inspecting a variety of Mr West's pictures, but I cannot pretend to say with which of the two I was most disgusted, their composition or their coloring. The chief property of the former is dissonance and confusion, superadded to several striking irregularities in the drawing; in the latter are accumulated all the combined faults of the English school. Observe, for example, the large altar-piece in the chapel at Greenwich. What infinite difficulty there is, amidst this miscellaneous and huddled assemblage of figures, to distinguish the principal groupe! Neither does it imply much knowledge of anatomy to discern many dislocations in the arms and legs of several conspicuous figures. The coloring is so harsh and cold, that you are almost tempted to imagine the artist had painted a set of masked countenances.”

His strictures are hardly less severe, and quite as just, on the prevailing style of sculpture in England, at that period. Of the performances of Flaxman, however, particularly of his monument to lord Mansfield, in Westminster abbey, he speaks in terms of the highest admiration. He is pleased, through his translator, to pronounce this artist a *constellation* in the firmament of the arts.

The anecdotes interspersed throughout the book are related in a lively manner, and will constitute its chief attraction to a large class of readers. The following will serve as specimens.

“Nothing, in the opinion of a London shopkeeper, conduces more toward establishing his credit, than to have his shop decorated with the ensigns of royalty, and to be able to acquaint the public that he enjoys the protection of his majesty, or one of the princes. Thus you may see near Leicester Square a species of quack's shop very elegantly fitted up, the proprietor of which styles himself, “Privileged bug-destroyer to their majesties!”—On the new road you pass by a house with an advertisement, inscribed in very legible characters over the gateway, announcing that a “Vender of asses' milk to their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York resides here!”—A short time ago, a strange conceit was entertained by a man, who manufactures wooden legs with much dexterity, and who has placed before his shop, in the Strand, an enormous sample of his art, as a symbol of his profession, which was no other than to apply for the title of “Manufacturer of wooden legs to his royal highness the prince of Wales!” It may easily be conceived, however, that the prince, who has the finest legs in the world, could not comply with this ridiculous request.”

In his observations upon the manners of the English coxcombs, the author commits a laughable blunder, which, whether

real or pretended, is an admirable satire on one of the reigning absurdities of the age.

* But of all their extravagances, their fashionable cant is the most absurd. It is generally an unintelligible gibberish ; a compound of broken French, seasoned with some significant and original terms. There are always some which have a run. Thus, the "boar" lately made a considerable figure among them. At all public amusements, which created languor or satiety, every body complained of "the boar." This is the more extraordinary, as there are only foxes and hares hunted in England."

As the author has placed English manners, morals, and domestic life at the head of the long list of topics enumerated in his title page, we were not a little surprised to find that his remarks are almost exclusively confined to London. This is the more to be regretted, as the beautiful scenery of England would have employed the pleasing talent at description, in which Mr Goede principally excels. The specimen he has given us in this way, in the account of his journey from Dover to London, is just sufficient to make us regret, that he did not think proper to be more communicative. In the following extract, however, great allowance is to be made for the exhilaration, which every traveller experiences on his first introduction to scenes, on which he has long dwelt in anticipation.

* The first cursory survey of England, presents nearly the same aspect, from whatever side a stranger may advance toward the metropolis. One of the most animated high roads, is that leading from Dover to London. On leaving the little town of Dover, as you approach Ewell, a fine spacious plain lies extended before you, which gives the traveller a just idea of the highly cultivated state of the country. No spot is left without improvement ; as far as the eye can reach, it discerns traces of laborious industry. All the fields and meadows are enclosed with green hedges, or fenced round with trees. The dwelling houses of the country people, and farmers, appear to be but newly constructed, and are only distinguished from the mansions of the town's people by their cheerful aspect. They are for the most part encompassed with a garden of flowers, and as every one follows his own humor in the style of building, they exhibit a great variety of architecture. Yonder you behold in idea a Gothic Chapel, another mansion is decorated with little pillars, and in a third you observe Roman pilasters jutting out beside Gothic bow-windows. The neatness, that reigns throughout, enhances the pleasing sensation excited by the prospect of universal plenty. The traveller indeed is

not a little surprised when he learns, that these mansions which he deemed the seats of country squires, are only the dwellings of farmers and peasants. He sees a lady seated in a bower of a little garden, with four young girls at her side, clothed in snowy robes of muslin. The mail coach drives up to the door; they rise and hastily advance to meet it. A gentleman from within exclaims with a joyful accent; "there are my wife and children." He jumps out and meets with a most affectionate reception from his darlings. The gentleman and lady salute the travellers, in a cordial manner, the coach sets off, and the stranger on inquiring of his fellow travellers, who these gentlefolks are, is informed that they are a farmer's family settled in the neighbourhood.

We must take our leave of this work with a sketch of the daily routine of two very different classes of Englishmen.

"About eleven o'clock it grows day with a London beau. He swallows a slight breakfast, slips on his riding coat, and hies away to his stable, where his coachman, grooms and lacqueys, are in punctual attendance. Here his horses are mustered up before him, he takes a strict cognizance of them, makes minute inquiries after their state of health and constitution of body, and distributes the necessary orders relative to their management. If the weather be favourable, he then saunters through the town, on horseback, or drives out in his curricle attended by his servants. His way leads him through all the fashionable streets, and commonly ends after a few rounds in Hyde Park. Should the weather prove unfavorable, he frequents the workshops of the most eminent saddlers and coachmakers, is received with much ceremony, and many professions of regard, bespeaks fresh articles, proceeds to the auction of horses, and every where meets his friends. He then takes a survey of those curious sights with which the eyes of the public are feasted in exhibitions, steps into a print shop on his way and demands the new caricatures; after which he enters a fashionable coffee house. It is now past three. Our beau takes a second breakfast in the coffee house, peruses the public papers, converses with his acquaintances, and arranges with them the parties of pleasure for the ensuing evening. About five he returns home. Here his valet de chambre assists him in adjusting his dress, in which he discovers much taste. Whilst this important business is going forward, he hastily looks over all the visiting cards that have been sent in during the day, and gives the necessary instructions upon this head. At seven he repairs to a genteel coffee house, if no pressing invitation to some grand entertainment call him another way; or as is more frequently the case, betakes himself to a friend's party, where he is always a welcome guest, and considered as a member of the family. About

nine he rises from the table in order to repair to the theatre, not to see the play which is now nearly over, (for such a practice would be quite unfashionable,) but to skip about from one box to another, to shew himself to the ladies, to ogle with strangers, or to range about the lobby with his friends, in quest of those fair ones, whose nets are always spread for gallants and guineas. Should he fortunately withstand these powerful temptations, he then repairs to a ball or rout about eleven, or to one of those splendid houses kept by certain women of fashion, who endeavour to retrieve the low state of their finances by play. About four in the morning he returns home, fatigued with his nocturnal excursions, and next day commences anew the same invariable round.

'To one of my friends,' continues Mr. Gæde, 'I owe the following outlines of the rural employments of an eminent English statesman. He usually rises before seven in the morning. The first matin hours are exclusively dedicated to scientific pursuits, in which particular he always observes a fixed methodical order. At ten o'clock he repairs to the breakfast parlour where the whole family are assembled. The newspapers are then examined, and the plans which the family have concerted for the day, proposed and arranged. About eleven they begin to separate. The gentleman mounts his horse, pays a visit to his tenants, traverses the circumjacent country, and in the course of two hours returns from his excursion. At this time his clients, and those who wish to converse with him upon business are in attendance. He usually consumes an hour with them in desultory conversation. It is now near two o'clock. The secretary makes his appearance. The letters which are come to hand are perused, and the pecuniary transactions revised. The secretary receives his instructions, and an immediate reply to the most urgent letters is transmitted by the master himself. His domestic then waits upon him and the ceremonials of dress are adjusted. When this business is despatched, the books and pamphlets sent in by the bookseller, are slightly turned over, and the more important articles are noted and reserved for subsequent use. The hour of five is now past, and the gentleman repairs to the dining room, where the family are reassembled, with the addition of some select friends out of the neighborhood. Half an hour after five dinner is announced, and for this meal rarely more than an hour is allotted. The ladies withdraw, and the gentlemen discuss political and agricultural subjects, &c. while the bottle circulates till the hour of tea arrives, at which the lady of the house presides in the drawing room. The news of the town, family occurrences, and the modern productions of French and English literature, now become topics of discussion. The ladies arraign the literary heroes of the day; the gentlemen conduct their de-

fence, or occasionally appear as their accusers. The literary performances, which lie upon the lady's toilet, are produced by way of reference; and passages are read aloud, which serve to refute or to corroborate an opinion already advanced. The lady sometimes takes her seat at a side-table, and overlooks favorite musical compositions. An elegant supper is served up at eleven, and about midnight the company break up.

'In such harmless amusements a family day is consumed. It may well be conceived, however, that this arrangement is liable to many interruptions;—when an illustrious visiter is expected, when the master of the house makes a rural excursion, or when he follows the chase.'

ART. IV.—*A Collection of Cases overruled, doubted, or limited in their application. Taken from American and English Reports. By Simon Greenleaf, Counsellor at Law. Portland, 1821.*

THE number of cases in this collection is nearly six hundred. Still it is by no means complete. Our own recollection and minutes furnish at least one hundred more; and it is probable that the full number of such cases, in American and English Reports, is one thousand. This statement may surprise some of our readers, and give occasion for new jests about the glorious uncertainty of the law. If, however, the number of reported cases, and the series of years during which they have accumulated, are considered, it will not be deemed strange or unfortunate, that a thousand legal errors have been corrected in half as many years. There are about four hundred volumes of cases decided in England and Ireland, since the reign of Edward II. We, of course, do not include in this estimate the broken cases of elder times, which may be gleaned from the old abridgments, and which reach back to the days of Henry III, nor the numerous little volumes containing accounts of a single case. There are also about one hundred and forty volumes of American Reports, all published since the organization of the federal government, and four fifths of them within the last twenty years.

That in all the courts in England and Ireland, with such extent of jurisdiction and press of business, there should be an average of two errors of judgment in a year, is surely no just cause of wonder or alarm. But our assumption, that there are

a thousand cases, which might be inserted in a collection like Mr Greenleaf's, included the American as well as the English decisions. Of course, the proportion of errors, on that assumption, is less than we have above supposed, for that our own official jurisconsults are infallible, we have not the vanity to believe, nor they the folly to pretend. Besides, there are in this collection, not only decisions, which have been overruled, but those, also, of which, while the general principle is adhered to, the extent of its application only has been subsequently limited, and others which have been merely doubted. Again, many of these overruled cases are judgments, which have been reversed in the higher tribunals, and therefore ought not to swell the list of errors; as such judgments are annulled, and never cited or regarded as authorities. That more errors have not been corrected is a cause of regret and humiliation. An *index expurgatorius* is needed for many a volume of reports. It has perhaps been true throughout the history of the English law, that judges have been less reluctant to correct the errors of their predecessors, than their own; but it is peculiarly true of American judges. It is, however, with admiration of the magnanimity, which attends great talents and thorough learning, that we have witnessed, on more than one occasion, a full and voluntary retraction of his own judicial opinion, by a most distinguished jurist of our own country, whose official labors we have heretofore noticed, and to whose powers and acquisitions we have paid our sincerest homage. 'True wisdom,' says another great judge, 'should induce us all to retrace our steps where we are wrong, and not for the sake of consistency persist to hold our adjudications to be oracles of the law. Judges are not infallible; and from a thousand causes their adjudications are sometimes erroneous. Great talents induce them, on some occasions, to repose too much on themselves. They feel that their contemporaries will be slow to doubt whatever they decide. But in a short time their decisions will be discussed by their weight, and not by their mere authority.' The truth and justness of this *last* remark are daily before our eyes; and the wisdom recommended in the *first*, is exemplified in the practice of the author. It is humiliating and pitiable to see a judge cling to his errors with a convulsive grasp, and search for strained and darksome analogies to fortify his blunders; denying the wisdom, while he half admits the existence of the doctrine which

he combats, and questioning the sagacity of the most accomplished jurists of the age. If this is ever seen, it is in men of little minds and small acquirements. The pride of infallibility belongs only to such.

The law is a progressive science; and 'all rational sciences that are subject to argument and discourse,' says sir John Davis, 'must needs be subject to uncertainty and to error. Howbeit, there is no art or science that standeth upon discourse of reason, that hath her rules and maxims so certain and infallible, and so little subject to divers interpretations, as the common law; so certain, sure, and without questions, are the principles and grounds thereof.'—'If the rules and maxims of the law were a thousand times as many as they be indeed, yet would they carry no proportion with the infinite diversity of men's actions, and of other accidents which make the cases that are to be decided by the law. Besides, it must be a work of singular judgment to apply the grounds and rules of the law, which are fixed and certain, to all human acts and accidents, which are in perpetual motion and mutation.'—'But for all this, it is objected that our later judgments do many times cross and contradict the former directly in one and the same point, which is a manifest argument of uncertainty in the law. Assuredly, there are very few precedents of such contrary judgments—scarce two in one age. And yet if the reasons of the later judgments did appear of record, we should find them grounded upon mischiefs and inconveniences arising since the former judgments, or upon other weighty considerations respecting the good of the commonwealth in general.'—'And thus much may suffice to be spoken, to remove that scandal of uncertainty which ignorance doth unworthily cast upon the common law.'

Contrary judgments, 'in one and the same point of law,' are as rare in these days, as in the times referred to, by the learned Attorney General of Ireland. An inspection of the cases collected by Mr Greenleaf will shew, that in a great majority of instances, it is only an incidental *dictum* of a judge that has been denied or limited in its application. The cases are few, in which the very point in judgment has been afterwards decided in a different manner. Lord Coke says, that in all his time there were not two questions moved, touching any of the fundamental points of the common law. Sir John Davis says, exchequer-chamber cases were so rare in his day, that the judges were drawn out of their proper

courts scarce twice in a year to deliver their opinions on those doubtful points. And it is asserted by chancellor Kent, that according to Colle's and Brown's parliamentary reports, which have collected all the cases to be found, there were from the year 1697 to the year 1778, (a period of eighty years, and that too the most happy and flourishing in the English history,) only sixty-four cases in error brought to a hearing in the House of Lords. In a small number only of these cases was there a reversal of judgment. In Shower's Parliamentary Reports of an earlier period, there are thirty-seven cases, and but seven reversals.

The facility of appealing from one tribunal to another, which is furnished by the statutes of the United States, and of the several states, has a direct and fatal tendency to impair confidence in the subordinate courts, to foster a litigious spirit, and to impress the minds of suitors, and of the people at large, with the notion that there is no certainty in the law. To the honor of the common law, it should be sounded in every ear, that *an appeal* is not known in that system. 'Upon judgments given in our ordinary courts of justice,' says an ancient sage, 'the law doth admit and allow *writs of error* to be brought, without any touch or dishonor to the judges.' To a more litigious spirit than prevailed in earlier days may perhaps be, in part, ascribed the more numerous writs of error, which are now brought into the House of Lords. In part, too, it may be attributed to the increase of important questions, which originate in the other courts, from a more numerous population, more extended business, and new relations, produced by political changes.

Upon a comprehensive survey of the subject, we shall find cause rather for exultation in the stability and certainty of the law, than for wonder or regret at the occasional conflict of judicial decisions. The causes of the greater diversity of decisions in this country, than in England, are obvious to the most superficial notice. Each state in the Union has its own courts, that are subject to no common revision, except upon national or constitutional questions; and those courts are composed of men of very unequal talents, experience, and learning. On questions of common law, therefore, we must expect there will always be contradictory adjudications by the courts of the different states. There is little or no hope of an uniform national common law. Ancient usages are

different in states which are contiguous, and still more widely different in those which are remote from each other. In every state, statutes have altered the common law, but not in the same particulars in any two of them. In some, the doctrines of chancery are incorporated with the common law; in others, they are kept distinct. For these and numerous similar reasons, we cannot anticipate (perhaps we ought not to desire) the uniformity which distinguishes the administration of the common law in England. In each state, however, and especially in Massachusetts, for which the suggestion is intended, additional securities might be furnished for the stability and certainty of the law. We ought to derive wisdom for future use, from the experience of the last seventeen years, and not sit down contented with past and present good. While the law, or the administration of it, is susceptible of improvement, it ought not to retrograde nor remain stationary. Reports of adjudged cases are called by Bracton *the judgments of the just*. Until 1805, the few reports of legal decisions, which were published in this commonwealth, consisted principally of hasty opinions on half-argued points that were raised in the progress of jury trials. Are the reports of such decisions, by whomsoever made, entitled to this high appellation? Since 1805, law-terms have been held in the several counties, and the advantages have been immense. The junior part of the profession can never duly estimate them; though from the first volume of Massachusetts Reports, they can learn a part of the evils from which they are exempted. In our judgment, however, the system so happily commenced is not half finished. In a word, we believe there ought to be only two places at which law-terms should be held, at Boston and in the interior; and that all legal questions ought to be argued thoroughly, and considered maturely, before they are decided. We are aware of the objections of delay and expense; but a tardy decision is better than a wrong one, and nothing is more manifest than the impolicy and mischief of making litigation cheap. We do not admit, however, nor believe that the change we propose would produce delay. On the contrary, we are certain that it would produce greater despatch, and earlier decisions. The calm and settled attention of eight weeks is sufficient for the determination of any earthly question, but the hurried glance of an evening or two, on the circuits, affords no ade-

quate means of correctly deciding important and intricate causes. They, of course, are continued for months, under the present system, for the purpose of allowing to the court the means, which we propose to furnish in all cases. Nor need the expense be more burdensome to suitors, than it is at present. The legislature can guard this point.

As several decisions reported by Mr Tyng have already been overruled, we trust it is not indecorous to intimate that there may be several others which would not have been made, had the causes been more fully argued, and more maturely considered. And we know of no method so eligible as that which we have above suggested, to ensure full investigation by the bar and the bench. It is not true, as is too often supposed, that the court only are responsible for incorrect adjudications. It is often the fault of counsel, as might easily be shown, and as every lawyer will admit. The bar was instituted to assist the court, and whenever the proper assistance is withheld, the bar is false to its trust. The reputation of the profession, in Massachusetts, is deeply concerned in the plan that we have proposed. They will not be scandalized by the suggestion, that the Reports do not present them, as a body, so prominently, either in point of learning or accumen, as to cause exultation when compared with the bar of some other states, as they are exhibited by their own reporters. This, we fully believe, is the effect of the present system, under which questions are often submitted for the sake of despatch, or to avoid labor, without argument, or at best but carelessly and superficially discussed. In such cases, superior legal attainments are without use and without reward. But we will not at this time pursue these remarks further.

An earnest wish for the advancement of our jurisprudence, and an unalterable persuasion that the plan we have suggested is one of the easiest, and most obvious to effect it, have elicited these few suggestions. It is time a distinction was made, broad and everlasting, between the trade and the profession of the law.

It has sometimes been thought that certainty in statute law might be promoted by reducing all that has been enacted upon one subject, though at distant intervals, into one chapter. We trust the ill success of such attempts will prevent their repetition. The present Probate Law of Massachusetts is a

standing, monitory memento on this subject, and justifies the following sensible and modest suggestion in the advertisement to Foley's Poor Laws.—'It has been for some time proposed to reduce all the laws relating to the Poor into one. But I humbly submit it to better judgments, whether it would not be more advisable to retain our old laws, whose sense and meaning have been determined by various decisions, and to go on making supplemental acts, where these are found defective, than to run the hazard of a new one, which perhaps may be liable to as many misconstructions as the former have already gone through.'

Two very recent decisions, one in the court of king's bench, the other in the supreme court of Massachusetts, on the construction of the statute of frauds and perjuries, strongly evince the different effect, on different judges, of doubts strongly expressed and often repeated. At the very time that the court in England unanimously held that all the doubts concerning the decision in *Wain vs. Warlters*, 5 East 10, were idle and not to be regarded, the court in Massachusetts denied that decision, and anticipated its reversal whenever it should be again brought directly into judgment in the court where it was made.

Mr Greenleaf informs us, in the advertisement prefixed to his book, that the present edition is a very small one, and intended chiefly, as it would seem, 'to obtain the judgment of the profession as to the utility of the work and the manner of its execution, and their aid, in augmenting the collection, should this attempt be favourably received.' Of the utility of the work there can be but one opinion. A manual, which should present at a glance, or furnish the means of readily ascertaining what has been repudiated, denied, doubted or limited in its application, in the voluminous and evergrowing volumes of judicial decisions, has long been a desideratum. It is obviously, however, a work which no single hand can rationally hope to render complete. The aid of the profession is therefore wisely solicited, and we hope will be liberally imparted. For accomplishing so much, Mr Greenleaf is entitled to great credit.—In the execution of the work, we find one great fault, which we doubt not will be corrected in a future edition. The point overruled, doubted, or limited in its application, is frequently omitted. This omission occurs seven times in the second page of the book. Thus: '*Anonymous Sav.* 70. pl. 145. Overruled in *Doe vs. Redfern*, 12

East 113.' A reader who is destitute of Savile's and of East's reports would derive no benefit from this information, and if he possessed both, he ought not to be obliged to examine them to ascertain what Mr G. states to have been overruled. We have noticed some *errors in fact*, but they are extremely few. In the 67th page, the case of *the king vs. Young & Glennie*, 2 Anst. 448, is said to be overruled by that of *Iggulden vs. May*, 2 N. R. 452, and by other cases which have not the slightest bearing upon it. This may be a typographical error. We know of no case that overrules that of *the king vs. Young & al.* We believe it to be sound law, and confirmed by subsequent decisions. See 3 Anst. 811, 2 Taunt. 254, and several cases in Virginia. Mr G. may have supposed 6 D. and E. 766, impugns it.

We trust Mr Greenleaf will shew us, in a future edition, the differences in the decisions of different states on the same question. This might be done with small labor, and would greatly enhance the value of the work. For instance, that in New York and New Hampshire, the officer who presides at a popular election is not answerable for rejecting the vote of a qualified elector, unless he acts maliciously or corruptly. In Massachusetts the contrary is determined. The departures from the common law of England, in the different states, might also be added without more labor than the addition would repay. Indeed there is in the present edition some information of this kind, but it is not so full as is desirable.

'The law,' says lord Hardwicke, 'does not consist of particular instances only; but in the reason which runs through and governs those cases which have been determined.' A single judgment, therefore, should not disincline the court to review their first resolutions; much less should it present a bar to subsequent discussion. *Optima legum interpret est res perpetue similiter judicata.* The freedom and intrepidity of Mr Bacon Wood, as displayed in Wightwick's reports, are worthy of all commendation. Mr Greenleaf will have rendered to his profession a most eminent service, if by presenting so many examples of corrected error, he shall induce his brethren to examine decisions without fear, and the courts to revise them without reluctance.

ART. V.—*Œuvres Oratoires de Mirabeau ; précédés d'une notice historique sur sa vie.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1819.

MIRABEAU—ROBESPIERRE—BONAPARTE—These are the three great names of the French revolution. A thousand other actors in this prodigious drama rose in different ways to various heights of power and glory ; but there are the three master spirits, who successively set their seals upon the character of three distinct periods ; and the union in these leading minds of an utter absence of moral principle with transcendent genius would perhaps go far of itself, independently of any other cause, to account for the series of disasters, which so long frustrated all the attempts of the French people to reform their political institutions. It is fearful to think how much depends in times of trouble on the personal character of individuals. We are fond, for example, of ascribing the success of our own revolution to the excellence of the intellectual and moral habits of our fathers, who achieved it. But what would all their wisdom, and purity, and honesty have availed them, if they had been betrayed by their leaders—if Adams had proved a Mirabeau, and Washington a Bonaparte ? If, as we may venture to presume, they would have persevered and finally effected their deliverance, the revolution, under such circumstances, must have assumed a character like that of France, and degenerated into a weary and wasting struggle, instead of being, as it was, compared with any similar event of equal magnitude, a mere holiday diversion.

The three personages, whom we have mentioned, resembled each other in nothing but the ascendancy of their characters and the extent of their influence on the fortunes of their country.—The reputation of Robespierre for talent is, however, more equivocal than that of the others ; although it seems impossible to account for his ability to strike terror, during two or three years in succession, into the hearts of a great nation, without supposing an extraordinary degree of mental energy. But the diabolical and unexampled excess of mere malignity, that appeared in his character, has withdrawn the public attention from the contemplation of his talents ; and he is only recollected as the most remorseless of tyrants. There is, after all, something unnatural and, as it were, mysterious in this personage. He exhibited a singular simplicity and unexceptionable correctness in his private habits ; and seems to

have felt no temptation to abuse power for the purpose of accumulating wealth or indulging in sensual pleasure. Liberty was the watch-word of the day ; but with him virtue was more especially an habitual theme of discourse ; and he goes from his daily labor of assassination to make a voluntary and solemn acknowledgment of the existence of God. His delicate taste and minute attention to his person were also strongly at variance with his political conduct ; and there is something startling in the idea of a murderer in a nicely powdered head, and a neckcloth of the finest cambric. These frightful inconsistencies almost excite the idea of a good man driven on, like Wieland in the novel, by a sort of fatality or insanity to the commission of continual crimes ; and the supposition of a wandering intellect would seem at first thought the most reasonable way of accounting for proceedings more extravagant and incongruous, if possible, than cruel.—With the other two of these characters, the splendor of genius has thrown its dazzling brilliancy over the daring and unprincipled ambition, which accompanied it, as it has done with many preceding conquerors and statesmen of ancient and modern times. Mirabeau and Bonaparte, though hardly possessing higher claims to the approbation of the wise and good, than Robespierre, not having abandoned, like him, all regard for common humanity, and having fired the imaginations of men in a much greater degree, by astonishing exhibitions of power and vast successes, are more frequently thought of, and will probably be finally remembered as the most illustrious persons of their times, rather than as great criminals. They will be ranked in history with the Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Cromwells ; while Robespierre, in the singular blackness and incomprehensible inconsistency of his conduct, must be contented with a station far below even the Catilines ; or rather has no parallel whatever, and stands apart, a terrible exception from all recorded categories of the human species.

These three were all orators ; and each in a different way. Robespierre, as he was probably inferior to the others in talent, was also inferior to them in eloquence. His manner of speaking appears to have resembled that of Cromwell, and was marked with obscurity and painful effort. To judge from his reported speeches, his reach of mind was extensive, and he generally took a large view of the subject under discussion ; but his ideas are not expressed with precision or with elegance ;

and make little or no impression on the imagination or the judgment. A bewildering cloud seems to brood over his intellect, as may well be imagined with one, whose aim, in most of his orations, was to establish a connexion between assassination and virtue. Bonaparte, on the other hand, was distinguished for a very different sort of eloquence, if the term may be applied without impropriety to his written addresses to the army. His mind was inflamed to enthusiasm in early life by a contemplation of the great characters of antiquity, and his style, like his conduct, was imitated from theirs. It is impossible not to recognize in the productions alluded to an echo of such speeches as those of Hannibal in Livy, and Marius in Sallust. This bold and brilliant manner was entirely suitable to the audience, for which the addresses were intended; and some of the happiest specimens of it may perhaps stand the test of exact criticism, and be admitted as examples of real eloquence. In general, however, their author's ambitious spirit led him, in writing as in action, into caricature; and he often oversteps the narrow boundary, that divides the sublime from the ridiculous. But eloquence, whether written or spoken, was with Bonaparte only a secondary matter. Mirabeau, with a mental energy probably at least equal, if not superior, was exclusively an orator; and he seems to have possessed all the requisites of eloquence in as high perfection as any orator, that ever distinguished himself, either in ancient or modern times. The shortness of his career, and the peculiar character of the period, prevented him from developing his powers to their full extent, or embodying them in such productions, as will give him a permanent rank with the most celebrated speakers. But, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, under which he presented himself, he exercised an astonishing mastery over the spirits of a most enlightened audience; and acquired in the short space of two years the reputation, which has not yet been wrested from him, of the most powerful political orator, that France ever produced. We venture to presume, that an article upon so distinguished a personage, including one or two specimens of his manner, will not be uninteresting to our readers; and avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer it, afforded by the publication of this collection, which is not, however, very complete or very judiciously executed. We shall commence with some observations of a more general character, which are naturally suggested by the subject.

The word eloquence seems to have varied a good deal from its original signification; and the abuse of it has proved in practice of more importance than that of most other words, as it has had no small influence on the conduct of public affairs in various countries. Eloquence in its proper sense is the faculty of speaking, that is of extemporizing, in public with effect, and is quite distinct from the faculty of writing well in the closet, or of reading with grace and propriety. In common usage however we apply the epithet of an eloquent man to a good writer and a good reader, at least, a good reader of his own composition, as well as to a good speaker. Now these several powers, though in some measure allied to each other, suppose very different habits, if not talents. A man may be able to write in perfection, who from want of exercise or some original incapacity is unable to extemporize a sentence. This was the case with Rousseau, the most impassioned perhaps of all writers, who from a defect of humour, had not the faculty of commanding his powers even in small circles, and observed of himself that the slightest objection uniformly overset him; and that he had no sense till half an hour after he wanted to employ it. Again, there is nothing more common than to hear a man denominated eloquent, principally because he is able to read in a forcible and impressive way his own written composition, which perhaps on examination has but little value; and which, such as it is, he is quite unable to produce extempore. This is the case with most of our preachers, whose sermons are generally written out beforehand as they are delivered; and whose reputation for eloquence is sometimes founded as much upon their skill in reading, as any other quality. This is also the case with a great part of the orators in the deliberative assemblies on the continent of Europe, who are almost universally in the habit of reading written speeches; a practice which happily is not admitted in our legislative bodies or in the British parliament.

Now this confusion of ideas, which, abstractedly considered, is of little importance, has led to some very serious practical consequences. It may be regarded for example as the cause of the practice which we have just mentioned of reading written sermons and written speeches on political affairs. Both these habits are productive in different ways of great inconvenience. A reasonable degree of expedition in the despatch of public business is extremely desirable on various

accounts; and this is materially impeded in most of the European assemblies by the prevailing opinion that every person who is capable of writing a dull speech or causing one to be written for him, is at liberty to consume the time and patience of his colleagues with reading it to them, under the pretext of speaking to the question. There is not only a great loss of time but an intolerable degree of fatigue and disgust consequent upon this usage. It is enough perhaps to make a sensitive man vote against a measure in itself good, to see a host of orators, not one of whom is capable of uttering a sentence, rising one after another to support it, and coolly putting on their spectacles, and taking out of their pockets their respective quires of eloquence. As the thing is done alike on both sides of all questions, there is no great danger of any unfavorable effect upon the decision of points in dispute; but the practice is at once highly inconvenient and well fitted to create a disgust for the form of representative government itself. With us this evil is not experienced; but the public service would be greatly advanced if it were understood that an orator must not only be able to speak, but to speak well, before he can take the floor with advantage to himself, his party, or the public. If this conviction could be once fairly established in the general opinion, it would save many an unfortunate member from bringing disgrace upon himself and his constituents, and making enemies for life of his colleagues, and that part of the public, probably not a very numerous one, who think themselves bound in duty and honor to read every speech that is printed in the newspapers. This matter is better managed in the British parliament with all its corruption. The speaking is there left for the most part on both sides to a few distinguished members who are capable of throwing light upon the subject; and it is not found that the public service sustains any injury in consequence, as no erroneous measure that has ever been adopted in that country can be fairly traced to a defect of public discussion. If we choose to consider the British as our enemies we should perhaps do well to apply in this case the old Roman maxim, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

The confusion of ideas to which we have alluded has also led to the practice of reading written discourses in the pulpit, one of the most unfortunate innovations that has ever been made on the discipline of the primitive church. It is true that we owe to it many volumes of instructive and elegant

sermons ; but then what floods of *ennui* have been poured out every week for centuries through the same channels upon the Christian world. We have little hesitation in saying, that since the disuse of persecution, the severest trial to which the faith of believers is exposed, is the necessity of abstaining from attendance on public devotional exercises, or listening to performances, which by their dulness excite very different feelings from those of love to God and man. The great superiority of extempore preaching is evinced in the perfect success with which it is practised by the less cultivated sects of Christians among ourselves and elsewhere. It is true that their discourses give no pleasure to men of education, because the preachers are generally uninformed and narrow minded ; but they delight and edify the audience for which they were intended ; while divines of much higher pretensions, well instructed in all the necessary branches of knowledge, and dubbed with all the usual degrees, but too often put their hearers to sleep. It is a mistake to suppose that the warmth and zeal of the class of preachers alluded to arise from their ignorance ; and it would be highly injurious to the cause of religion to maintain that a fervid feeling of piety is incompatible with intelligence and education. The impassioned manner of the unenlightened preachers is owing in no small degree to the very circumstance of their speaking extempore. When a man who is accustomed to the situation and at ease in it, ascends the tribune to harangue an audience, whether upon religion, politics, or any other matter, which admits of an appeal to the feelings, and no other should ever be treated in this way, a sympathetic communication establishes itself between him and his hearers, at every touch of feeling or flight of fancy a thousand eyes are sparkling with pleasure and swimming in emotion. And is this exhibition to produce no corresponding emotion in the mind of the speaker ? We are not stocks and stones, and a man must be something worse who is not inflamed and excited in such a situation. The orator finds his own heart warmed by the sympathy of his audience, his imagination is excited and his thoughts flow with a freedom unknown in the laborious effort of written composition. This increasing excitement produces new exhibitions of interest and feeling in the audience ; and these again new bursts of eloquence in the orator ; and in this electrical communication of hearts and minds the whole man is wrought up to the

highest pitch of excitement of which his nature is capable; and the torrent of his thoughts and feelings gushes from him in a copious and fiery flood, like lava from a burning mountain. The languor that succeeds to these efforts proves the excess of excitement under which they are made. When Mr Ames concluded his speeches, his nerves, says the writer of his life, seemed to be strained and shattered, like the cordage of a ship after a heavy storm. The effect of extempore speaking in giving life and warmth to the manner of the orator is also seen at the bar; where a counsellor is often wrought up by the mere mechanical excitement of the act to a high degree of heat and passion, upon matters of mere business, as cases of insurance and patents. Now the effect of introducing a written discourse, whether at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the senate house, is to break this natural sympathetic chain; and to bring in the cold dead letter, like a wall of partition between hearts and minds that are rushing into contact. A discourse may be written under the influence of strong excitement, and will thus have something in its character analogous to the situation. It will then produce emotion in the audience; but there will still be no room for the powerful and salutary reaction, which this emotion would in different circumstances exercise upon the speaker. He must go on pouring out his lukewarm closet conceptions, like iced water, upon the fire which he has himself kindled; and the utmost benefit that he can derive from any sympathetic communication with his hearers is a little additional warmth in his manner as a mere reader. We know that even under these disadvantages a fine writer and a fine reader is heard with extreme pleasure; but it is not difficult to imagine how much greater would be the effect of the same talents and graces displayed under the influence of the high excitement of extempore discourse.

The heart, says Longinus, is the source of all true eloquence. The same thought is expressed by Goethe in his *Faust*, in a passage of which, as it is rather a pointed expression of a common, though important truth, we take the liberty of offering the following imitation. *Faust*, better known by the name of Dr Faustus, is consulted by one of his students upon the proper method of acquiring the art of persuasion. "Persuasion," says the doctor in reply—

'Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or art;
Hard study never made the matter clearer.'

'Tis the live fountain in the speaker's heart
 Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer.
 Then work away for life—heap book on book—
 Line upon line, and precept on example:
 The stupid multitude may gape and look,
 And fools may think your stock of wisdom ample.
 But would you touch the heart, the only method known
 My worthy friend, is first to have one of your own.'

If then, feeling be the essential part of eloquence, every thing that tends to impede its flow should of course be carefully avoided, and this is the necessary and direct operation of declaiming from written notes.

It may be urged, however, that extempore speaking is a matter of habit, and cannot be practised without the necessary previous training, which does not form a part of our ordinary systems of education. This difficulty, however, is constantly encountered at the bar, where the young practitioner, after devoting many years and much expense to the acquisition of various branches of knowledge, is compelled to risk his success in life upon his ability in an art, to which he has given no attention. But admitting the objection in its full strength, it only serves to place in a clearer light, one of the most remarkable deficiencies in our academical institutions, in all of which this branch of education is wholly neglected. In some of our universities there are foundations devoted expressly to instruction in eloquence, but by the same confusion of ideas which we have mentioned, the term is understood to mean the art of writing and reading, and to teach public speaking does not form a part of the duty of a professor of rhetoric and oratory. We have at Cambridge a trial of skill in declamation, and a distribution of prizes as the reward of success; but declamation, as there understood, does not signify, as it did with the Romans, an extempore harangue on a given subject, but a mere recitation of scraps in prose or verse, a useful exercise enough for boys in grammar schools, but not very well fitted for the improvement of young men, on the eve of engaging in the most weighty occupations of life. This matter was very differently managed by the ancients. The attention of the professional student was directed almost exclusively to the acquisition of the habit of speaking; and the practice of declamation in private, as an exercise, was kept up with unremitting perseverance. We find from Cicero's letters that he continued it through his

whole life. This plan of education was even carried to excess ; and instruction in the mere learning of the profession was almost wholly overlooked. The study of a few weeks was thought sufficient for the acquisition of a competent knowledge of law, while many years in succession was devoted to oratory. And it may, perhaps, be said with safety, that if a gentleman, instead of devoting seven years to the study of various branches of knowledge, and no time whatever to improvement in eloquence, should employ one year in acquiring the habit of speaking in public, and six months in informing himself in the most necessary points of learning, he would begin the practice with far more satisfaction to himself and a much better chance of success, than he does at present. In reality, however, it is not necessary or desirable that any valuable department of science, which is now attended to, should be omitted ; but only that instruction in eloquence should be superadded to the rest ; and that the manly and really useful discipline of declaiming extempore, should be substituted, in the higher institutions, for the present practice of recitation. To learn to speak with effect in public, is the precise object of education with two thirds of our professional men, and with all who frequent our colleges, as far as they may wish or expect to take a part in the government of the country. All other studies are subsidiary to this. And yet at present the subsidiary studies alone are pursued, and the principal object, in the accomplishment of which they are to aid, is entirely overlooked.

We have followed out this train of thought somewhat farther than was necessary for our immediate object, which was, merely to state with distinctness the proper idea of an orator, with a view to a more correct estimate of the character of Mirabeau. If the principles here advanced are correct, the greatest orator is not the one who can bequeath to after ages the best collection of written speeches, but the one who can make the strongest impression, by the use of the noblest means, upon the most enlightened audience. An excellent writer of speeches may be a very indifferent orator, or may not speak at all. Burke, for example, was not heard with pleasure, and in the proper sense of the term, was no orator ; although his written speeches are perhaps the choicest specimens in existence, in this form of philosophy and fine writing. Isocrates never spoke in public. On the other

hand, Demosthenes and Cicero united the talents of writing and speaking. Their orations, as reported by themselves, are perfect models of the art; and it is known historically that their eloquence produced the strongest impression on their hearers. But even when the same individual combines, in as high a degree as these illustrious characters, the two distinct powers, we are not at liberty to estimate his talent as an orator by his merit as a writer; and in this case, as in every other, we can only judge of his eloquence by the historical and traditional accounts we have of its effects.

Thus, no adequate memorial can ever be preserved of excellence, however consummate, of this delightful art, and we must be content to know that great orators have existed without pretending to judge, except as far as we are guided by mere description, of the kind and degree of their powers. If this consideration is in some respects unpleasant, it is at the same time agreeable to reflect, that we are not obliged to doubt the exactness of the historical and traditional accounts that have come down to us of the great effects produced by the eloquence of former orators, because they have left no written speeches of proportional value. The reputation of Patrick Henry, for example, rests wholly on tradition; but we are not therefore to regard it as unmerited. It is only necessary, in order to estimate it fairly, to strip the accounts we have of it, of all manifest exaggeration and then to take into view the character of the hearers he was in the habit of addressing, and the means he employed to produce effect. The conclusion would probably be, that he was at least equal, if not superior to any orator of modern times.

The fame of Mirabeau also rests in a great measure on tradition and history. We have, it is true, a considerable number of publications of different degrees of importance and value from his pen; but though they all exhibit strong marks of talent, none of them belong to the class of finished and standard works, or justify completely the reputation which we know their author acquired in another field. Some of these, as the *Translation of Tibullus* and the *Letters to Sophia*, were written from merely pecuniary motives, and must be regarded as the attempts of an *amateur* to turn to account in time of need, the arts which he had studied as elegant accomplishments. The *Essay on the Prussian Monarchy* and the *Secret History of the court of Berlin* are rather valuable as repositories of rich and cu-

rious materials, than as literary productions. The various political pamphlets which were published by Mirabeau before the opening of the revolution, although some of them excited at the time very great attention, have also long been forgotten. Among them was the one, entitled *Considerations on the order of Cincinnatus*; intended to point out the inconsistency of this hereditary distinction with our republican institutions. The same view of this subject was also taken, as is well known, by our illustrious Franklin; and although no practical inconvenience has yet resulted from the establishment of the order, it can hardly be denied that it is in theory an offence against the principles of the government. It is easy to conceive that it may have excited strong alarms in the friends of liberty abroad and at home, at a time when the success of our political experiment was still uncertain, to see so important a body as the army exhibit a hankering after the European folly of hereditary rank. These several publications served to indicate the talents of their author, and to recommend him to the public attention; but it was not till his appearance in the national assembly that the secret of his astonishing mental energy was fully revealed. From the first organization of that body till the day of his death he was acknowledged as the undisputed leader of the popular party; and doubtless contributed much by the prodigious power of his eloquence to its final ascendancy. If now, on the principles above stated, we attempt to judge of the degree of his talent as an orator by the impression he produced and the character of the audience upon which it was made, it can hardly be denied that his eloquence was of the very first class. The national assembly was one of the ablest and most enlightened bodies of men that ever existed; and it required of course an exhibition of the highest qualities of mind and character to produce effect upon it. The interests under discussion were the most important that could possibly engage the attention of an audience, and nothing but undoubted superiority could have secured the confidence of the popular party to the extent to which Mirabeau possessed it. His reported speeches however give but an indistinct notion of the character of his eloquence. Very few of them were prepared for publication by himself; and hardly any, even at the time of their delivery, could have possessed the qualities of an artificial and elaborate oration. In such a hurry of events there was no opportunity for working ten years in succession upon one speech;

as Isocrates is said to have done ; nor was there much room to apprehend that orations would savor of the lamp, in an assembly where the most momentous questions were often proposed and decided without the intervention of a single night. To direct the storm of such deliberations required the highest degree of eloquence, understood in its proper sense, as the faculty of extemporizing with power and effect. It required not only a mental energy sufficient to grapple with and master the greatest questions in philosophy and politics, and an imagination rich enough to afford upon demand an unbounded flow of elegant and forcible words ; but the moral qualities that were necessary for bringing these talents, at any moment, into immediate action, dauntless courage, and unshaken self-possession. The very *début* of Mirabeau in his legislative career, clearly proved that he had these latter qualities of a consummate orator, in at least as high perfection as the former. His famous reply to the master of the ceremonies, coming by order of the king to dissolve the Assembly, is one of the shortest orations on record, but it is far from being the one that affords the least conclusive evidence, in regard to the moral and intellectual qualities of its author ; *'Tell your master, that we were sent here by the people ; and that nothing but the bayonet shall compel us to separate.'* At a time and in a country where the king was still a god, and the master of the ceremonies his high priest, it required a prodigious force of character to break at once, in this way, the charm of their ascendancy ; and it is no wonder that the person, who was guilty of such sacrilege, should have been regarded at court, as the incarnate spirit of evil ; although this opinion is not quite so natural in a philosophical observer, like Madame de Stael.

Mirabeau had reached the age of forty before he commenced his career as an active politician. The maturity of thought and talent, supposed by this age, was probably favorable to his success as an orator ; but the antecedent events of his life, while they tended to sharpen his intellect by exasperating his feelings, were unfortunately well fitted for the same reason to give his efforts a dangerous direction. The natural ardor and extravagance of his character, led him in early youth into irregularities, not very unusual in young men of high birth and large expectations, but which, it is said, were repressed by his father, with a hardship, which had

but little tendency to conciliate so lofty a spirit. The paternal authority in the higher ranks of French society was, at that time, nearly as extensive as in ancient Rome. A man of rank could obtain at pleasure an order for the imprisonment of his children for an unlimited period; and we are told that Mirabeau was deprived of his liberty seventeen times in this arbitrary way. He was confined three years in succession in the castle of Vincennes, and during this period he wrote, among other things, his essay on *Lettres de Cachet*, on the blank leaves of the books which were furnished him for reading. It is easy to conceive that under these circumstances he treated the subject with feeling, and in the French phrase, *avec connoissance de cause*; and, also, that when it came to his turn to lead on the attack of the popular host upon the existing establishments, he did it with a good will, and in the spirit of revenge as well as justice. When, however, the revolution began to take an unfavorable turn, Mirabeau exhibited some symptoms of a disposition to relent in his pursuit of vengeance; and on several occasions defeated the attempts of the demagogues in the assembly, without losing his ascendancy over the popular party. It is even certain that there existed at the close of his career an understanding between him and the court, brought about either by corruption, or by a real conviction in his mind, that the revolution had gone far enough, and that it was necessary for the public good, that he should throw the weight of his influence into the scale of government. '*I am dying,*' he said upon his death bed, '*and the monarchy will perish with me.*' It may be doubted whether even his influence, great as it was, would have been sufficient, at this period, to check the current of events; and very possibly it was only his untimely death, which prevented him from adding another to the victims of the guillotine. Yet it is difficult not to feel some regret that the experiment could not be tried; and it seems a strange fatality that the only man whose influence afforded the country any hope of deliverance, should have descended to the grave at the early age of forty-two, in the fulness of his strength, and the complete exercise of all his faculties. But the task which Providence had assigned him was to destroy and not to restore. He lived just long enough to complete the essential work of the revolution, and at the very moment of his death was employed in laying the axe at the

real root of the old abuses, by introducing the equal division of estates among the children, in lieu of the feudal system of primogeniture. A speech which he had prepared upon this subject was read from the tribune a few hours after his death, by Mr de Talleyrand, and the measure was adopted. This single law, independently of any other, contained within itself the whole revolution. Mirabeau retained his lofty and inflexible spirit, and the proud consciousness he always felt of his powers, to the last moment of his life. Hearing, just before he expired, the report of a cannon, '*What,*' said he, '*are they celebrating already the funeral of Achilles?*' His remains were entombed in the Pantheon, from which, however, they were subsequently removed upon the discovery of his understanding with the court. Whatever may be thought of his private morals, or even of his political principles, those who like him least must admit the splendor of his talents, and the aspiring grandeur of his character :

His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, or the excess
Of glory obscured.

The following account of the person of Mirabeau and his manner in debate is given by Lemer cier, a living French writer of some distinction.

The appearance of Mirabeau was far from being attractive. His figure was clumsy and ungraceful ; and it was difficult to see, for the first time, without repugnance, the cloudy, olive colored tint of his complexion, his cheeks ploughed with furrows, his haggard eyes buried in a deep excavation under his projecting forehead, his wide, ill shapen mouth, and his head and breast of a size quite disproportionate to the rest of his person. Nor was there any charm in his enunciation to make up for these defects. His voice was hoarse, and he spoke with a perceptible southern accent. He generally began with slowness and hesitation ; and it was not until he became in some degree warmed by his subject, that his manner assumed an ease and energy, corresponding with the copiousness and force of his conceptions. But no sooner did the superiority of his eloquence display itself, than his ugliness was forgotten. His whole person was animated by the fire and vigor of his genius, and put on an entirely new appearance. His massy stature seemed to correspond with the majesty of his language ;

his sunken eyes flashed with inspiration, and the muscles of his lips and forehead quivered and palpitated with the various changes of feeling, that succeeded each other in his discourse. Never, perhaps, was there seen a more imposing exhibition, than that of Mirabeau wielding his thunders in a hall, that contained three or four thousand auditors, and breaking down whole corporations at a blow. I should have been glad to observe how Napoleon, who thought he could subdue every hostile force by corruption or violence, would have dealt with this great moral colossus.

The reported speeches of Mirabeau, as we have already observed, are far from giving an adequate idea of the powers, which produced these prodigious effects. In fact, a report by another hand must necessarily be a very incorrect representation of an able speech. If the reporter, as is generally the case, be an indifferent writer, whose skill merely reaches to the grammatical arrangement of a sentence, and who has no thoughts and feelings in common with the orator, he brings down, of course, the inspirations of the latter to his own level, and gives, as it were, the ground plat of a magnificent edifice. If, on the contrary, his genius is equal or superior to that of the speaker, his report will still be incorrect, because it will be little more than a transcript of his own views on the same subject. Chatham, for example, was perhaps the greatest orator, taking the word in its proper sense, that ever appeared in England; and Johnson was a reporter every way fitted, if the thing were possible, to give a just idea of his manner. But in the admirable report of his short and triumphant reply to the sneer of Walpole at his youth, we lose sight of the orator, and plainly recognize the sententious and epigrammatic style of the great moralist. Still, however, a representation of this sort is better than none; as it is also the only one that can be had. The speech, of which the following report is given in this collection, was reckoned one of the most powerful efforts of Mirabeau, and is well suited by its length for the purpose of extraction. His object was to recommend the adoption, without examination, of a scheme proposed by Necker, then minister of the finances, and embracing several measures of a very desperate character, one of which was a property-tax of twenty-five per cent. His principal topic is the danger of immediate national bankruptcy.

'Gentlemen, we have heard a great many violent speeches ; I shall endeavor to direct your attention to a few simple questions, and earnestly entreat you to listen to them.

'Has not the minister of finances drawn a most alarming picture of our present situation ? Has he not told you that delay must aggravate the evil—that a day—an hour—a moment—may render it irremediable ? Have we any other plan to substitute for the one he proposes ? One of this assembly answers, Yes ! I conjure that member to recollect that his plan is unknown, that it would require time to explain and examine it, that were it now in discussion, its author may perhaps be mistaken ; or if not, that we may think he is, and that, without the concurrence of public opinion, the greatest possible talents would be of no avail in the present circumstances. I, too, am far from thinking that Mr Necker has proposed the best possible ways and means ; but God forbid that at this critical moment I should place my views in opposition to his. However preferable I may think them, I know that it is in vain for me to pretend to his prodigious popularity, the reward of such distinguished services, to his long experience, to his reputation of the first financier in Europe, or to the singular and unprecedented good fortune, which has marked his career, more perhaps than that of any former statesman.

'We must therefore come back to the plan of Mr Necker.

'But why adopt it without deliberation ? Do you think, then, that we have time to examine it in detail, to discuss the principles, and go over all the calculations ? No, no, a thousand times, no. We can only propose insignificant questions and superficial conjectures. What, then, shall we do by deliberating ? Lose the decisive moment, involve ourselves in disputes about the details of a scheme, which we really do not understand, diminish, by our idle meddlings, the minister's credit, which is and ought to be greater than our own. Gentlemen, this course is certainly very impolitic. Is there even common honesty in it ? Gentlemen, if we had not proved our respect for the public faith, and our horror of bankruptcy by the most solemn declarations, I could almost venture to scrutinize the secret motives, secret perhaps even to themselves, of those who talk of deliberating upon this great sacrifice, when they must know, that unless made at once, it will be utterly ineffectual. And I would ask those, who seem to be accustomed themselves to the idea of bankruptcy, in preference to excessive taxes, whether a national bankruptcy is not itself the most cruel, the most unjust, the most ruinous of all possible taxes ? Gentlemen, one word more, a single word.

'Two centuries of misgovernment have opened a gulf of ruin, which threatens immediate destruction to the monarchy. This gulf must be closed. Take, then, the list of the proprietors of

the country ; and select a certain number, whose property shall be sacrificed to pay the public debt. Choose the richest, that as few citizens as possible may be ruined ; but be sure to choose enough. Come on then ; here are two thousand individuals, who have sufficient property among them to make up the *deficit*. Strike ; exterminate the whole ; plunge them into the abyss ; it will then close ; the finances will be restored to order, and the kingdom to peace and prosperity. You recoil with horror from this idea ; and yet, inconsistent and pusillanimous souls that you are, you do not perceive, that in decreeing a national bankruptcy, or what is still worse, in making it inevitable without decreeing it, you disgrace yourselves by an act a thousand times more criminal ; and, incredible as it may seem, criminal to no purpose. The other sacrifice, however horrible, would at least relieve you from your embarrassments. But do you think, that when you have declared yourselves bankrupt, you shall thereby be clear of debt ? Will the thousands and millions, who lose in one moment, by this terrible blow and its consequences, all the comforts, perhaps the necessities of life, allow you to enjoy quietly the advantages of your crime ? Ye cool observers of the incalculable misery that such a consummation would bring upon France, ye selfish souls, who imagine that such convulsions of despair would pass off like the rest, and be only the shorter for their violence, are you very sure that so many millions of starving men will permit you to cover your tables with all the usual delicacies ? No ! you must perish ; and when you have lighted up this tremendous conflagration, you will find that you have sacrificed all your personal enjoyments, as well as your honor.

'This, then, is the point, to which you are advancing. I hear much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word ? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income, in order to save your whole property ? This is simple arithmetic ; and he that hesitates deserves contempt, rather than indignation. Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy, that I now appeal. I say not to you now, as heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments. I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be involved in the general ruin ; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifice which the government demands of you.

'I exhort you, then, most earnestly to vote these extraordinary

supplies, and God grant they may prove sufficient. Vote them, I beseech you ; for even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once ; for the crisis does not admit of delay ; and if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences. Beware of asking for time ; while you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it was but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak or designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, *Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate*. We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome ; nor is there any Catiline at the gates of Paris. But now we are threatened with a real danger ; bankruptcy, national bankruptcy is before you ; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor,—and yet you deliberate.*

The turn at the close of the following extract has sometimes been cited as a happy movement. Mirabeau had proposed an address to the king, requesting him to remove the ministers. It was objected by the other side, that such a request would be an infringement of the royal prerogative, and would be inconsistent with the theory of the division of the supreme power into three branches ; and the example of England, where the house of commons had recently petitioned the king to change his ministers, and the king had in consequence dissolved the house, was cited as a proof of the confusion introduced into public affairs by this system. The orator replies in the following terms to this part of the argument of his adversaries :

‘ But, it is said, you will confound the three powers.

‘ We shall soon have occasion to examine this theory of three powers, which, properly analyzed, will perhaps show the ease, with which the mind mistakes words for things, and acquiesces in accustomed conclusions, without taking the trouble to examine the principles upon which they are founded. The valorous champions of the *three powers* will then inform us, if they can, what they mean by this large phrase of *three powers* ; and how they can conceive of the judicial or even of the legislative power, as wholly distinct from the executive.

‘ But you forget that the people, whose action you limit by the three powers, is itself the source of all power. You forget that you are disputing the right of the master to control his agents. You forget that we, the representatives of the people, we, in

whose presence all powers are suspended, even those of the chief magistrate of the nation, when he attempts to oppose us—you forget that we do not attempt to appoint or remove the ministers by our decrees, but merely to express the opinion of our constituents upon the administration of this or that minister. What then? Do you refuse us the right of declaring our sentiments, and compel us to contemplate the conduct of ministers in respectful silence, when at the same time you grant us the power of impeaching them, and constituting the court which shall bring them to judgment? Do you not perceive how much more moderate I am than you, and how much more favorably I deal with the government? You leave no interval between perfect silence and impeachment. As for me, I give notice, before I impeach; I object, before I punish; I afford opportunity for weakness and error to withdraw, before I treat them as crimes.

‘But look at Great Britain, see what agitation is there produced by the right you claim. It raised the storm in which England was lost. England lost? Great God! what disastrous news! But tell me then in what latitude did this happen? What earthquake, what vast convulsion of nature swallowed up that famous island, that exhaustless store house of great examples, that classic ground of the friends of liberty? But surely you are mistaken; England is still flourishing for the eternal instruction of the world. England is repairing in glorious tranquillity the wounds she inflicted on herself in a paroxysm of fever. England is carrying to perfection every branch of industry and exploring every path that leads to wealth and greatness. You are thinking of some debate in parliament—there as elsewhere, generally mere verbiage. You are alarmed at the dissolution of the house of commons!’ &c.

The idea of the subordination of all the departments of government to the supreme power of the people, which is insisted on at the beginning of the above extract, is doubtless perfectly correct; and it suited the argument of Mirabeau to treat the theory of three powers as in some measure inconsistent with that of the sovereignty of the people. In reality, however, it is highly favorable to it, because it regards the executive magistrate, who claims in most countries to be the sovereign, as a mere functionary on a level with the other magistrates, entrusted with the duties of legislation and judgment. This view of the executive office constitutes the real distinction between rational and arbitrary notions of government; and involves in itself the whole theory of liberty. The name of *powers* applied to the branches of administration is perfectly harmless; and no more connects the essential

sovereignty with the office to which it is affixed, than the power of attorney to manage an estate conveys a good title to it.

The following answer was made by Mirabeau, then presiding in the national assembly, to an address from a deputation of the sect of quakers. He refutes all their principles with great *nonchalance*, at the same time that he is overwhelming them with a profusion of polite and complimentary phrases. The whole speech is in fact a piece of delicate *persiflage*.

'Gentlemen! the quakers who fled from persecution and tyranny had a right to address themselves with confidence to the first legislative assembly which ever enacted the rights of man in the forms of law; and France in the enjoyment of her new institutions and in the bosom of peace will become a second Pennsylvania. We admire the philanthropy of your principles. They remind us of the infancy of the human race when society was still in the patriarchal state, and men were united by affections, habits, and mutual wants. Doubtless the principles which should tend to restore this state of things would be the most favorable of all to happiness and virtue.'

'We shall not examine your ideas considered as matters of opinion. We have already pronounced upon this point, and recognized the truth that every man is independent as regards his thoughts. As a citizen, he submits to government; as a thinking being, he acknowledges no political authority. Nor shall we inquire into the correctness of your religious views. The relations of each individual with the Supreme Being are as free as his thoughts. What government would venture to place itself between man and his maker? It is only as rules of society that we shall look at your doctrines, and they will be submitted to the discussion of the legislative body. This assembly will inquire whether the manner in which you certify the regularity of marriages and births is sufficiently formal to afford the necessary security to morals and property; and whether an affirmation made under the pains and penalties of perjury is not substantially equivalent to an oath.

'You are mistaken, my excellent fellow citizens: you have already taken the oath of allegiance which every citizen regards as a pleasure rather than a duty. You have not called God to witness, but you have sworn by your consciences; and is not conscience an emanation from divinity? You say that an article of your belief prohibits you under any pretence from bearing arms. This religious obligation to preserve peace is a beautiful idea; but is not self defence also a religious duty? Would you then submit to oppression? As we have conquered liberty for you and all of us, why should you refuse to assist us in maintaining it? Would your brothers in Pennsylvania have allowed

their wives and children to be butchered by the savages, rather than repulse an attack by force? and is not a tyrant the worst of savages?

‘The Assembly will, however, in its wisdom, do justice to all your demands; and whenever I meet a quaker, I shall say to him; my brother, if you have a right to be free, you have a right to prevent yourself from being made a slave. Since you love your neighbor, do not suffer him to be the victim of oppression; this would be equivalent to killing him yourself. You are fond of peace; but weakness is the real cause of war; and universal peace can only result from universal ability to resist aggression. The Assembly invites you to assist at the sitting.

We shall close this article with the short funeral oration pronounced by Mirabeau upon the death of Franklin. The style is rather too pompous; but it is not always that lofty language is so well justified by the dignity of the subject, as in the case of our illustrious townsman.

‘Gentlemen! Franklin is dead. The genius which delivered America, and poured such floods of light upon Europe, has returned to the bosom of the divinity. The sage whom both worlds claim as their own, whose name is recorded with equal honor in the history of government, and that of science, is justly entitled to be reckoned among those who have done the greatest honor to our species.

‘It has long been the practice of courts to inform each other of the decease of individuals who were only great in funeral orations, and to notice these events by formal mournings. But nations should mourn for none but their benefactors; and their representatives should recommend to their attention and regret no others but the heroes of humanity.

‘The Congress has ordered a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin, through the fourteen United States; and America is now paying this tribute of respect to one of her political fathers.

‘Would it not become us, Gentlemen, to join in this pious act, to take a part in this public homage to the rights of man, and to the philosopher, who has contributed more than any other to ensure their acknowledgment through the world. Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who compassed earth and sky to accomplish his benevolent objects,—who mastered the bolt of heaven and the sceptre of tyranny. Our free and enlightened country owes, at least, some mark of recollection and regret, to one of the greatest men that ever served the cause of philosophy and freedom.

‘I propose that the National Assembly wear mourning three days for the death of Benjamin Franklin.’

ART. VI.—*Intorno all' ingiustizia di alcuni giudizi letterarii Italiani. Discorso di Lodovico Arborio Gattinara di Breme, figlio.* 8vo. Milano, 1816.

OUR attention has been often directed for some years past to the character and condition of the Italian states. Various circumstances have combined to give them an interest in the view of every class of readers; and all can now talk of Italian skies, and Roman ruins, of the Carbonari, or the doge of Venice. To the lovers of novels and poetry, Mad. de Stael and lord Byron have made the peninsula 'a marvel and a show;' the inquiries of the northern critics and travellers have given a new impulse to the curiosity of scholars, and all Americans have had their enthusiasm awakened, though but to sleep again, by a momentary appearance of the spirit of liberty.

The general impression left among us, however, by most that has been said and written, is not, we should judge, very flattering to the present self-complacent and self-styled inheritors of Roman fame. Upon us, who value ourselves so highly on the enjoyment of freedom and independence, the failure of their political enterprises would of course produce no very favorable effect. It has inclined us to receive with additional aggravation what we had been told of their indolence and effeminacy. They figure in our imaginations very much like the Romans, whom Marius represented as the inactive and degraded descendants of ancestors, whose honors they could not sustain; and we admit them to be unworthy of the liberty, which they had not courage to vindicate. But in the mind of the scholar it is the all-subduing contrast of the present with the past, that degrades the living inhabitants of the peninsula. Such an one, indeed, comparing the ancient and modern Italians, might be tempted, perhaps, to venture upon rather an unlicensed extension of Mr Schlegel's doctrines of epic poetry, and consider, not only the true heroics of antiquity, but even the mock heroics of modern days, as pictures of human life. Thus the Romans would come to have in his mind about the same relation to their successors, as the Æneid of Virgil to Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita;' and those, who were exhorted, 'parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,' would seem fairly followed by a race, who, as Tassoni would describe them,

'Attendean le feste a suon di squille,
A dare il sacco alle vicine ville.'

From the stern and classic heroes of republican and imperial Rome, or their more recent successors, 'whose wild instinct of gore and glory' gave a name to the Italian republics, and inspired the lofty meditations of Childe Harold, his thoughts might unluckily descend to Beppo, to the improvisatori, the cavalieri serventi, and to an idle and useless generation, who delight in carnivals, and, whether high or low, spend their lives 'with fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking;' and thus, though Italy rises and passes before him, like a magnificent vision, having many changes, it is only its distant and remembered glories, that inspire him with awe. At least the scholar, who has never visited its living and moving scenes, and knows the present, as the past, only by the help of reading and imagining, has most probably reserved all his reverence for those, 'who rule our spirits from their urns.' Theatres, ballets, and masquerades can scarcely for a moment intercept the thoughts, which hasten to fix themselves on the nobler recollections of departed greatness—the scenes, with which Livy and Tacitus have stored the imagination, and the ever-changing pictures of Gibbon,—the treasures of art, the tombs of poets, and the monuments of heroes.

When we think of visiting the other countries of Europe, though we may have some few feelings of antiquarian curiosity to gratify, it is much more for what they now are, that our enthusiasm is excited. Our minds are at once thronged with conceptions of the stateliness and imposing magnificence of power, with ideas of institutions, venerable indeed for their antiquity, but still as they were, and still venerable. We long to listen to the living eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar; to revel in their hoarded treasures of literature and science, and gather knowledge from the lips of those, whose fame we have heard, or whose works we have read and admired. In Italy, only, we could wish to be alone, with nothing around us, but the monuments of the past. However unjust it may be, we cannot but feel that we should not recognize the bustling and self-satisfied race around us, as the objects of our search. They would serve but to break the charm, which the recollections of the scene would otherwise bring over us, and interrupt our converse with the mighty dead. For more than one reason, we might be tempted to apply to them what was said of the tumultuous rabble, whose uproar assailed the ears of Dante, on entering the place of souls:

'Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa,
Misericordia e giustizia li sdegna,
Non ragioniam di lor ; ma guarda, e passa.'*

These feelings, we are ready to confess, however, whether right or wrong, belong to us rather as scholars and lovers of the ancient days, than as sober judges of merit. On looking more critically at the present character of the Italians, and recalling the circumstances perhaps unavoidable, which have made them what they are, we could not wish, as we might not be able, to pass them with quite so little ceremony, as was practised by the poet, and his Roman guide. Though we should sometimes inevitably forget them, when walking on the banks of the Tiber, or in the vale of Arno, we are aware, that much may be said for them by way of apology, and something in their praise. Their endless divisions, and local jealousies, transmitted from the middle ages, have long since discouraged the wiser part from attempting to cope with the power of their northern oppressors. They have consequently ceased to be ambitious of political or military glory. We suspect the true explanation of the late events, disgraceful as they seemed to us, must be sought in the belief, that the whole movement was, in fact, no more than a partial convulsion of the baser multitude, and that those, best capable of combining and wielding the real resources of the peninsula, found too little encouragement of success to engage them in the work. They have been told, and are apparently convinced, that they must gain a name and a place among the nations, not by their arms, but their arts. These are consequently the objects of their ambition and their pride. They are more vain, and talk more, and write more of their ancient artists, than of their ancient heroes.

It is with a very liberal observation of these facts, one too which, as Americans, we have special need to make, that we must judge, if we would estimate correctly, not only the character of the Italian people, but the merits and defects of their productions. We do not say, that such a state of things is an advantage either to the one or the other. On the contrary, we would attribute to this cause many of the faults of both. The fine arts are not fitted, of themselves and alone, to give a manly firmness and dignity to character. When they become, as they seem to have done in this case,

* Dante's *Inferno*, Can. 3. Ri. 17

the great business of a people, instead of building that people up to firmness of purpose, and greatness of soul, they in fact divest life of its importance, and its seriousness. Such has unquestionably been the case here, and notwithstanding the partial change, which a few individuals have wrought in their literature, we suspect, and might confirm the suspicion from the representations of the work before us, that the character and taste of those, who read and hear, have a more natural sympathy with the operas of Metastasio, than with the sterner and more impassioned style of his successors.

It need scarcely be said, that the arts themselves no less necessarily lose their dignity and power, when life ceases to be agitated, and the soul aroused by concerns and events of greater seriousness and importance. It is when contemplation is prompted by scenes of bold and adventurous action, that the mind ascends to its highest heaven of invention, and acquires the power of giving back its images in the most living and enduring forms. The arts accordingly, and especially poetry, have reached their highest elevation in periods, when religion, and the great business of securing national independence and freedom have awakened men to serious feeling and to bold and vigorous action, when they were the dignified and worthy resort for solace and amusement of minds, which more powerful causes had developed, and made susceptible of their highest pleasures. When they are not sustained by such circumstances, they too naturally become the idle and effeminate employment of effeminate men. Truth, and with it, all serious and ennobling aims are forgotten, and literature becomes a business of mechanism, a childish amusement.

Such to a great extent has been much of the literature of the Italians, as described by their own writers.

'The essential thought contained in those works,' says signor de Breme, 'and all the ideas, which go to form the body of them, neither are, nor can be in fact, the prime object of their mechanism. On the contrary, the ideas make but a hypocritical show, and act a part entirely subordinate to the language. They are called in merely because necessary to sustain the pomp of external form, and are like the occupants of a house which belongs alike to every chance inhabitant.'

Of such poetry, where thought is nothing, and the form and expression every thing, and with the harmony of the
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Italian language to aid them, all can easily become authors. Little strength of mind is necessary either to write, or to enjoy it. With only a few positive and common-place ideas, every one can chant extempore harmony, and the Italians are as much given to poetry, as the Parisian multitude to dancing.

'E s' u dian gli usignuoli al primo albore,
E gli ásini cantár versi d' amore.'

We by no means intend to represent this, as the general character of the present literature of Italy. The work of de Breme, if we had no other evidence, furnishes proof of the existence of another class of men, who both think, and write in a different manner. Indeed we have no where seen the characteristic faults of Italian literature more feelingly and more clearly set forth, than in the remarks of this author, and in the extracts, which he has given from Baretti, Gravina, and others. We only mention the faults as growing naturally out of the state of society, and the devotion of the people to pursuits too exclusively belonging to the fine arts.

It is from the same causes, and the great importance which they attach to every thing connected with their reputation in the arts, that literary controversies assume a tone, and acquire an interest among them, which among us good republicans belong only to the subject of the tariff, the government of the Floridas, or the next president. They seem, though wonderfully altered, not to have entirely forgotten, that they are descended from the Guelphs and Ghibbelins. Though they shed less blood, they shed more ink. Where Dante was sentenced to be burned, his too exclusive admirer, Mad. de Stael, was sentenced to be reviewed. They whose ancestors, five or six centuries ago, arranged themselves with shield and spear under the banners of the emperor and the pope, now gird up their loins, like Dominie Sampson, and engage in the classic and romantic war, for the rival claims of Homer and Ossian. In no country, perhaps, have questions of a purely literary character excited so much superficial passion, or been discussed with so much perseverance. Ever since the arrival of those spurious Greeks, to whom de Breme attributes so much of the literary intolerance, and dogmatical dictatorship of their followers, and the decided spirit of imitation introduced

through the same influence, there seems to have been at all times, in a greater or less degree, a natural hostility between the two schools of Italian literature.

‘There was no need,’ says de Breme, ‘of those spurious Greeks from Constantinople, especially those of the second importation. Without their aid we should have recalled Homer, Anacreon, Xenophon, Aristotle, and the classic writers, whom every age should emulate.—Those foreigners set themselves with extravagant zeal to organize the business of transcribing, to reduce the whole system of literary labor to mere mechanism, and to restrain the efforts of genius with their poetic ritual.’

It was the inconsistency of the taste so formed with the native character of the earlier literature of Italy, that created, and perpetuated the contest respecting the comparative merits of Ariosto and Tasso. The same fundamental differences between the two systems of art seem then to have been felt, though the principles were not so fully developed, as they have been in the later controversies. They could not indeed be very well applied to those examples, since Tasso differs from Ariosto, rather in the structure, than in the spirit of his poetry. Yet this contest divided all Italy, and seems never to have ceased, till it was swallowed up in the more comprehensive one, that has succeeded it. Metastasio was requested to give his opinion of the comparative merits of the two poets, and in his answer gives the following account of the contest respecting them.

‘You know with what violent tumults the Italian Parnassus was disordered, when Godfred began to contest with Orlando, the rank, which he had so deservedly held. You know with how little effect the work of either poet was illustrated by the Pellegrini, the Rossi, the Salviati, and hundreds of other champions; and that the pacific Horatio Ariosto, a descendant of Lodovico, exerted himself in vain to bring the combatants to terms. When I first entered upon my literary career,’ he says afterwards, ‘the whole world was divided respecting them.’*

The more general discussion above alluded to, and first brought forward, we believe, by Cesarotti in connexion with his translation of Homer and Ossian, has been conducted with more warmth, as might be expected, and on grounds more purely literary in Italy, than elsewhere. The principles, which it involves, concern as much the merits of other modern

* Lettera di Pietro Metastasio a Domenico Diodati.

literatures, as those of the Italian. Yet no where have the opposing systems of taste been so equally divided in the number of their adherents, or of the productions conformed to them.—The Germans, who have entered most deeply into the subject, and applied their conclusions most extensively, would almost of course be decided by their national character, and Schlegel is more known than any other writer, as the expositor and defender of what are called the peculiarities of modern literature.—In England, though the distinctions, a good deal talked of, between the so called British classics, and the older writers, as well, as the late controversy between Bowles and Campbell, have some connexion with the subject, it seems not to have been much discussed upon its general principles. In France the discussion was unquestionably an affair rather of civil and national, than of mere literary concern.—Chateaubriand, it is true, has engaged in the contest with Mad. de Stael on more liberal and literary principles, but his argument is so entirely at variance with the general spirit of his own writings, that even Byron, in acting as the champion of Pope, can hardly appear more out of character. Among the Italians such subjects are the objects of contention more on their own account, and for this as well as the other reasons alluded to, the controversy has found there its most strenuous partisans.

The little work before us, of which it is time to say something more particular, stands intimately connected with this subject, though the immediate occasion of it was one of less general interest. It was called forth by the attacks of certain journalists on the opinions and conduct of Mad. de Stael. Their national pride, as well as literary prejudices, seem to have been wounded by the contrast, which she drew, when among them, between their ancient and modern writers. In defending her opinions Signor de Breme enters into the distinctions, of which we have spoken, and it is on this account chiefly, that his work has attracted our notice. In pursuing the subject farther, therefore, we shall only exhibit his views so far as they relate to the general controversy, without attempting to analyze the work. We only regret that we cannot draw more largely from him. The point, upon which he has expressed himself most fully, is the difference in *form* and *structure* between the ancient and the moderns, and the question, whether the system of rules, to which the Grecian

productions were conformed in this respect, be the only and unchangeable principles of the arts. The following passage exhibits the opinions of one party, as well as the reasons, why the French adhere so pertinaciously to one side of the question.

"The French maintain that the Greeks must be the supreme objects of our regard, and must be to every future age, what in fact they could never be even to themselves, teachers in the place of nature herself: that the power of swaying the mind and the heart, by the combined agency of all the faculties, intellectual, imaginative, and sensitive is no longer vouchsafed to human genius, and that men of the present and future generations must be content humbly to copy the Greeks and Romans. What is yet more extravagant, they hold themselves to have succeeded better, than any other people in catching the spirit of these inimitable masters of the tragic and comic art, and consequently that in their dramatic literature the supreme rules of the art must forever be sought. My answer is, that the so called golden age of French literature cannot, as it seems to me, boast a single poem that is characteristic and truly indigenous, either epic, lyric, or dramatic, and that their skill consisting in the remarkable perfection, with which they can combine in tragedy and comedy the rules of the antique model (as they interpret them), they have every reason to be steadfast in burning incense to their idol, for in so doing they bow down to their own divinity."

The author subjoins in a note an extract from Gravina's '*Ragion Poetica*,' on the same general topic, and withal vindicating the claims of the modern romance to the honors of epic and heroic poetry.

'We would include,' he says, 'under the name of epic, those poems, which, because they are composed of various threads interwoven, have received the common appellation of romance. Epic means no more than narrative, and why is not the poet equally epic, and even more so, who has depicted a multitude of heroic enterprises, than he who exhibits but one? Why is not Ariosto, for example, as well entitled to be called epic, as Livy historic? Would Homer have been less epic, if instead of selecting the events, that sprang from the anger of Achilles, he had described the whole ten years' war?'"

We have but a word to say at present on this passage. The analogy touched upon between heroic poetry and historical narration, we presume, was intended to be understood with many modifications. There is no ground for the last remark in regard to the unity of the *Iliad*, if it be true, as we

have been pretty nearly convinced, that the Homeric epic possesses no such unity, as is here supposed, and that without any change of *form* the poet might, in fact, have added the remainder of the ten years' war.* Our author very worthily employs his eloquence against the slavish imitation of the ancients, or of their modern interpreters. We fully agree with him, that the mere adherence to a system of conventional rules—we will add—whether ancient or modern, can never ensure success in art. It is an adherence to the form, without imbibing the spirit, that constitutes a servile imitation. From such, we would join with him in wishing a return to what is essential and characteristic.

'A *ragion poetica*, I mean not suited to our knowledge alone of things, that transpired three thousand years ago, but capable of exhibiting all those impressions and effects produced upon the sensibilities and the contemplative powers of man by our spiritual religion, our forms of society, by the dignified respect, which we render to the female sex, by the arts, and the boundless knowledge, which we possess.'

'Nature has not formed you with the design, that you should imitate her in that way only, which you learn from her. *You are yourself also nature*, and are more than her imitator, her rival, and that in every age of the world; and, if you would forever be celebrating the flocks and herds of Sicily alone, instead of painting with effect the naked and living phenomena exhibited and produced in you by the objects, with which you are surrounded, you can never say, that you imitate nature, much less that you imitate, that you *transcribe* yourself in your works. Instead then of humbly imitating, let us venture to emulate nature in the work of creation, and if our mystical opinions, our morals, our sciences, if our customs, and what we have recently accomplished have so much enlarged the field of invention, let us allow ourselves the whole amplitude of that horizon, let us launch forth into the immensity, and boldly attempt the boundless regions, that are opened before us.†

It will be perceived from these extracts, that the author has courage enough to adopt some of the boldest German notions respecting the nature of the arts and of creative genius, as well, as respecting the characteristic forms and objects of modern literature. But though we may admit the correctness of these

* See Schlegel's *Poesie der Griechen*, B I. s. 100.

† The general notions exhibited in this passage are more fully developed in a dissertation of Schiller, on the introduction of the ancient chorus into the modern drama, prefixed to his *Braut der Messina*.

views in themselves, we are not sure that we understand fully the extent and limits of the assumption, which led to the expression of them. The author has before said, 'that the romantic is a distinct form of literature, can no longer be a matter of question. The only desideratum is a more complete and better defined system of rules adapted to it.' p. 34. It seems to be on the ground, that romantic literature is *essentially* distinguished from classical, and that the principles of the former only are suited to the *materiel* on which modern genius is employed, that he wishes a *ragion poetica* capable of developing our impressions. There can be no doubt, that many modifications of classical literature have been considered necessary, and of universal application, which were only accidental. It is the general doctrine of the northern critics, that such has been the case in regard to the whole body of French classical poetry, as well as a large portion of the Italian.

The important question seems to be, where we shall limit the application of this remark, and how much, that belonged to the *essential principles* of ancient, is unnecessary to the perfection of modern art. How many of the principles of Aristotle, for example, rightly understood, apply exclusively to the antique? The answer to the general question, it is at once obvious, will depend in the mind of each individual, on what he esteems essential in the principles of ancient art, and the degree of abstraction, with which he has formed his ideas of them. For ourselves, though we do not intend to discuss this topic at large, we find it difficult to fix our thoughts on any principle pertaining to the *specific* and *distinctive forms* of art, not equally essential at all times. In regard to those forms of poetry, for example, which have been denominated *subjective*,* and whose object is the simple and *direct* development of feeling, so far as their artificial structure is in question, we conceive the principles to be unchangeable; and that, as distinct forms of art, possessing their appropriate laws, they still exhibit the same characteristics, as in the lyrical effusions of the

* We use the words *objective* and *subjective* here as they are used by the German critics. According to Coleridge's definition of object and subject, all the productions of which we are speaking, considered as creations of the mind, would be *subjective*. But though we are aware of the importance of his definition in a philosophical point of view, we conceive the terms, as used in the text, denote an important distinction, and one which we could not so clearly express by other language. See *An Essay Ueber das Elegische Gedicht der Hellenen Von Dr. Conr. Schneider. Studien B. 4. S. 1*, and Coleridge's *Letters in Blackwood's Mag. N. 56*.

earlier Greeks, and the choral odes of the ancient drama. Nor does the remark seem less applicable, though perhaps less obviously so, to those species of poetry, which are properly *objective*. The epic poet of modern times, in presenting a moving and harmonious picture of the objects, that fixed his attention in the world around him, would give an entirely different representation from that of Homer, but the difference might still be more in the nature of the *materiel*, than in the abstract principles of art, by which it was embodied. So in dramatic poetry, it makes little difference in relation to this point, whether a production contain a simple representation of objects and events in the external world, or a profound development of the internal; whether the tendency of the poet's mind be with that of the ancients 'to *reflect* the world without,' or 'with the allegorizing fancy of the moderns to *project* the inward,'* if the work be a perfect objective exhibition, and a finished product of creative genius, it will be modified by the laws, to which genius, in the free exercise of its powers, invariably conforms; it will have a principle of unity somewhere, it will be a harmonious and organized whole, with as strict a subordination of every part, as is found in the ancient drama.

Confining the remark, then, to the abstract forms and organic structure of the Grecian arts, we still suspect, that in them were developed the unchangeable laws of the human mind, and that to a certain extent the models, the original ideas, which they have furnished, might have served, according to a remark of F. Schlegel, to point out the direction, and something of the specific characteristics of all future development. We do not mean to say merely, that the same specific distinctions hold in modern, as in ancient literature, but that the general principles and rules of art appropriate to each, as a peculiar form of the productions of creative genius, remain the same.

Nor do we consider the integrity of those abstract principles, as we have represented them, inconsistent with the admission of an important, and, in some respects, very essential difference in the characteristics of ancient and modern literature. The prevailing spirit and all, that constitutes the elements of literature, may have undergone, as they undoubtedly have, an essential change, while yet the laws by which they are embodied remain the same.

* See Coleridge's *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 187.

The principle, to which, as the most important and lying indeed at the foundation of all that can be thought a change of form, we would refer for illustration, is the principle of unity. The change, which has taken place in regard to it, seems to us not so much in the nature or necessity of the principle itself, as in the conditions necessary to the observance of it. In ancient literature, it was much more intimately and inseparably associated with the form and character of the external object, on which the mind of the artist was employed, and consequently required a greater degree of unity in this form and character, while in modern literature it depends more entirely on the predominating spirit and sentiment. Hence the Grecian has been distinguished, as 'the poetry of form,' the modern, as 'the poetry of effect.' There is a change in the predominating power that acts upon the imagination, and on which the unity of its productions depends. The spirit of ancient literature was inspired, and the feelings which animate it were called forth more directly by the powers of external nature and the phenomena which present themselves to the observation. The sentiments, which these are in themselves capable of awakening, are, on the contrary, subordinated in modern literature to the more abiding principles and more powerful emotions, that have been fixed in the human soul, and exert their influence over all its productions. Now such a change, though it does not alter the principle of an unity of effect, very essentially modifies, it must be admitted, the circumstances on which it depends. But without dwelling longer on a point, of which we have already said more than we intended, we shall endeavor to illustrate somewhat more fully the change itself, which we have mentioned as the most essential, and to trace, so far as our limits will admit, some of the causes which have given to modern literature its distinguishing characteristics.

In order, then, to understand clearly the nature of that peculiarity, which has been attributed to ancient literature, much regard must be had to the age and circumstances, in which its authors were placed. We must consider them, as living, comparatively, in the infancy of our race, and to have been more, than can now be conceived, perhaps, the creatures of circumstance, and controlled by the influences, that acted upon them from without. We must conceive them as cast, in the full possession of their senses, imagination, and feeling, among

the wonders of external nature. Their minds, of course, would be open to the entire, or at least prevailing influence of the objects around them, and their imaginations would take their character of cheerfulness, or of gloom, of beauty and harmony, or of magnificence and irregularity, from the predominant character of the scenes, in which they were placed.

Thus the Greeks, (for to them our remarks more peculiarly apply,) in a region remarkably fitted, when acting upon minds open to its influence, to awaken the sense of harmony, and all the emotions of poetry, have exhibited its effects upon them in the fullest manner. Their whole system of poetical feeling was stamped by the character of the scene, and harmonized with it. Their imaginations clung to the objects of nature; the air around them was filled with beauty, and the earth teemed with new forms of ideal perfection. Those ideal creations were cheerful and joyous, because the scenes, that gave them birth, were prevalently animated and lovely. They were characterised by harmony and by that unity, which has been described, because the minds of the Greeks could fix on nothing more fascinating, or more glorious, than the objects and events, which the world around them presented to their observation. With these, they were satisfied, and put forth their creating power to group and mould them into new creations, undisturbed by any contrasted feeling of inward contemplation. They deified, and worshipped their own nature, not so much from any consciousness of its undying powers, and the glory or shame of its future destiny, as because they saw man going forth in the freshness of his earthly life, developing in unrivalled perfection his passions and his powers, and living, to use an expression of Socrates, like a god among the inferior beings, who surrounded him. 'Their country was to them the world, and men its divinities.' They gloried in their nature, as it was exhibited in *this* life, and, if they had any momentary forebodings in regard to the future, they were too transient to repress the outgoings of their enthusiasm among the ravishing glories and absorbing interests of the present.

They never found time or inclination to retire into themselves, and in the reveries of a profound contemplation, cherish a consciousness of those immortal powers, in the strength of which they could look out upon all the passing events of this world, as unworthy their regard. They had no emotions to

express of a deeper tone, than those events had awakened, and by them they were consequently measured. Hence in preserving that perfect appropriateness, which the strictness of Grecian taste required, and keeping themselves to the exact point of elevation, which the dignity of their subjects, and the strength of their emotions rendered suitable, their expressions seem brought down to comparative tameness. To be equally adapted to their objects, their language and imagery must, as they do even in *Æschylus*, fall far short of the boldness of the modern. They had no conception of a boundless and invisible world, in the bosom of which all that is visible sinks into the littleness of a microcosm, and of the mysteries of which it can serve, at best, but as an imperfect and feeble allegory.

In the mind of a modern, all this is changed. His more serious thoughts are withdrawn from the living world around him, and turned inward upon himself. There have sprung up in the soul a set of principles, more fixed and permanent in their nature, connected with and producing hopes and fears; joys and sorrows; and consequently the source of an inexhaustible effusion of sentiment and emotion. Higher interests, and sublimer conceptions, and profounder feelings are awakened, which predominate in their influence upon the imagination over all the objects of the external world, and all the passing events of life. These objects and events are no longer capable in themselves of controlling and measuring our feelings, and are no longer so nearly identified with the effects, to which creative genius aspires. They have become subordinated to more general and powerful principles of association, and hence unity in the works of modern genius is to be sought for, not in the grouping of these objects and events so much, as in the development and effect of the passions and emotions exhibited. In themselves considered, they are of comparatively little value, and all the phenomena of external nature, with all the materials, which history and science have treasured up for the use of the poet, are but the mere instruments to shadow forth the fervors of a restless spirit, at length conscious of its powers, and expanding with conceptions of the boundless and the infinite.

The ancient Egyptians had formed the sublime conception, that the material universe was but the veil of the divinity, and that his attributes were mystically set forth in the objects of

nature. In their view, the idea seems to have sunk, or rather raised to a level all those objects, in which the divinity was portrayed, and they worshipped alike the little and the great of these sensible manifestations. Sentiment and feeling are in modern literature what the divinity of the Egyptians was in the material world. Mind and its attributes, the spiritual and 'the things that are not seen,' are more the direct and immediate objects of our thoughts,—more the world, in which imagination wanders and strives to give unity and consistency to its breathing harmonies. Our views are no longer bounded, as those of the Grecian poets were, by 'this goodly frame the earth, and the brave o'erhanging firmament,' but, in the language of the ancient philosophers, the two doors of nature are thrown open, and our spirits pass upward and downward to hold converse with other spirits. Not only so : to us the objects of inanimate nature themselves have something of 'a spirit's feeling.'

'The simplest and the most familiar things
Have a strange power of spreading awe around them.'

In the calm of a summer's noon, as in the ennobling stir of the elements, there is a mysterious expression, with which we sympathize, and which leads us to the indulgence of reverie. To our imagination, as to our faith, what we see is shadow, and all beyond is substance. It is not the visible itself, which we regard, but that, which looks out from 'behind the elements,' and, like the bright eye of the Ancyent Marinere, attracts and fixes our attention, as by a magic power.

We are aware that this is a very general and imperfect account of what have been considered the distinguishing features of ancient and modern genius. Our limits do not permit us to point out minutely the contrast between the cheerfulness of the former and the deeper tone of feeling, which pervades the latter, or the change in the character and treatment of the social affections. If, however, the more metaphysical distinction, that has been exhibited, be admitted as a real one, in its full extent, it will be seen, we think, in some sense, to embrace all the others, or at least to be intimately connected with them. In accounting for this, therefore, we shall necessarily include most of the views requisite to account for the minuter distinctions. But here, too, from the abstractness of the subject and the vast diversity and multiplicity of the facts,

only the most general views can be exhibited. To fix on the most important principles, where so many are operating, and develop their influence intelligibly, is all that can, from the nature of the case, be expected, and more perhaps than we may venture to hope.

What, then, are the great causes, which have acted so efficiently in awakening and developing the powers of the human mind, and removed the centre of its thoughts and feelings from 'the world without' to 'the world within?' What are the causes that have communicated those deeper and more intense emotions, to embody and unbosom which, all the powers of language and imagery are exhausted in vain? In answer to these questions, it may be said, undoubtedly, that *the christian religion is the great and sufficient cause*, and that all others have been subordinated to its influence. By dissipating the darkness of the tomb, and producing, what had never before been felt, a serious and solemn conviction of the immortality of the soul and of a future state of retribution, it degraded at once to comparative insignificance, and cast far into the back ground all those earthly glories, which had called forth the enthusiasm and poetry of the Greeks. The minds of those, who sincerely embraced it, were raised at once from the contemplation of the visible and finite, to the invisible, the boundless, and the everlasting.

But, though a belief in the fundamental principles of revelation, and in the sanctions, by which they were so powerfully enforced and fastened upon the mind, like the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, was a cause continually operating, its effects could not, at once, be universal, or come to be immediately developed in the productions of the imagination. Its tendency to this result was often weakened, always modified, and sometimes perhaps accelerated by the innumerable other influences, which operated upon the feelings and imaginations of men. Though the most essential effects were produced, therefore, by christianity on the old world, and, from the commencement of the fourth century, on the social and literary character of the whole Roman empire, it is only in the literature produced in modern Europe, that we are to look for the characteristics, which directly contrast with those of Grecian genius. To account for these, then, we must look, not to christianity alone, but to that state of things, which existed in the middle ages, in which all influences were combined

together, and when, to use an expression of Eichhorn, there was 'a struggle as of the elements for a new creation of Europe.*' In exhibiting the causes, which were operative during that period, we shall for the sake of perspicuity arrange our remarks under three general heads: 1. Those peculiarities, in the character which christianity had assumed, when it was embraced by the conquerors of the Roman empire, which seem to have had the most important influence upon them, together with some of the causes, which had previously tended to give it those peculiarities: 2. Some of the most important features, in relation to this subject, in the character and superstitions of those northern tribes: and 3. The manner, in which these were combined, and operated in the middle ages for the development of the effects, about which we are inquiring. To avoid unnecessary prolixity, we shall aim, of course, to look at the views presented in this extensive field only in their most direct relation to the object before us.

1. The christian religion in the age immediately preceding the irruption of the northern barbarians, had assumed a character widely distinguished from its original, or its present simplicity. By external rites addressed to the senses and the imagination it had become associated, not much less than the pagan superstitions of Greece and Rome, with the daily business of life.† It formed a prominent feature in the external character of society, and one, which, as we shall afterwards see, was fitted to produce an important effect on the minds of those northern conquerors, who, with their new religion, embraced all, that they found pertaining to it. But the part of the christian system, which was fitted to produce, and which actually did produce in later times the most striking effects, was the mass of opinions, which had come, at the period, to be received with unquestioning confidence, respecting the invisible world, and the supernatural agencies of spiritual beings. A multitude of causes had for a long time operated to fill the minds of men with the most extravagant notions on these subjects, and in glancing at a few of them, we shall be able to exhibit more forcibly, and perhaps even more briefly, than in any other way, the true character and influence of the opinions themselves, in the age of which we are speaking.

* See *Culturgeschichte*, B. i. s. 69.

† See Bingham's *Antiquities of the Church*.

Curiosity early discovered a propensity, in observing the phenomena of nature, to go beyond the information of the senses, and, limited as were the subjects and imaginations of the poets to the visible world and to the faith of the common people, the Grecian philosophers opened the door to other worlds, and learned to indulge their speculations on a more splendid, and more extensive field of creation. Such conceptions of the material universe, as those developed in Plato's *Phaedon* and *Timaeus*, and in Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*, became, at an early period, favorite subjects of reflection for the natural philosophers, and by those allegorical interpretations of the poets, of which Heraclitus of Ephesus is said to have given the first example, they not only rendered their views more intelligible, but strengthened the belief of their correctness. The *pleroma*, and the emanation system of eastern philosophy, which at the commencement of the christian era was becoming more nearly associated with the speculations of the Greeks, increased the same propensities. The love of allegorical interpretation, applied to the works of ancient writers, characterised all the philosophy of the first centuries. In the schools of Egypt, they combined all these aids with whatever else in the opinions of mankind, and in the christian revelation could throw light on the mysteries of the invisible world, and endeavored to dissipate the darkness, that had hitherto concealed them. The christian fathers, who were converted from the pagan philosophy, brought with them, as, considering the spirit of the age, was unavoidable most of their speculative opinions on such subjects. Philo had given them an example of what allegory could accomplish in interpreting the writings of Hebrew antiquity, and they easily found their views of the invisible world confirmed by the authority of the word of God. Thus christian revelation conspired, as it was in fact extremely natural that it should do, with the prevailing spirit of philosophy, to carry the attention beyond the bounds of experience, and familiarize the thoughts with the supernatural and the invisible. It was in the same age, that Origen discovered all his philosophy in the simple narrative of Moses, and an apocalypse of the spiritual world in the parables of our Saviour and the figurative language of his disciples, and that Porphyry with equal success sought for an emblem of the universe in Homer's 'Cave of the Nymphs.' Carried forward, as the minds of

the christians necessarily were, by the more serious conviction of their immortality, and thus prompted, rather than restrained, by all the philosophy of the age, it was not to be expected, that, in relation to a future world they should not attempt to be wise above what was written.

Previous therefore to the age, which we are contemplating, their conceptions of the unseen world were vastly enlarged, and, after modifying the celestial principalities of the rabbies in conformity with an expression of St Paul, the heirs of immortality familiarized their imaginations with the less exalted spirits of the first, the more favored residents of the second, and the unapproachable glories of the highest heaven. The Gehenna of the Hebrews, which seems originally to have conveyed no conception of place beyond the scene of idolatrous abomination in the valley of Hinnom, would naturally receive enlargement and locality from the Greek and Roman conceptions of Hades and Tartarus, and thus, by the combined aid of natural and metaphysical philosophy, of poetry, and revelation, both the upper and the nether world, where spirits dwell, were amplified with a magnificence, and gifted with characters of joy and sorrow, of glory and shame, altogether unknown to the imaginations, to the hopes and fears of the ancient Greeks. In these worlds imagination habitually wandered, and peopled them with their appropriate inhabitants. The Izeds and Divs of Zoroaster, the subject spirits of Ormuzd and Ahriman might be confounded with the good and evil spirits of the later Jews, and the genii, whose favor Porphyry† had taught his disciples to implore, or whose malignity to deprecate, were classed by the christians with the demons who were obedient to the exorcism of their faith. Some, whom the fathers cast out, were compelled by the fire of exorcism to confess, that they were the same, who had inspired the heathen poets, and these with all the deities, 'of gay religions full of pomp and gold,' were consigned to the doom of that infernal host, in which Milton has described them.

So far were the christians from denying the existence of any of the beings of Pagan Mythology, that they continually urged, as an argument for the superiority and divinity of their faith, the power, which it gave over them. The belief in such supernatural agents, their habitual and fearful

† See Porphyry de esu Animalium.

influence over the human mind, and the power of the exorcist and the magician to counteract it, were articles of universal belief. The teachers of philosophy, no less than the christian doctors, admitted it, and Eunapius* very gravely mentions the story of Porphyry's expelling a demon. Magic had been early introduced at Rome from the East, was opposed by Vitellius, listened to by Vespasian, and learned by the apostate Julian, as one of the distinguishing badges of his new religion, and as late as the age of which we are speaking, the christians and the pagan philosophers of the Athenian school, seem to have been warring upon each other with the weapons of supernatural power.

It must be remembered, too, that the circumstances, in which the christians were placed during the first centuries, were fitted to give to their faith in such agencies a character of perfect sincerity, and of the deepest earnestness. Their destitution of all natural and human aid, during the terrors of ten bloody persecutions, fixed their alarmed hopes and terrified imaginations on the interference of supernatural power, and directed their thoughts to all the examples of such interference, recorded in the scripture histories. Thus, while wandering in deserts and caves, and expressing their lamentations in the bitter language of David and Jeremiah, they fortified their faith and courage by the marvellous deliverances of Elijah, of Daniel, of the children of the fiery furnace, and of the champions of the christian cause. It was by such topics, and by pointing them to the crowns, and white robes of those, who came out of great tribulation, that Cyprian animated his flock in the day of trial, and himself in the hour of martyrdom. In such circumstances, and in a faith like theirs, there was unquestionably much to elevate the imagination and feelings, and give to the whole character a tone of melancholy sublimity, which the ancient pagans had never known, and the biographer of Cyprian, in seeking themes of consolation for himself, and his exiled and persecuted companions, might utter with more emotion even than Goldsmith, the sublime sentiment,

'Christiano omnis hic mundus una domus est.'†

The natural repugnancy of the christian and pagan systems

* See Eunapius' Life of Porphyry in his *Vitae Philosophorum*.

†, Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine.'

had combined with other causes to develope, in this period, another peculiarity in the character of christianity, very important in its influence. 'The religion of the pagans,' to use the language of another, 'was but a deification of the powers of nature, and of the earthly life.' The highest perfection of their system was but a refined sensuality, and in the later periods of its reign, it was far from being in its highest state of refinement.

They built temples and altars to the passions, and fell down and worshipped them, and in that worship they found an opportunity and a sanction for the most sensual indulgences. The christians, with a system of faith essentially spiritual, in avoiding and opposing the abominations of paganism, carried, as might perhaps have been expected, their principles and practice into the opposite extreme of mystical abstraction. Ammonius and others of the philosophizing christians had taught, by attenuating the body and diminishing the influence of matter upon the mind, to rise to spiritual conceptions, and hold converse with invisible beings. Indeed, the opinions, contrary as they were to the spirit of the pagan religions, were in no small degree derived from the Platonic philosophers themselves, and the practice perhaps originally from the Essenes; but they were now seized upon with avidity; anchorites, monks, and virgins sought by abstinence and chastity, and the charm of holy prayer, to rise above the grossness of this world, and attain, while yet in the flesh, something of the purity and perfection of spiritual existence. Numerous passages of scripture were found to sanction their fanatic zeal, and they were encouraged and exhorted by the eloquence of the fathers to prepare, in the old age and fulness of the present world, a generation to be heirs of the kingdom. From the deserts of Thebais and the mountains of Palestine, they spread themselves during the fourth century over most of the countries of the east, and the two thousand disciples, who in Gaul followed St Martin to his tomb, multiplied the triumphs of monachism through all the countries of the west. There can be little doubt, that the original design of the institution was a sublime, though unattainable one; but motives for embracing it of a less exalted nature were soon multiplied, and myriads of every age and sex crowded to islands and solitudes to escape the pollution of the world. They soon found themselves however beset by the demons of every sensual appe-

tite, and in the dreaming life of the cell, confounding perhaps their waking with their sleeping thoughts, fancied themselves contending with all the powers of darkness. The sanctity, which they had attained in the eyes of the people at large, gave full credit to their mystic legends. The duller imaginations of the west by the easy intercourse throughout the empire were supplied with the more sublime, because more mystical dreamings of the east, and they were not in want of that skill in interpretation, by which they could elevate the wildest frenzies of their imaginations to the character of holy revelations. Thus faith had already superseded almost all science and philosophy. The study of the Greek and Roman classics had rapidly declined, even from the age of Constantine, and the treasures of ancient lore, as Heeren has most amply proved, began now, by other hands than those of the Arabians, to be consigned to oblivion and the flames.

This was consonant to the whole spirit of the age. What had they, who listened to the eloquence of the fathers, and were under the government of the emperors, to do with the eloquence of the ancient republics?—When the importance of faith, and of external religious rites, in their minutest articles, was so amply inculcated, as at this period, and when in the controversies on the trinity and the character of Christ, it was often ‘found, that the sense, or rather sound of a syllable was sufficient to disturb the peace of the empire,’ what time or inclination could there be for the study of pagan writing?—When it was fully believed too, that the productions of the ancient poets were prompted by evil demons, what could be more natural, than that they should be forgotten or destroyed, and their place supplied by works more suited to the character of the times; the anacreontics of Gregory Nazianzen, and the hymns of St Ambrose?

Such, and so entirely diverse in their general spirit from any thing belonging to the ancient religions of Greece and Rome, were some of the opinions and practices; of the habits of thinking and feeling, which the inhabitants of the Roman empire transmitted to their conquerors, and which operated, we think, with most energy among the elements, out of which the character of modern genius and modern literature has been so organically developed.—We must request our readers to bear these in mind, while they glance with the same rapidity at a few of the characteristics of mind

and manners, which the northern nations brought to combine with them.

2.* The character of the northern inhabitants of Europe, in the first centuries, seems to have been, in relation to the general principles most important to the present subject, little less distinguished from that of the ancient pagans of the south, than the one we have been describing. Their religious systems, though differing from each other in some minor circumstances, possessed many of the same characteristics; and, previous to the conquest of the empire, or perhaps during the revolutions connected with that event, the continual intercourse among them produced an interchange of superstitions, and of mythological and legendary lore, that still farther assimilated the character of their minds.—Though the Germans, for example, seem, when described by Cæsar and Tacitus,† to have known nothing of the Scandinavian system of mythology, and though it never perhaps was fully naturalized among them, we find them, when converted by St Boniface, taking an oath ‘to renounce Thor and Woden, and Saxon Odin, and all the unholy, who are their kindred;’ and the heroic legends of southern Germany were in later times circulated through all the northern countries.

The imaginations of all of them, and consequently their mythologies, seem, like those of the Greeks, to have been powerfully influenced by the character of the world around them. They had witnessed nature in the working of its sublimer elements, and the images of its mysterious powers assumed shapes more gigantic and terrible.—They did not, like the Greeks, in the ambrosial and inviting aspect of a beautiful climate go forth amid the stir of the elements, and rejoice in their strength. The magnificence, and gloomy terror of the scenes, in which they wandered, taught them their weakness, and forced back their thoughts upon themselves. Their imaginations fixed upon the darker side of nature, and they measured their time, not by the returns of light, but of darkness.—Instead of building, and adorning temples in the gay sunshine, and picturing to their imaginations Mercury ‘new lighted on a heaven kissing hill,’ or Jupiter and his tributary gods upon the glory-smitten summit of Olympus, they piled

* One of the best things consulted on this topic was a piece of W. C. Grimm, Ueber die Entstehung der altdeutschen Poesie und ihr Verhältniz zu der nordischen, with the Beylage. Studien, B. 4.

† The important passages are Caes. de bello G. vi, 21. et Tac. Germ. 9, 10.

their rude altars amidst the gloom of the forest, and looked with melancholy reflections to Odin, and his congregated gods and heroes in the halls of Valhalla, who were predestined to terminate by their final overthrow the reign of glory and of heroism. Instead of the sylvan deities, and the 'fleet Oreads sporting visibly,' which were the natural productions of Grecian scenes and Grecian genius, their imaginations created, as the inhabitants of their dreary forests, and mountain caves, those giants and dwarfs, with more of evil than of good in their mysterious and magic powers, who are said still to linger in the Harz mountains of Germany.—The idea of fate seems too to have produced its full effect upon their minds, and the Valkyrs, its virgin ministers, bloodless, passionless, who 'trembled on the verge of being,' yet 'moved in harmony,' were more fearfully imagined, than the fatal sisters of Grecian mythology. Their ancient reverence for the prophetic and supernatural powers of woman was still retained. The *Veleda* and *Aurinia*, whom Tacitus described, had still their descendants in the middle age; women, such as the 'great unknown,' has represented them in the character of *Norna* in the '*Pirate*,' who yet knew the powers of the Runic rhymes, which controlled the waves and the winds, and could bring down the 'stern eagle of the far north-west,'

'When they were chanted by the voice of the *Reimkenner*.'

In the specimens, which we have seen of their ancient historical legends, we find the characteristics no less marked, and distinguished from the Grecian. There is more, that is vast and undefined. They impress a feeling hardly known in Grecian literature, of mysteriousness and awe, as if we were 'moving about in worlds not realized,' and take a powerful hold upon our imaginations. The fearlessness of adventure also in the face of natural and supernatural terrors, and the contempt of death, as they are exhibited in the tales of *Sigurd* and *Brinhildur*, and of *Chriemhild* and her brethren, are such as we should expect in the heroic tales of those restless hordes. Those legends, that celebrated the marvellous enterprises of their ancient heroes, their contests with giants, dwarfs, and dragons, it is important to observe, had never become foreign to the imaginations of the common people by any such revolution in manners and the form of society, as that, which had so nearly buried in oblivion the epic poetry

of the Greeks. These continued still to carry back their thoughts to a world of gloomy and mysterious grandeur, and feed their minds with wonder. The adventures of Sigurd, who slew the serpent, and understood the voice of birds, and rode through the unquenchable fire, and the songs of Brinhildur, when, on the way to her own funeral pile, she is accosted by the giantess Gygur from the mouth of her mountain cave, are of the kind, which Grimm seems to suppose constituted at an early period the national poetry of the Germans, and even as late as the eleventh and twelfth centuries were the popular legends on both sides the Baltic, and exercised the imagination in a way, that in many respects peculiarly qualified it to receive the marvellous of the christian faith. In addition to this, it is very important to remark, that there was little, if any thing, either in the religious opinions or forms of worship, or in any of the habits of mind existing among those nations, directly opposed to what was supernatural and spiritual in the christian system. In this respect, they were strongly contrasted with the ancient pagans of the south. Their religion had few external rites and few objects addressed to the senses. Their imaginations were less subject to their physical passions, and more capable of being roused to the contemplation of the invisible world. They were little confined, in any respect, to the fixed, and definite in modes of life, or objects of thought, and might the more easily be elevated to the spiritual and boundless views, which revelation opens to the mind.

3. Such, in the general and most important outlines of their character, were those vast hordes, who, after dashing so long against the barriers of the empire, at length burst through them, and swept away in an universal deluge of barbarism the political institutions, arts, and literature of the Romans. The Goths and Franks, with their less numerous followers, had, even during the fifth century, entirely changed the face of society through the whole western empire. The most important general effect of the continual revolutions and convulsions, that followed, was more entirely to break up all existing order, and reduce society to its primary and most simple elements. The general character of all, who were successively added to the mass, was the same, and they embraced the new religion under similar circumstances, till, in the end of the eighth century, Charlemagne united into one empire, and subjected to the spiritual dominion of the pope, all the central na-

tions of Europe, from Calabria to the Weser, and from the woods of Hungary to the Ebro.

From this period, though the irruption of the Normans, and intercourse with the Arabians, may have produced some modifications, we may consider the most essential causes, that were to operate on the character of Europe, as already combined. The spirit of the north, while it had almost wholly superseded that of the more servile Romans, was every where subordinated to the power of christianity. The Goths had been taught by Ulphilas on the shores of the Danube to revere the doctrines of truth, and while they avenged the blood of the Dacian gladiators on a wider field, than the circus of Trajan, by demolishing the monuments of human greatness and glory, they bowed, with submissive reverence, or enthusiastic devotion, to the symbols of faith. The procession of Alaric for carrying the sacred utensils of St Peter accompanied with devout psalmody to a place of safety in the Vatican, was an ample testimonial of the simplicity and fulness of his faith and that of his barbarian army, and might well furnish St Augustine with an occasion of triumphing in the power of his religion. The open and generous minds of all those northern tribes indeed, excepting perhaps the Saxons, who were converted by the sword of Charlemagne, seem to have embraced christianity with an honest and unquestioning cordiality. Like all barbarians, they were easily and powerfully affected by external splendor, especially when associated with ideas of sanctity; and amidst the luxury and worldly glory of the southern climates, which they were traversing, the church had already acquired enough of wealth and pomp in its ceremonies and habitual services to fill their imaginations with wonder, and impress them with a deeper reverence. The magnitude and sacredness of the churches, the splendor and solemnity of the religious festivals and processions, and the artificial signs of sanctity, which in this age were thrown around every thing pertaining to religion, seem to have produced upon their minds all the effect, which from their character we could have expected. Their regard for the oracles of their faith in the days of their paganism had prepared them to receive the ministers of Christianity with something like superstitious veneration. They bowed submissively before the successor of St Peter, and the unconquerable Attila retreating before him from the walls of Rome, and gazing with awe struck admiration at a celestial vision of the apostles,

might almost represent the genius of northern superstition overawed by the religion, that came down from heaven. They received all the existing institutions and external forms of worship, and soon increased their number.

But it was, of course, the essential doctrines of christianity, and the opinions of the age respecting the invisible world, as they have been described above, which produced, though more gradually, the great effect on the character of their feelings and imaginations. They had seen enough, that was new and marvellous in the external world, during the revolutions they witnessed, to convince them, that there were more things in heaven and earth, than were dreamt of in their philosophy, and were prepared to receive without questioning all that was told them of the world of spirits. Their pagan faith had opened to them only the halls of Valhalla, where Odin assembled his heroes, and banqueted them in the skulls of their enemies. Christianity revealed to them a more magnificent world, and a brighter heaven, the face of Jesus, and his virgin mother, and animated their hopes with pictures of glory and immortality :

‘ Con lieto volto
Li mise dentr’ a le secrete cose.’

With their inclination to the supernatural and spiritual they heard, too, with awful and believing attention, from cloistered monks, and cavered hermits, those mystical legends and allegories, the belief of which philosophy and persecution had helped to impress upon the minds of the Romans. In the east, where they mostly had their origin, and where philosophy and speculation were always active, they might still be the subjects of profane inquiry. The exorcism of a new theory or a new interpretation might still cast out a part of the demons, that infested the earth, and terrified and tempted the virtue of the saints.

But with those who now came from the north and embraced them, it was otherwise. They received the whole system clothed alike with divine authority. They had no philosophy, which could help them to penetrate the cloud, that came over their minds, like the rolling mist, which, in the infernal regions, obscured the sight of Dante, and his guide. In their minds, too, such opinions were not a mere dead letter, but seized upon their buoyant imaginations, and stirred ‘the springs of wonder.’ Their thoughts did not

grovel half doubting, half believing, as those of the more philosophizing Greeks must have done, among the objects of the invisible world. Like their representative, the great father of modern poetry, they passed the eternal bars with more fulness of faith, and with bolder imaginations. They preserved the exercise of more human feelings and sympathies, and, with all the armor of their minds about them,

‘Went sounding on their dim and perilous way.’

The profoundest elements of their moral nature were moved, and those gloomy forebodings, which so often send the mind conscious of its immortality, ‘prying into the abyss to gather what it shall be,’ were in them unchecked by any restraints of reason or experience. Their imaginations brooded over the phantoms, that grow from out the twilight of the tomb, and shaped them into images of terror. They could ‘call up spirits from the vasty deep,’ and if they did not always come, it was not from want of faith in their evocators. But they did come—spectres too, whom no exorcism can bind, and who still linger in the moss-grown castles of other times, and whisper in the ancient precincts of consecrated ground. They were bound by a fearful spell, the charm and mystery of which are not yet fully dissolved, though in our cooler moments we may place ourselves without the magic circle, and look upon those who walk within it, as the guests looked upon Macbeth, when his cheeks were blanched by the presence of the ghost of Banquo. For to them what they fancied was not a dream. The visible and invisible world were almost alike real, and present to their minds. Their daily as well as nightly walks were attended by supernatural agents, and the principles of good and evil, which struggled in their breasts, were seconded by bright angels, or by ministers of darkness. The transactions of the spiritual world, and the events of their own future destinies, were distinctly bodied forth, and the nations of Europe enjoyed, or suffered an apocalypse of centuries. They saw, like St John, the great battles of Michael and the dragon, the mighty contests between the principalities and powers of the spiritual world, and felt a deep and personal interest in their visions of the wars of angels. The horrors of guilt filled their imaginations with fiends, who plunged deeper the stings of remorse and despair, and the return of penitence and hope

dissipated the gloom, and admitted them to visions of glory, and the society of the blessed. Thus the long period in the history of the moral world, so often compared to night in the natural, was certainly like it, in this respect, that it revealed the bright mysteries of the universe.

It is, perhaps, hardly possible to conceive in a philosophical age, like the present, the power of faith, or its influence upon the imagination and feelings in such a state of society, as that, of which we are speaking, and yet, without doing it to a considerable extent, we can form no just estimate of the causes, that were then operating to unfold the powers of the human mind, and impart its leading characteristics to modern literature. Science and philosophy have introduced innumerable distinctions and an all-pervading analysis among the objects of faith, as well as of observation; and they must be submitted to the crucible of pure reason, before they are suffered to come near the heart. It is a pretty obvious remark made by some of the German critics, that in the earlier periods of society, poetry and history are intimately blended together. Among the early Greeks and the ancient German nations they were one and the same, and the heroic poet, in reflecting a living picture of the world, whether past or present, was heard at the same time, with confidence, as the veracious historian of events. Nearly the same general principle may be stated more metaphysically, and may be applied in its whole length and breadth to the period, of which we are speaking, by saying, that, in the exercise of their faith, and so of their feelings, they had not learned to distinguish between the realized objects of the understanding, and the ideal productions of the imagination. They knew nothing of the distinction, with which we are so familiar, between a serious and religious faith, and that, which is merely poetical. That belief of the actual existence of the objects of conception, of which we are momentarily conscious in the dark, or in a state of alarm, seems with them to have been habitual and permanent. Truth and fiction were undivided in their minds. They had but one faith, and that was co-extensive with the wanderings of fancy. From the irruption of the northern nations, till the revival of science in modern times, every thing conspired to produce this state of mind, and innumerable facts in the history of that period prove its existence to an extent now almost incredible. Compar-

ed with them, the most credulous in an age of philosophy have an abundance of Pyrrhonism. We of the present day stop to analyse, and call for proof. Our thoughts are disciplined and guarded on every side by the fixed laws of philosophical inquiry. We are taught to exclude the influence of feeling, and reduce the operations of the whole soul to the measured movements of a machine under the control of our will. We suffer no idea to take possession of us more fully, or to produce any greater effect upon our feelings, than prudence and cool reason dictate. In regard to the objects of faith, the very habit of examining them philosophically destroys one half their power over us, because, though we may be rationally convinced, we still admit them with a salvo on the side of reason, and our faith is at last but an imperfect one ;—a kind of mental vacillation between the subjective *idea*, and the objective *reality* of the thing believed. The men of that time were in a state of mind exactly and totally the reverse. The wildest and most extravagant conceptions started forth at once, as from the fulness of creative power, into actual existence, and men walked with fear and amazement among the beings of their own creation. We by our idealism, and Fichteism have learned to reduce every thing to ideas, and these into subjection to the omnipotence of will. To them all things were real. The sea and the sky, earth and heaven were filled with realities. They trembled even before their own ideas, and were the sport of a thousand fantasies, with which they had peopled both the visible and invisible world.

We are aware that we are describing the very credulity, which reason and ridicule have so long subjected to the fire of their exorcism, and at length cast out, as an evil demon ;—that the age, too, in which it existed, has been too often passed over in the history of the human mind, as the age of darkness and utter ignorance, and so unworthy our regard. But we are of opinion, though it may require some hardihood even now to avow it, that both the one and the other are quite as worthy of a profound philosophical investigation, as of the contempt that has been so long bestowed upon them. It is to that very credulity, that boundless faith in connexion with the world of invisibles, upon which it was placed, that we find ourselves compelled to ascribe more than to any other cause those more essential peculiarities of modern literature, of which we are

giving an account. It carried the mind, as we have already seen, to exercise feeling, and the deepest feeling, on objects purely spiritual. It created an habitual power of abstraction, and solemnly religious, as were all the objects of faith, they imparted an unwonted seriousness to all the concerns of life, with which they were associated. The most solemn interests were felt constantly to be connected with things not seen, and, if the effect were at all proportionate, a depth and compass of feeling would be produced, as far beyond what could be known to the Greeks, as the poetical worlds of Milton and Klopstock are more vast than the narrow world of Homer. The mysteries of eternity were, we might almost say, unveiled to their minds, and awakened the sleeping energies of immortality. How else should we have found on the threshold of modern literature such a work as the '*Divina Commedia* ?'

We cannot but feel that in most that we have seen written on the character of the middle age, altogether too low an estimate has been made of the state of mind, both in regard to the means of instruction, that were operating to develop its powers, and in regard to the actual exhibition of those powers during that period. We should be led to this conclusion by the highly elevated and peculiar character, which, as already hinted, some departments of literature assumed at the period, when, according to the commonly received opinion, modern genius first began to unfold its powers, and which is wholly unaccounted for by the exhibitions usually given of the learning and manners of the time ; and we believe the conclusion may be supported with some plausibility at least by a different view of the facts. We can, of course, only glance at a few general principles.

Since the revival of classical learning and the invention of printing, these have furnished so exclusively the means of education, and of disseminating knowledge, that we are in danger of undervaluing all the other and the powerful instruments made use of in former times. Thus the whole intellectual character of the middle age has been estimated by their knowledge, or rather ignorance of the literature and science of the ancients, (which, as we have already seen, were almost forgotten before the conquest of the empire,) and by their number of schools and written productions. To all these they made small pretensions, but are not, we think, to be estimated at all, as to their general character, by this fact. Though, as

we should very willingly admit, the scattered rays of philosophy and classical literature, even after the time of Charlemagne, produced little or no effect on the people at large, their minds were not of course inactive. The inexhaustible treasures of legendary lore relating to the real or fabulous history of their northern ancestors, and gradually supplanted through the efforts of their religious teachers, by the more christian adventures of Charlemagne and his paladins, and Arthur and his knights, formed a more living and efficient literature, and acted with more power upon the mind, than classic learning could have done, had it been fully known.* They were every where diffused, rehearsed to the listening circle at the fire-side of the peasant, and in the spacious hall of the baron, and acted upon the imaginations and feelings of all ranks of society, in a manner hardly to be understood in an age of books. But to conceive fully the power of the causes, which then operated, we must look more minutely at what has usually been most disregarded,—the system of religious instruction. It cannot be too distinctly remembered, that religion was almost the only thing taught professedly, and that it is the central point, from which alone all the institutions of the age can be well understood. Not only the causes, which we have already mentioned, together with the general controversies respecting images, and the Arian heresy, and others† on minor points of faith and practice, produced and continued a deep conviction of the supreme importance of every thing religious, but a degree of knowledge, we suspect, was communicated to the common people on the subject greater than has usually been represented. It is not essential to our present object, that much of what was communicated was but the fabrication of fancy, the legends of the blessed Virgin, of saints, and invisible agents ;—it is sufficient for us, that, received in full faith, as it was, it was fitted to produce a deep and powerful effect upon the mind. But we believe there was, at least in the earlier centuries, a vast

* Eichhorn mentions the multiplicity of these ancient legends and the care taken to supersede them by others. Grimm supposes that the class, which followed them, was also more numerous than we are now aware, and that the song of Roland, for which Eichhorn and others have sought in vain, was in fact the name of a species.

† A controversy on the subject of predestination, started by John Sestus Erigena in the ninth century, fills half a vol. of the *Bib. Vet. Pat.* and in the letter, under the name of the Church of Lyons, the leading points are stated with some ability.

deal of important truth conveyed in the weekly and daily services and homilies of the church.* It was not till later times, that instruction was conveyed in an unknown tongue. Charlemagne procured preaching for the Germans in their own language,† and Ottofried mentions, among the motives by which he was urged to translate the gospels into the same language, that they had already been translated into the language of other provinces.‡ It must be carefully remarked, too, because it is a point which we are most apt to overlook, that the whole system of external rites and observances, to us apparently so useless and absurd, formed to their minds a living and most expressive language. What Mendelsohn has said so eloquently of Jewish rites applies here with redoubled force.§ They were themselves a species of record full of meaning, and continually furnishing occasion for oral instruction, while they aroused the heart to religious feelings. They addressed themselves to the senses, and among the christians, of whom we are speaking, were generally at the same time allegorical, carrying the imagination to objects of the other world. Every festival or saint's day had its legend, and every procession, with the ceremonies attending it, had a meaning, which was undoubtedly better understood, and more deeply felt in earlier than in later times. 'We learn,' says Mendelsohn, in contrasting instruction by books with that before mentioned, 'we learn and teach each other only by books. We fatigue and refresh, instruct and amuse ourselves by writing.—The preacher does not converse with his church, he reads or declaims to them a written treatise. The instructor from his desk reads his written pamphlet. All is dead letter, with none of the spirit of living intercourse. We love and hate by letters. We wrangle, and are reconciled by letters; our whole intercourse is but an epistolary correspondence, and when together we know of no other conversation but to play or read. In one word, we are *literati*, letter-men. Our whole being depends upon our alphabet, and we can hardly conceive

* In *Smaragdus Diadema Monachorum*, Bib. Vet. Pat. tom. xvi. p. 1305, and in several other works of the ninth century, in that collection, the christian virtues are stated with much clearness, and enforced with seriousness.

† See *Culturgeschichte*, B. i. s. 213.

‡ *Otfried Bib. Vet. Pat. tom. xvi. p. 764.* *Nostrae jam sectae probatissimorum virorum facta laudabant, Juveni, Aratoris, Prudentii, caeterorumque multorum, qui sua lingua dicta miracula Christi decenter ornabant.*

§ *Jerusalem oder ueberreligiöse Macht und Judenthum*, s. 125.

how it is possible for a child of this world to form and perfect his character without a *book*.' No one, we think, can deny that these remarks are so far true in regard to the multiplication of books by the press, that it has diminished the necessity and much of the interest of actual intercourse in society, and diminished, too, most essentially the interest and importance in our estimate of all the external institutions connected with the religion of the middle age.

Much might be said, we think, of a similar character, respecting the productions of mind during the same period. They cannot be correctly estimated by a strict comparison with those species of productions, in which the thoughts and feelings of an age, like the present, are exhibited. From the fact already mentioned, that their faith was coextensive with the world of their imagination, it had vastly more influence upon their feelings and their actions; and hence the extravagance of their lives, for the measure of their conceptions was the rule of their conduct. Their conceptions and passions were not coolly written down in the closet of the scholar, they were expressed forcibly and appropriately to their minds by the external rites, of which we have spoken, and in other forms more immediately addressed to the imagination and feelings, than the lifeless productions of the pen. Music, which was an object of national pride and rivalry, as early as the time of Charlemagne,* in the formal solemnity of the *canto firmo*, and accompanied by the organ, which was at all times an important and favorite part of the service both of the church and the monasteries, and which was associated by the aid of numerous instruments with the earliest development of modern poetry, is not to be forgotten in estimating the character of the age. The peculiarities of the Gothic architecture, too, are still more important, not only as an exhibition of grand conceptions in an age, when mind is said to have been dormant, but also as they express the characteristic feelings of the time; and, if Justinian could exclaim 'with pious vanity,' on the completion of the church of St Sophia, 'I have conquered thee, oh Solomon!' it must be allowed, that some praise is due to the society of architects, who peopled Italy and the west of Europe with churches and cathedrals not less spacious and magnificent, though less gorgeous, than the work of Anthemius. The allegorical observances and ex-

*See Walafrid Strabo de Rebus Ecclesiasticis, Bib. Vet. Pat. Tom. xv. p. 194.

hibitions of the church too, clothed, as they often were, with pomp and solemn magnificence, served, not only as an excitement; but to them, as a most intelligible and forcible expression of thought and feeling; and what was the institution of chivalry, with its splendid and moving accompaniments, but a most meaning development and exhibition of the religion and poetry of the age? True, they had not learned to *write* their poetry, but they *lived* it. Language was rude and barbarous, and they had not the skill to chant their feelings in the soft melodies of a later and effeminate refinement, but they left the expression of them in the history of their marvellous achievements. They did not make known their devotion to the other sex by a ballad made to their mistress's eye-brow, but gave proof of their sincerity and worth in games of joust and tournament, or by challenging the proof of their ladies' beauty and virtue, and of their bravery and devotion as champions in the front of honorable war. The depth and sincerity of their conviction of religious truth, too, was exhibited by the rigid observances connected with the same institutions, as well as by those more appropriately sacred; and the fervor of their enthusiasm was more than lyrically expressed by a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Peter, or to the holy sepulchre.

This view of the institutions of the middle age, and of their very near relation to modern literature is strongly confirmed by the fact, that the earliest poetical effusions, in which modern genius was exhibited, were only appendages of these institutions, and considered, at first, undoubtedly, as a very unessential part of the pageantry. Love poetry first appeared, as an accompaniment of the games of chivalry, certainly in no higher, or more expressive character, than the pompous formalities of the herald, the devices of the shield and helmet, or the chaplet presented by the queen of love and beauty.—The first forms of dramatic poetry, too, were, like those of the Greeks, but an appendage of religious solemnities; and the mysteries and moralities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were at first intended only to explain the allegorical exhibitions of religious truths. Before the use of written language and of poetry indeed came fully to be understood and employed, attempts seem to have been made to set forth in such visible allegories addressed to the imagination every important truth, and all the mysteries of the invisible world. This, together with the nature of the objects so ex-

hibited, accounts for the allegorical character of modern art; and the most characteristic specimen of the whole of the poem of Dante is said to have been suggested by a visible representation of three worlds. It is important, too, to observe more distinctly than we have yet done, in all those labored and fanciful allegories, whether represented to the senses, or in the earlier literature, those characteristics, which it is so easy for us to ridicule, and so difficult to understand; and to feel the sober honesty and seriousness, that pervades them, and the intense and solemn feeling, which they express, or imply. In these respects they are strongly contrasted with the literature of the Greeks and with much of that of more modern times. Religion and the things of eternity had seized upon the mind during the middle age with a power, that admitted of no compromise with doubt or ridicule. True, the men of that period were men of violence and blood. The political feuds of the barons, which spread terror through England and Germany, and filled them with moated castles; and the implacable contests of the Guelphs and Ghibbines in Italy stirred up the most fierce and gloomy passions, and led to every species of excess. But it was not, till a late period, that the instructions of their religious teachers were made to sanction or atone for the gratification of their vicious desires. There was still an open warfare between the flesh and the spirit, and their excesses were committed at the expense of conscience, and repaid with remorse. There was no want of faith, and no philosophical dereliction of principles, or disbelief of their sanctions. They had not read Dr Farmer on demoniacs, nor learned to disprove the existence of devils. Like Dr Faustus and Manfred, they were obliged to meet, without being always able to defy them. These circumstances taken together, will, we think, explain the idea, which every one forms of the mind of an ancient baron immured in his castle, and, in connexion with what we have before said, account for what we mention again, because it is the most difficult thing to explain perhaps in all modern literature, that tone of sincerity and intense feeling, which, with other peculiarities, makes the allegory of Dante seem less like a poem, than like an actual revelation—like the apocalypse of St John upon the isle of Patmos, or the visions of Daniel by the river Chebar.

The Greeks knew little or nothing of the powerful causes, which we have been describing, of course nothing of the alle-

gorical character, the intense feeling, and the melancholy of modern productions. They knew nothing of that assurance of immortality, which in the middle age fixed the thoughts upon the other world, and made this but an almost forgotten appendage. They could moralize on the shortness of the present life, and look back with regret on the frolic scenes of youth, but seldom talked with enthusiasm, or deep seated fear and earnestness of the life to come. They might indeed, like the daughter of Agamemnon, regret the blessed light of the sun, or shudder at the coldness of the tomb, and the spectres that flitted around the entrance of Hades; but they had none of those views of the future, which, in our minds, almost annihilate the differences of our date of life, and place the infant on an equality with the man of gray hairs. The future sanctioned no principles of action in their breasts; and the only conclusion, which even Solon, Simonides, or Herodotus could draw from the shortness of this life, was to enjoy the uncertain term allotted them with little anxiety of what was to follow. The objects, which most deeply excited their interest, or awakened their feelings, were around them, and addressed to their senses. They had no need of allegory to represent them. They could be depicted by their flexible and harmonious language, they were perfectly reflected from the shield of Achilles, and Phidias could represent them upon the breast-plate of Minerva, or the frieze and pediment of her temple. These they enjoyed, and with them present glory and pleasure were the supreme good. Their hopes and fears were limited to this 'little life,' that's 'rounded with a sleep.' The end was accomplished, the prize was gained, if they wore the crown of laurel, or could enjoy and sing their *ἔργα καὶ Βαθυλλοι*. With us the present is of no importance. 'To be, or not to be is the question.' All others pass for nothing, when 'to be' is immortality. Hence we stand upon the field, where thousands have been hurried to a bloody grave, and turning, perhaps, a complaining eye to heaven, a 'wherefore?' escapes us, but we reflect a moment, and the 'wherefore not?' appears equally unanswerable.

But, though the leading truths of christianity, and that peculiar state of things, which existed in the middle age, have aroused the powers of the soul, and developed new and more intense feelings, of which it can never divest itself, it

is obvious, that their present form, as exhibited in works of literature, is in some respects strongly contrasted with that, which it has been our principal aim to express. The thin abstractions of morality and religion cannot now take to themselves bodies, and walk abroad in individual existence with the same boldness, as in the age of the mysteries and moralities, or even, as they did in the imagination of Bunyan. What Schlegel has remarked of the difference between the smile of painful and fruitless desire in the expression of the *Homeridæ*,* and the light, ironical tone, with which Horace or Aristophanes must have read the ancient epic, may, with little modification, be applied to the difference between that state of mind, which existed in the age, of which we have been speaking, and the spirit, with which we contemplate it. The mind by degrees divested itself of its unsuspecting simplicity and seriousness, and the imagination cast off its gloomy shroud. The crusades, and an acquaintance with Persian and Arabic fictions, together with the progress of social cultivation, gradually familiarized the fancy with forms less awful, and its character at different periods may well be represented by the wanderings of the Italian Homer through the world of souls, and the adventures of Arthur and his knights in the gayer regions of fairy land. The Romance poetry began pretty early to lose, or perhaps never possessed in the highest degree, that power over the imaginations and feelings of the common people, which was exerted by their ancient heroic legends. Even the bull of the pope could not always secure the credit of Turpin's True History of Charlemagne, and the romances of chivalry, as well as the songs of the troubadours became mere matter of custom and parade. Poetry and history were no longer one. Art and nature were divorced from each other, fiction ceased to have the power of truth, and the wonders of the imagination did not, as of old, overpower the mind with religious awe and dread. Reason and philosophy gradually distinguished from each other the worlds of faith and imagination, before so intimately blended, and as our sober ancestors turned all their poetry into religion, we are in danger of turning all our religion to poetry.

* *Poesie der Griechen*, B. 1. s. 143.

ART. VII.—*General Anatomy, applied to Physiology and Medicine.* By Xavier Bichat, physician to the great Hospital of Humanity at Paris, and professor of anatomy and physiology.—Translated from the French, by George Hayward M. D. Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Medical Society. In three volumes. Vol. I. Boston, 8vo, Richardson & Lord, 1822.

WE are happy to see this work in an English dress, and especially so, that the labor of translating it has been performed by one of our own countrymen, and by one so well qualified, in every point of view, to do justice to it, as Dr Hayward. It is honorable to the profession of medicine in America, indicative of a strong tendency to a scientific study of it, and auguring well for its interests, that the first translations of the works of Bichat, and, as to the present instance, the only one, into the English language, have been made in this country. They have been within a few years considerably circulated, read, and studied, and have, so far as their influence has extended, had a most happy effect, in the proper course they have directly and indirectly given to the habit of thinking and studying among the younger part of the profession.*

The labor of the translator is always so tedious and forbidding, that we can hardly be sufficiently grateful to Dr Hayward for the courage with which he has attempted, and the perseverance with which he has accomplished the task of rendering four well-filled octavo volumes of French into so good English as he has given us. He evinces a complete knowledge of the language, and understanding of the subject of his author, and has executed the translation with great accuracy and fidelity, and in a good style. The meaning of the author is conveyed with more than usual clearness and precision. The only defect we can point out, if indeed in a scientific work it be a defect, arises from a scrupulous anxiety on this head, which has led the translator to follow the form of expression and sentiment of the original so minutely, as occasionally to throw something like awkwardness into the translation. But in scientific works, more perhaps than in any other, it is not always possible to

*The 'Researches on Life and Death' of Bichat, were translated by Dr Watkins of Baltimore, in 1809, and the 'Treatise on the Membranes,' by Dr J. G. Coffin of Boston, in 1813, some years before translations of the same works appeared in England.

find expressions in one language, which shall be exactly equivalent to those in another ; there is often also a peculiarity of thought and sentiment so intimately associated with a peculiarity of phraseology, that the one cannot be varied without weakening the force of the other, and it is better that something of a foreign idiom should be observable, than that the sentiments of the author should be expressed less exactly and clearly. It is to be considered that in a translation we have not only to render the language of the author, but we have also to render his thoughts. The difference which exists between one man's writing and another's, does not depend more upon the language which he uses, than it does upon the mode of presenting his thoughts, the associations in which he brings them forward, and the relations and connexions which he exhibits between them. In all writing, these things are almost inseparably connected, and taken together constitute the style of composition, which consists not merely in language, but also in the relation and connexion of language with thought. Now the translator has to consider and allow for all this. For he may, in modifying the form of expression of his author, modify also his form of thought ; he may, in substituting an English idiom for a French, substitute also a different meaning ; and, in giving his own coloring to the language, give in some measure his own coloring to the opinions. This remark we think particularly applicable to Bichat, the style of whose compositions, though in the original exceedingly clear, is yet marked by very strong peculiarities, the entire removal of which, however it might improve the English style of the translation, would not compensate for the less perfect conveyance of his ideas. We believe that those, at least, who have been accustomed to read his works in the original, will allow that some of his thoughts can be in no way so clearly expressed, as by a bald and idiomatic translation of them ; in no other way can they be made to retain so much of that peculiar emphasis, that relish, if we may so speak, which they have in the original.

The present translation, however, requires no apology on this score, since it is far more free from the fault to which we have alluded, than translations of medical works have usually been. It is every way worthy of confidence, as a faithful picture of the original. We have carefully examined the greater part of this volume in comparison with the French, and

have been able to detect scarcely any instances, in which there appears to be a deviation from the meaning of the author. It will form certainly a most valuable addition to our medical literature, and will, we trust, be extensively circulated. It has even higher claims upon the attention, than the former works of Bichat, which have been published in this country; it will richly repay the physician for a careful and diligent study of it, and is not unworthy the perusal of even the general reader.

The author was one of those extraordinary men, the history of whose life, character, and opinions ought not to be confined to the narrow circle of his own profession. They are truly the property of the whole literary world; they are worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the advancement of science, or take pleasure in contemplating the success and achievements of the human intellect; and yet with all his claim to notice, he affords one more striking example of the uncertainty and limited extent of medical reputation. No man, perhaps, ever entered the profession under more happy auspices, or ran a more brilliant career. No man, probably, ever possessed greater advantages for prosecuting his studies, or improved them more completely to the extent of his ability. We believe that no man, in the same space of time, ever accomplished so much in the same kind of pursuits. Few, in any department of scientific labor, have exhibited a more rare combination of elevated intellectual qualities accompanied with such unfaltering industry and perseverance. And yet after all, how little has been known of him out of his own country, even among those to whose profession he was an honor. How little has been known of him any where, out of that profession; although had the same originality of genius, the same strength of intellect, the same acute spirit of observation, the same persevering and zealous industry been devoted to almost any other department of study, we know of no name among the philosophers of the present day, which would have filled a larger sphere in the world of science, or stood higher upon the catalogue of fame.

The qualities and faculties, which are necessary to an accomplished medical character, are not intrinsically less rare and valuable, although perhaps less imposing and splendid, than those requisite for distinction of any other kind. Indeed, we suspect that a man of a superficial mind would find it harder it to acquire a reputation in the profession of medicine,

than in any other. That is, a well founded reputation ; for in no occupation is it so easy to acquire a sort of notoriety and currency which passes for medical fame. The misfortune is, that the number of those, who are competent judges of the claims of an individual to a character for science in medicine, is very small, and is indeed almost confined to a few of the profession themselves. The habits and occupations of a great proportion of them, abstract their minds entirely from their proper studies, and incapacitate them from judging with intelligence and discrimination. Hence the works of the most solid and substantial merit have not always acquired the confidence of the profession at large, the most rapidly, or even the most extensively. The works of For-
dyce are to many tedious and forbidding ; and there are many who, but for the name of Hunter, would be deterred at the onset from toiling through his works.

Another circumstance detrimental to the extent and permanency of medical reputation, is the uncertainty of the science, the vacillating state of theory and opinion, the great number of systems which have been successively adopted by the profession, have become popular, perhaps almost universal, and have at length been discarded. An individual who has distinguished himself in one generation may be forgotten or become an object of ridicule in another, because he advocated theories which are exploded, or opinions which have become obsolete. Into by far the greater part of medical works, speculation and hypothesis are permitted so largely to enter and become incorporated so completely with the real matter of fact which they contain, that they become unintelligible when the theoretical opinions are no longer current, and of course the language in which they are conveyed has become in some measure obsolete. It is owing to this circumstance that the efforts of many most valuable minds have been entirely lost to the profession. Physiologists and physicians, of different ages, have not differed so much in the views which they have taken of the laws of the system, and the practice in diseases, as they have in the language they have employed to express those views, and the hypotheses on which they have attempted to explain the nature of disease and the operation of remedies.

Another consideration which renders medical reputation less desirable, is the small account which is made of it by

the world at large. A man may be in the first rank, as a writer or a practitioner, and yet his very name be scarcely known out of the immediate sphere where he moves, except to his brethren of the faculty. The same real merit which in any other pursuit would insure him eminence and celebrity, will often in this leave him in comparative insignificance. This is discouraging to an ambitious mind. Men will not labor without reward, and in a profession where reputation is so hard, and wealth, comparatively, so easy to obtain, and where they do by no means regularly accompany each other, it is not strange that so many should prefer the easier reward, and seek only that sort of reputation which brings with it occupation and riches, instead of that which is only to be acquired by a deep and scientific study and which after all is limited in its extent and uncertain in its duration.

Scarcely any objects of study possess intrinsically materials for so deeply fixing the interest and attention as those to which medicine relates, and yet it is truly remarkable how profoundly ignorant, by far the greater part of even intelligent and well informed men are of the structure and laws of their frame, and the principles on which diseases depend. It is to this ignorance, in part at least, may be attributed the cloud of prejudice through which almost every thing connected with the profession of medicine is viewed, and which is found so embarrassing to the fair and honorable practitioner in the conscientious discharge of his duties. The lives of many physicians constitute only one long scene of deception ; a deception often rendered absolutely necessary by the impossibility of satisfying in any other way the minds of parties concerned ; or of explaining according to their comprehension and knowledge the circumstances which exist, or which render any particular course of conduct necessary. This evil might, and ought to be gradually removed by disseminating more liberal and rational views of the general principles of the profession, creating an interest in the character of its members, and thus preventing it from continuing the easy refuge of knaves and impostors, who too often share its honors and its emoluments, while they dishonor and disgrace it.

There is, we think, no medical author, so well calculated as Bichat, by the character of his writings, to excite the interest

and fix the attention of extra professional readers. He contrives to throw a charm over the most dry and forbidding details, of which no other writer has been capable. And it is with the hope of exciting some attention to the subject of physiology particularly, and to the interests of medicine in general, that we take advantage of the translation and publication of this work of his among us, to offer such a sketch as our limits will allow, of his life, character, and opinions.

Marie Francis Xavier Bichat was born at Thoirette, in France, the 14th of Nov. 1771. The earlier part of his life was not distinguished, we apprehend, by any remarkable precocity of intellect. He is mentioned merely as a young man of promise, of great ardor and industry in the pursuit of science, and exceedingly amiable and attractive in his private character. His father was a physician in the place where he was born, and with him, after leaving a seminary of learning at Lyons, on account of the disturbances occasioned by the revolution in that city, he pursued the study of anatomy. An early predilection, however, for mathematical inquiries soon carried him back to Lyons, where he indulged his taste for them, at the same time that he went on with his anatomical course, and attended the practice of the great hospital in that place.

Fortunately, as it proved for him in the end, the horrors of the revolution again drove him from the scene of his labors, and he found in Paris at once an asylum, and a field for exertion worthy of his ambition and his genius. He arrived there in the year 1793, being then twenty-two years old, without any kind of recommendation or introduction, and left to depend wholly upon himself. He seemed at this period to have no aspirations for that eminence which he was destined so soon to attain; on the contrary, his views were limited to the office of surgeon in the army, and with the intention of qualifying himself for this situation, he placed himself as a pupil under the celebrated Desault, then at the head of the profession of surgery in France.

But in the crowd of young men, that thronged to hear the instructions of this distinguished man, Bichat possessed at first no particular claim to notice. He was, however, one of those fortunate men who always find, or make and improve an early opportunity to distinguish themselves. He

is said to have first drawn upon himself the attention of Desault in the following manner. It was the custom at his lectures, for a few of the pupils, particularly selected for that purpose, to take notes as they were delivered, to write them out at length, and read them previously to the lecture of the following day in presence of the whole school; this answering the purpose of a recapitulation, and serving to impress the precepts of the teacher more firmly upon the minds of his pupils. On one occasion, the individual, on whom this duty devolved, happened to be absent, and Bichat volunteered to supply his place. The subject was one of considerable nicety and difficulty, one in which Desault was much interested, had much distinguished himself, and on which he took considerable pains to make himself clearly understood. In the abstract which was read on the next day, Bichat acquitted himself to the admiration of all who heard him, by the precision, accuracy, and clearness with which he detailed the opinions of his master. 'He was listened to,' says one of his biographers,* 'with extraordinary silence, and left the theatre loaded with eulogium, and covered with the reiterated applauses of his fellow students.' One can hardly conceive it possible that any individual, of whatever talents, could have made so distinguished a figure in the simple transcription of his notes, or have excited so much admiration by the mere detail, in ever so perfect and elegant a manner, of the ideas of another; but whether owing to the occurrence of this circumstance or not, certain it is, that Bichat soon attracted the notice of Desault, was invited to his house, became a member of his family, was treated with all the kindness and affection of a father, and, 'from this period was associated with him in his labors and in his glory.'

During the remainder of the life of Desault, Bichat was engaged, under his direction, in a great variety of important duties. He assisted him in his practice, his studies, his dissections and his lectures, and daily justified the expectations which his early performances had raised of his future progress. Death deprived him in the year 1795 of this kind friend and valuable patron, who died suddenly, as it was conjectured by poison, during his attendance upon the Dauphin, leaving to Bichat the task of collecting and publishing his works; a task which at once secured and perpetuated the fame of the master,

* M. F. R. Buisson, *Anat. Descript.* vol. 3. Introd.

and was a lasting monument of the affection, the gratitude, and the intelligence of the pupil.

In his twenty-fifth year, he now entered with the most brilliant advantages upon his own career. We have not the materials, nor have we indeed room to enter into any particular detail of the remaining events of his life. It was one series of arduous and successful labor; of devotion to a great multiplicity of objects and pursuits, that might be each deemed sufficient to occupy the entire attention of any common man, but with regard to each of which he brought to light many new facts and established many valuable principles.

A number of essays, containing in substance the fundamental views which he afterwards confirmed and enlarged upon in his more celebrated works, were first read before the Medical Society of Emulation in Paris, (a society, which we believe he was chiefly instrumental in forming, or at least, which owed much of its celebrity to his exertions) and were published in their Transactions. It was to this association, that he originally communicated a dissertation on the membranes and an essay upon the symmetrical organs, papers which formed the basis of his admirable Treatise on the Membranes and his Researches on Life, and in fact contained the germ of the great work which is at present before us—his General Anatomy. He was constantly, by day and by night, devoted to the study of some part of the science of medicine. He was a public teacher of Physiology, and his lectures were attended by large throngs of pupils, who listened eagerly to the novel and rich views of the science which he was constantly unfolding. This science formed for a few years the principal object of his attention, and he sought only how to confirm and establish its principles, by throwing upon it all the light which it is capable of receiving from the observation of every part of the human frame, under every possible circumstance, whether of health or disease, of life or of death.

At the age of twenty-seven years he first published, in a separate form, his Treatise on the Membranes, a work which established his fame on an immovable basis, and fixed upon him the eyes of all his profession. The views, which form the basis of this work, were not originated by Bichat, they had been recognized and adopted in pathology by several previous writers; but he enlarged, extended, and methodized them. He investigated, not only the relations of the mem-

branes to their diseases, but went into a thorough examination of their structure, their history, their functions, connexions, &c. Nothing seemed to escape him. If he had not the honor of the first conception of this mode of considering the membranes, he at least was the first who presented it in a clear and systematized form, who gave it a tangible shape, and caused it to exercise its proper influence upon medical studies.

In the succeeding year appeared his *Researches upon Life and Death*, in two parts; the first comprehending an extended view of the peculiar physiological doctrines he had been accustomed to teach in his lectures, principally relating to his distinction of the two lives, of which we shall say more hereafter; the second containing a most minute and strictly philosophical investigation of the causes, phenomena and *modus operandi* of death, as it makes its first inroads upon the various principal organs. To this last part he had devoted much time and labor; it was almost wholly the result of experiments performed by himself, and contributed many facts of great value to our previous stock. The number of these experiments seems to have been almost unlimited; every doubtful opinion was submitted to the test of rigorous investigation, and according to a biographer already quoted, no less than one hundred days were devoted to observations in which the carotid artery was exposed. Every part of the work bears marks of the same unwearied and persevering labor, and forms a monument of industry and talents, seldom equalled in a young man only twenty-eight years old.

The views, which he had developed in his *Treatise on the Membranes*, led him to a similar consideration of the other textures, and he applied the same mode of investigation to them. The result of this inquiry, after having been taught and explained in his course of lectures, afforded the materials of which is composed the work at present before us, his *General Anatomy*.

During the earlier years of his professional life, surgery and physiology alone had excited his attention; but the field they offered for his ambition was less vast and extended than he desired. It had been already cultivated with success by too many distinguished men; there seemed too little room left for the full and unshackled display of his talents. Medicine, on the contrary, particularly in France, had found fewer zeal-

ous cultivators, it was in some measure an untrodden field; the improved modes of investigation, which have been introduced in modern times, had not yet wrought that change in this science, that it had in others. To this therefore Bichat determined to devote his genius and his life. Following up this determination, he entered upon the study particularly of pathological anatomy, and, as was usual with him, communicated the results of his labors in a course of lectures. The same zeal, the same ardor, the same unwearied activity was manifested in this new pursuit; 'in a few months,' says M. Buisson, 'he opened upwards of six hundred bodies at the Hotel Dieu, or elsewhere, and at the same time attended all the remarkable diseases in that great hospital.' He had been appointed one of its physicians, and found in it every facility for the prosecution of his scheme, and not satisfied with the portion of duty which fell to his lot, he even desired, as a matter of favor, to be permitted to attend to the patients of his colleagues, thus multiplying to a prodigious extent the number of his observations upon the living subjects of disease, and his examinations of the morbid changes after death.

As another branch, and a most important, though neglected branch of the science of medicine, the *materia medica* claimed towards the close of his life an important part of his attention, and fully sensible of the false and defective views which have always been taken of it, he became deeply interested in its improvement and desirous of introducing into its cultivation the same strict, philosophical method, which he had applied in the other departments of science.

Of his labors in relation to these subjects, we are not aware that there are any distinct printed remains. In the volumes before us there are, it is true, many detached remarks, and occasionally more detailed discussions, upon pathology, *materia medica*, and the treatment of diseases, of very great ingenuity and merit. In fact, they contain, no doubt, all the general and main principles, upon which he proceeded in the investigation of disease; and it would not be difficult to trace out the principal characteristics of the plan, which he would have followed, had he lived to complete a work upon any of these subjects.

Soon after the publication of his *General Anatomy*, he began another work upon *Descriptive Anatomy*, of which, however, he only lived to complete two volumes; the remainder of the

undertaking has been accomplished by other hands.* 'Rich in facts,' observes M. Husson, 'free from a useless parade of divisions and sub-divisions, this work presents an exact and precise description of the exterior aspect of the organs, enlarged views of the particular textures, which constitute them, and numerous researches with regard to the properties of each.'

Nothing daunted, nothing deterred him in the prosecution of his researches. He persevered during the heats of summer in performing the most tedious and offensive dissections and experiments. He watched with unceasing attention all the horrid and disgusting changes, which take place during life from disease, and after death from decomposition. He inhaled, from the mouths of his patients, the nauseous effluvia of fevers, with a view to determine what differences in the nature of the disease might be denoted by the peculiar character of the breath. He traced in their bodies, when dead, the various disorganization and revolutions of texture, which had been produced by the force of the morbid causes, or by the progress of decay. But this prodigal expense of self was soon to cut short his labors and his life. He lived only in his dissecting room or in his hospital, and several attacks of disease, the consequences of his imprudence and his unceasing and unhealthful occupations, gave him serious warning to desist in time from the course he was pursuing. But warning was in vain; he persisted, and fell, at length, a victim probably to the intense interest, with which he had continued to apply himself to his labors. On the 19th July, 1802, whilst engaged in the dissection of a dead body, the exhalations which proceeded from it were such as to force his pupils to abandon him; he remained for some time exposed to their noxious influence alone, but, on leaving the room, fell fainting to the ground. The symptoms of a violent fever ensued, and after remaining some time in a state of insensibility, he expired on the third of August, the fourteenth day of his disease, in the thirty-first year of his age.†

* A third volume had been nearly prepared for the press, and materials collected for a fourth and fifth. They have been since published, the third and fourth by Buisson, the fifth by Roux; both of whom had been associated with him in their preparation.

† This is the account of the manner of his death as given by M. Husson, in a discourse delivered before the Medical Society of Emulation, and prefixed to the later editions of his 'Treatise on the Membranes.' That of M. Buisson

No man, probably, at the same age, has ever arrived at an equal eminence in the medical profession; an eminence not merely indicated by the offices he held,—he was, at the time of his death, physician to the great Hospital of Humanity, and professor of anatomy, physiology, and medicine,—but by the universal homage paid to his opinions in the city in which he taught, and the veneration with which his character and memory were regarded. More than five-hundred pupils attended his funeral, where an eulogium was pronounced over his remains by Lepreux, first physician to the Hotel Dieu. Bonaparte, at the representation of professor Corvisart, one of the first physicians in France, erected a monument in the Hotel Dieu, which was consecrated to the united memories of Desault and Bichat.

His biographers unite in ascribing to his private character all the kind and benevolent qualities. ‘He was,’ said Husson, in a memoir read before the Medical Society of Emulation a few weeks after his death, ‘a good son, a sincere friend, an honest man; his modesty made him less apprehensive on his own account, than on that of his booksellers, of the failure of his works. He carried this virtue perhaps even to timidity. His character always equal, always frank, always generous, bore injustice and even injury, without impatience. He was never known meanly to seek for adulation, to covet office, or accumulate titles; he kept aloof from that shameful traffic of reputation, carried on in the journals, that sort of literary brokerage, in which the praise rendered seems to be but a usurious restitution of that, which one of the parties concerned has previously received. A stranger to the low passions, he was sometimes their victim; the unalterable sweetness of his disposition, and the candor of his mind would often prompt him to seek an excuse for the injuries of those who envied him. He exhibited in the ordinary commerce of life a goodness and gentleness, which invariably won all our hearts. He had also, among the most distinguished in our profession, zealous admirers and sincere friends.’

‘The most amiable moral qualities,’ says M Buisson, ‘relieved, in Bichat, the brilliancy of his merit. We never meet with more frankness, more candor, or with greater readiness

in some particulars; the fall he represents to have been merely accidental, and to have concurred, by its violence, with the other causes, in producing and increasing the severity of the disease which destroyed him.

to relinquish opinions, which are met by a solid objection. Incapable of anger and impatience, he was as accessible in moments of the most painful toil, as in those of leisure. His generosity was a sure resource, on which those of his students might rely, whose distance from their friends placed them in temporary indigence, or whose poverty deprived them of the means of instruction. Quick in discovering talents, he encouraged them in every possible manner, whenever he was aware of their existence.'

'Europe will not believe,' said Hallé,* 'that Bichat, before the age of thirty, seizing, with the hand of a master, ideas, which some men of genius had as yet only glanced at, laid the foundation of a new anatomy and a new physiology. The last pupil of the famous school of Leyden, the celebrated Sandifort, said to one of you, "in six years your Bichat will have surpassed our Boerhaave." This was the impression of strangers. But we, we will say, that Bichat was also the best of men, that no slander ever polluted his lips, that no laurel withered at his touch, and that, modest without effort, he spoke only of what remained for him to do. No, it is impossible that such a man should have had enemies, it is impossible he should have had detractors or those who were jealous of him.'

Bichat is principally known to us, and will be to posterity, by the peculiar views, which he adopted and has in some measure established, of some of the principal parts of the science of physiology, by his varied and valuable researches into the structure of our organs, and the new points of view, in which he has placed the anatomy of the human body.

The peculiar physiological views of Bichat are to be found stated more or less distinctly in all his works; and it is a merit of his that he has always kept in sight the necessary connexion of this part of the science of medicine with every other, and, so far as he has developed his ideas upon the subjects of pathology, *materia medica*, and therapeutics, they seem all to have been founded upon and connected with the principles of physiology, which he had adopted. But in his *Researches upon Life*, and the *Introduction* to the work before us, these views are more systematically and copiously developed, and

* Discourse delivered before the School of Medicine, the next winter after the death of Bichat.

we know of no way by which we can so well do justice to the character of the author, as by presenting to our readers a short abstract of these opinions, distinguished as they are for their ingenuity and beauty, and, for the most part, as we conceive, by their truth.

Every thing around living bodies, according to Bichat, tends constantly to their destruction. And to this influence they would necessarily yield, were they not gifted with some permanent principle of reaction. This principle is their life, and a living system is therefore necessarily always engaged in the performance of functions, whose object is to resist death. Life, however, does not consist in a single principle, as has been taught by some celebrated writers, by Stahl, Van Helmont, and Barthez, &c. We are to study the phenomena of life, as we do those of other matter, and refer the operations performed in living systems to such ultimate principles as we can trace them to, in the same way that we do the operations taking place among inorganic substances. The chemist refers the phenomena of his science to the chemical, the natural philosopher to the physical properties of matter. So in physiology we are to analyze the functions, as we study them, and thus discover the properties or powers of living systems, to which they are to be attributed.

Living systems are thus found to be endowed with certain properties, powers, or principles, the chief of which are those of feeling and moving, by whose possession their organs are rendered capable of performing the functions, upon which the continuance of life depends. Life, then, according to Bichat, is the state of being produced by the possession and exercise of what he calls the vital properties; yet he does not always adhere with logical strictness to this definition, but rather uses the term sometimes to designate collectively the vital properties themselves, and this, perhaps, is its best and most convenient sense. His essential doctrine, however, is that there is no one single, individual, presiding principle of vitality, which animates the body, but that it is a collection of matter gifted for a time with certain powers of action, combined into organs which are thus enabled to act, and that the result is a series of functions, the connected performance of which constitutes it a living thing.

This is his view of life, considered in the most general and simple way. But in carrying the examination farther, he
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points out two remarkable modifications of life, as considered in different relations, one common both to vegetables and animals, the other peculiar to animals. The vegetable exists entirely within itself, and for itself, depending upon other substances only for the materials of nutrition ; the animal, on the contrary, in addition to this internal life, has another, by which he connects himself with objects about him, maintains relations with them, and is bound to them by the ties of mutual dependence. This affords a principle, upon which to form a distinct classification of our functions. Those which we have in common with the vegetable, which are necessary merely to our individual, bodily existence, are called the functions of *organic life*, because they are common to all organized matter. Those, on the other hand, which are peculiar to animals, which in them are superadded to the possession of the organic functions, are called the functions of *animal life*.

Physiologically speaking, then, we have two lives, the concurrence of which enables us to live and move and have our being ; both equally necessary to the relations we maintain as human beings, but not equally necessary to the simple existence of a living thing. By our *organic life*, food proper for our nutrition is first submitted to the operation of digestion, is then thrown into the circulation, undergoes in the lungs the changes which respiration is intended to effect, is then distributed to the organs to be applied to their nutrition ; from these, after a certain period, is taken away by absorption, thrown again into the circulation, and discharged at length from the system by means of the several exhalations and secretions. This is the life by which all the parts of the body are kept in a state of repair ; it is the life of waste and supply ; necessarily subservient to the performance of those functions, which are the distinguishing characteristics of our nature, but not at all engaged in their performance itself. By our *animal life*, on the contrary, we become related to the world about us ; the senses convey to us a knowledge of the existence of other things beside ourselves ; a knowledge also of their qualities and their capacities for producing pleasure or pain ; we feel, we reflect, we judge, we will, and react upon external things, by means of the organs of locomotion and voice, according to the result of these mental operations : we become capable of communicating and receiving pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. In fact, by the organic life we merely exist negatively ;

by the animal, that existence becomes a blessing or a curse, a source of enjoyment or of suffering.*

It is not at all pretended that the idea of this division was entirely original with Bichat. Most physiologists have had some faint conception of it, and others have more distinctly recognized it under a somewhat different modification and with a different title. But he has made it peculiarly his own by the ingenious and novel manner, in which he has stated, explained, and illustrated it; the detailed application, which he has made of it, to the various phenomena of the living system; and the beautiful and almost poetical air, which he has, by means of it, thrown around many of these phenomena.

In the first place, as he teaches us, the two lives differ, in some important respects, as to the organs by which their functions are performed. Those of the animal life present a symmetry of external form, strongly contrasted with the irregularity, which is a prominent characteristic of those of organic life. In the animal life, every function is either performed by a pair of organs, perfectly similar in structure and size, situated one upon each side of the median dividing line of the body, or else by a single organ divided into two similar and perfectly symmetrical halves by that line. Thus the organs of sight and hearing, and of locomotion are double and similar; the nerves of the brain go off in corresponding pairs; the organs of smell and taste and the brain are situated with a perfect regard to this law. The organs of the organic life, on the contrary, present a picture totally different; they are irregularly

* After the death of Bichat, a work was published by M. F. R. Buisson, embracing the same parts of physiology as the *Researches of Bichat*, but with some modification of his views, which, however, had been submitted to his revision, and met with his approbation. Buisson was a particular friend of Bichat, and one of the editors of the three posthumous volumes of the *Anatomie Descriptive*. Man, he defines to be an intelligence administered [servie] by organs; and upon this view of his nature, founds a physiological classification, the same in effect as that of Bichat. The organs are of two classes: 1. Those immediately subservient to the purposes of the intelligence, such as the eye, the ear, the organs of locomotion, of voice, &c. and these, taken together, form the *active life*: 2. Those not immediately connected with the intelligence, and not under its control, which are yet necessary to it, from nourishing and preserving the instruments, with which it does immediately operate, such as the stomach, the heart, the lungs, &c. these form the *nutritive life*. This division, it is obvious, does not differ essentially from that of Bichat; and, although perhaps a more original and beautiful point of view, from which to look at man, as a subject of physiology, it is less perfectly applicable to life, considered as a whole, and possessed by a long series of animals and vegetables.

formed, and irregularly arranged ; the stomach is disposed without any regard to the median line, and one half of it bears no resemblance to the other ; the same is true of the liver, the spleen, and all the organic viscera. The heart, it is true, is a double organ, but its parts are of unequal size and strength, the rest of the circulating system presents a thousand irregularities, and the lungs are dissimilar in the two sides of the thorax in the division of their lobes, and the quantity of matter they contain.

This symmetry of the form is accompanied by a corresponding harmony in the functions of the organs of the animal life. The exactness and perfection of vision depend upon the similarity of the impressions transmitted by the two eyes to the brain ; if these impressions are dissimilar, vision will be imperfect in proportion ; hence we shut one eye when the power of the other is increased by the interposition of a lens, and hence we squint when one eye is made weaker than the other. The same is true of all the senses, of the muscles of locomotion and voice, and of the brain itself ; if there is between the corresponding organs on the two sides, or the corresponding halves of the organs any inequality or dissimilarity, that is, if there is any defect of symmetry, the consequence is an imperfection in their function. Upon this principle Bichat explains the difference between different individuals in their natural capacity for distinguishing accurately the harmony of sounds. A good ear for music, as we express ourselves in common language, is only the result of the possession of two symmetrical organs of hearing, which transmit to the brain similar impressions ; a bad ear, on the contrary, is produced by any inequality in the organs, which transmit two unequal impressions. Thus when one, either of our ears or eyes, is deprived of its usual degree of sensibility, we can hear or see much better by making use of that alone, which is uninjured, than by having recourse to both. The same remark is extended to the functions of smelling, tasting, and touching, and to the functions of the brain and muscles. But nothing like this is true of the organic life, to the regularity of whose operations, harmony and correspondence of action is not a necessary condition.

The functions of the organic life are constantly going on ; they admit of no interruption, no repose ; whatever cause suspends, but for a moment, the respiration or the circulation,

destroys life. They form a necessary and connected series which must be always moving on in continued progression, from the beginning to the end of existence. But in those of the animal life, the case is widely different. They have intervals of entire repose. The organs of this life are incapable of constant activity, they become fatigued by exercise and require rest. This rest, with regard to any particular organ, is the sleep of that organ ; and in proportion to the extent of the previous exercise, and the number of organs fatigued, the state of repose will be partial or general. Upon this principle, Bichat founds his theory of sleep. General sleep is the combination of the sleep of particular organs. Sleep then is not any definite state, but is a more or less complete rest of the whole system in proportion to the number of organs which require repose. The most perfect sleep is that where all the functions of animal life, the sensations, the perception, the imagination, the memory, the judgment, locomotion, and voice are suspended, and the various forms of imperfect sleep exhibited in dreaming, somnambulism, &c. are all produced by the wakefulness of some particular organs.

The two lives differ also in regard to habit ; the animal being much under its control, the organic but slightly. In the animal life habit renders our feelings and sensations less intense, whilst it elevates and perfects the power of judging. The eye is no longer sensible of the presence of objects to which it has become familiarized, the ear takes no notice of sounds that are constantly repeated, the other senses become hardened against the operation of agents which have often excited them ; but at the same time the capacity for forming an accurate judgment with regard to their qualities has been growing more perfect. Thus a piece of music gives us at first a feeling of pleasure simply, and nothing more ; if it be often repeated, this pleasure vanishes, but we become capable of estimating the merits of its arrangement and harmony. In the organic life, it is not so ; respiration, circulation, secretion, &c. are totally without the dominion of habit, and although some of the functions of this life, most intimately connected with those of the animal, are in some measure under its influence, yet in a general way a freedom from this influence is a distinguishing characteristic of the organic life.

Every thing relating to the understanding is the attribute of animal life, whilst the passions on the contrary belong to the

organic life, have their seat in its organs, influence them, when they are excited into action themselves, and are on the contrary influenced by the state of the organs. The relation, which the passions have, so remarkably, with the animal life, is intermediate, and not direct; all the primary phenomena produced by their excitement are exhibited in the internal organs; the heart is violently excited in anger, more moderately in joy; fear, sadness, grief produce an opposite effect. The lungs are equally affected, the respiration is quickened or impeded, a sense of oppression or suffocation is brought on, according to the nature and degree of the passion excited. In various emotions we experience peculiar sensations in the epigastrium, a sharp pain, a sense of fulness or of sinking, in other cases more decided effects are produced, a spasmodic vomiting, a copious secretion from the liver or the mucous membrane of the intestines, producing a diarrhea. All the natural gestures by which we attempt to express the intellectual and moral affections, are so many proofs of the correctness of these views. If we wish to indicate any of the phenomena of the intellect, relating, for instance, to memory, to perception, or to judgment we carry the hand spontaneously to the head, but if we would express love, joy, sadness, hatred, &c. we involuntarily place it upon the breast, or the stomach. We say a strong head, a well organized head, to express the perfection of understanding; a good heart, or a feeling heart, to express moral perfection. Many of the phenomena of disease indicate the same relations between the organic viscera and our moral affections. In the diseases of some organs, the mind is cheerful and happy, taking always a favorable view of things, and this, even when the disease lies at the very root of existence; and on the contrary, when some other organs are affected, it is invariably gloomy and apprehensive, anticipating the most fearful results, and even in trivial complaints expecting the most fatal consequences.

The two lives differ also in the mode and epoch of their origin. The organic is in activity from the very first period of conception, the animal enters into exercise only at birth, when external objects offer to the new individual means of connexion and relation. In the foetal state, the economy is solely occupied in the formation and nutrition of the organs; this is the preparative stage of existence. The organs, which are to perform the functions of the animal life, are created and

perfected, but they are not exercised; they are not accessible to the operation of the agents whose excitement is necessary to bring them into action, and of course they remain in a state of profound repose, until the stimulus, first of the air, and afterwards of food, light, and sounds, is applied to the appropriate organs. At birth then, a great change takes place in the physiological state of man. His animal life is first brought into existence, and his organic life becomes more fully developed and more complicated, in order to accommodate itself to the increased demands which this change necessarily brings upon it. But from this moment, there is no farther alteration or improvement in the functions of the organic life. They are as perfect in the infant, as in the adult, they are not susceptible of education. But in those of the animal life every thing depends upon the education they receive; at first feeble, imperfect, indistinct, they gradually become developed, and the direction given to this development and the character which they ultimately possess, depends in a great measure upon the influence exercised upon them by extrinsic circumstances.

Differing thus in their origin and in their mode of development, the two lives differ also in the mode of their termination in death, when this takes place naturally, that is, at the extremity of old age. The animal life is becoming gradually extinguished, before the organic has begun to fail. One after another its functions cease to be performed. The eye becomes obscured, it ceases to feel or to transmit the impression of light. The ear becomes insensible to the impulse of sound. The skin, shrivelled, hardened, deprived in part of its vessels, is capable of but an obscure and indistinct sensation; the parts dependent upon it, the hair and beard, lose their vitality, grow white, and fall off. The intellectual functions follow in the train of the sensations, the perception is blunted, the memory fails, the judgment becomes infantile; and at the same time the muscles under the influence of the brain, viz. those of locomotion and voice, partake of the same decrepitude. The old man moves with pain and difficulty, and speaks with a thick and trembling voice. 'Seated near the fire which warms him, he passes his days concentrated within himself; estranged from every thing around him, deprived of desires, of passions, of sensations, speaking little, because induced by no motive to break silence, happy in the feeling that he still

exists, when almost every other one has already quitted him.' In a certain sense then the animal life dies first, and leaves the organic still going on in the performance of its functions; this separation is more or less complete and continues for a greater or less length of time in different cases. The old man may continue to breathe and digest, for some time after he has to all intents and purposes ceased to think and to feel, he continues to exist as a vegetable, when he no longer lives as an animal. Death, however, at length seizes upon the organic life. Gradually and step by step the vital forces desert the different organs; digestion, secretion, &c. languish, the circulation and respiration are successively impeded and finally stop.

In considering the vital properties, as in all his inquiries concerning life, Bichat had constant regard to his grand division into the two lives; and he recognizes in the functions of each life, the exhibition of properties peculiar to itself, or at least, properties modified by the nature and relations of that life to whose functions they are subservient. In the organic life, the organs have in the first place a sort of sensibility or perception, by which they become acquainted with the presence and qualities of the substances applied to them; this is the *organic sensibility*; they have then a property by which they react upon these substances, and excite in them motion; this is the *organic contractility*. It has two modifications. 1. Where the contraction is insensible, as in the exhalants, capillaries, secreting vessels. 2. Where it is sensible, as in the heart, the stomach, the intestines, and these are called respectively, the *insensible*, and the *sensible, organic contractility*. In the organs of the animal life, there is also a sensibility, by which they are not only made capable of receiving the impression of an object and its qualities, but of transmitting that impression to the common sensorium; and a contractility, which not only renders a part capable of contracting, but is in the exercise of its power under the entire control and direction of the brain. These properties are called the *animal sensibility* and the *animal contractility*.

But the principal and most important feature in the physiological system of Bichat, is the complete, and entire, and exclusive explanation of all the phenomena of the living system upon the principles of vitality alone. Former physiologists have not always kept this distinctly in view; they have not

invariably recognized the principle, that the living system is in a certain sense insulated with regard to other matter ; that it is governed by a set of laws essentially its own, peculiar to itself. The human body has been regarded, too often, as a mass of matter, organized to be sure, but yet under the direction of physical laws, and the performance of its functions has been ascribed to the powers of inorganic matter. Hence physiology has generally been somewhat tinctured by the favorite science of the age, with some of its notions. In the days of mechanical philosophy, the functions were explained as much as possible by the laws of mechanics. The force of every muscle was calculated to a grain, the velocity and momentum of the blood were supposed to produce the motions of the living fibre, and the fibre to be so constituted as to vibrate like the chords of an instrument ; the stomach acted on the food like a pair of mill-stones, the chyle was absorbed from the intestines by the power of capillary attraction, and animal heat produced by the mutual attrition of the fluids and solids. So with the chemists, the human system was no less than a chemical laboratory. The stomach was a crucible, a retort, or an alembic ; the lungs a furnace, and respiration a true combustion, where the refuse and stubble of the system were consumed, and by the same means, with a commendable economy, the animal heat was maintained ; whilst secretion and exhalation were resolved into the operations of precipitation and distillation. These false views have always retarded the progress of the science. But with Bichat the properties of *life* were all in all. The phenomena of the system, whether in health or disease, were all ascribed to their influence and operation. And although there is doubtless much room for difference of opinion with regard to the particular views which he entertained of the nature of vitality, and although much may be said in defence of the opinion that it consists in one single independent principle, and not in a collection of distinct properties, yet this really makes very little difference. It is as easy to conceive the different properties to be so many distinct modes of operation of one principle, as it is to view them as *existing* separately, and only *acting* in concert. We have only to alter a few modes of expression, accordingly as we adopt one or the other of these hypotheses ; the things intended remain essentially the same, i. e. the vital functions are all referred to the operation of the

vital laws, in the same way that the phenomena of physics and chemistry are all referred to physical and chemical laws.

To many of these opinions of Bichat there are strong objections, and in a general way it may be observed, that he has very much over-rated and exaggerated the distinctions which exist between the two lives, that he has too often exhibited a caricature of the truth. Not that he had not himself perfectly clear ideas of their exact connexions and distinctions, but it happened, that carried away by an ardor, which had often as much poetry as philosophy in it, he gave to his doctrines the coloring of a warm and rich imagination, and like every enthusiastic young man who is eager in the diffusion of favorite opinions, frequently drew truth with too bold and well defined outlines, and represented that as entirely distinct in nature, which was only so in his artificial arrangement, and in nature was blended and compounded with something else. His system affords a happy and striking expression of some of the fundamental distinctions of physiology, and though in some measure calculated to give to beginners in the science views a little too artificial, yet when qualified by a proper acquaintance with the details of the phenomena of life, as exhibited in the whole vital creation, is better adapted than any other to form us to correct, methodical, and distinct views.

To speak more particularly, much might be said to show that he attaches by far too great importance to many of the distinctions which he draws between the two lives in his *Physiological Researches*. This remark is true of those founded upon the external forms of the organs, the mode of their action and its duration, and those founded upon the natural end of the two lives. Not that there is not a *general difference* in these respects between the two lives, but that he has drawn the line with far too great distinctness, and laid too much stress upon the division which it establishes. More especially with respect to the influence of habit and the seat of the passions, we think very strong objections lie against the views which he has advanced; and his doctrine of the vital properties, in precisely the form which he gave it, whether as it regards their number or the exact relation which they severally have to the functions to whose performance they contribute, would probably meet with few defenders, although in its general essential features and with some considerable alterations of detail, it is that adopted by some of the most eminent physiologists of our own country and of Europe.

The work at present before us is the fairest specimen of Bichat was capable of effecting; the best sample of what he promised to perform for the science of medicine. It exhibits more solid proofs of sagacity, more maturity of more soundness of judgment and accurate reflection, more originality and ingenuity, not more extended but more persevering investigation, than in those which preceded it. It was written at an age, which, though for an individual in the profession of medicine it would have been advanced, considering what he had already effected, was advanced. There are indeed not many things which could have been effected, by which we should recognize it as the production of a young man of twenty-nine years; nor many from which it could have been suspected that it was written at night, after the multiplied and exhausting labors of the day, that it was sent to the press as it was written, without correction, or that the two last volumes were printed before the two first had been composed, so completely had the materials been digested and the plan laid out in the mind of its author.

The plan of this work is, we believe, entirely due to the genius of Bichat, and is one of the happiest conceptions ever formed by any individual engaged in the science of medicine. It is true that the pathological facts and reasonings which gave the first hint, and afforded the main principle on which it is founded, were known for some years before the time of our author. The merit of first pointing them out has been claimed for different individuals. By the French for Pinel; by the English for Dr Carmichael Smith and Mr Hunter. It lies perhaps in some measure with all, but no one had so clear and distinct views, so far as they went, as the last, or contributed more to bring them distinctly before the eyes of the profession, and give them their due influence in pathology. It was probably, however, to Pinel that Bichat was indebted for the first suggestions with relation to this work. This author, in his *Nosographie Philosophique*, has referred to the correspondence between the character of the diseases of the different membranes and their structure; and the analogy of the diseases of those of the same structure. This idea was seized by Bichat and carried out at large in his *Treatise on the Membranes*, in which he made it peculiarly his own by the multitude of new facts and new views which he developed;

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Into any analysis, or indeed any detailed account of this
work it is no part of our plan to enter. But it will per-
haps be instructive and somewhat interesting to the general
reader, to present a slight sketch of the general principles up-
on which it proceeds, and of the precise objects which it has
in view.

'All animals,' says Bichat, 'are an assemblage of different or-
gans, which, executing each a function, concur, in their own man-
ner, to the preservation of the whole. It is several separate ma-
chines in a general one which constitutes the individual. Now
these separate machines are themselves formed by many textures
of a very different nature, and which really compose the ele-
ments of these organs. Chemistry has its simple bodies, which
form, by the combinations of which they are susceptible, the com-
pound bodies; such are caloric, light, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon,
azote, phosphorus, &c. In the same way anatomy has its simple
textures, which, by their combinations, four with four, six with
six, eight with eight, &c. make the organs.'

This extract affords us some idea of the nature and ob-
jects of General Anatomy. Anatomy, as it has been usually
studied, or Descriptive Anatomy, is the anatomy of the organs.
The body is taken to pieces and described in its several parts.
Each organ is considered as a whole, by itself, or as connect-
ed with others by contributing in common to the same func-
tion, and its texture noticed only so far as it relates to itself,

and not to others having the same texture in common. Thus with relation to the muscles; they are taken up individually, their form, origin, insertion, and the particular arrangement of the muscular fibre in each, are considered and described; in relation to the abdominal viscera, their form, connexions, coats, &c., are described; and so with the other organs, and thus the whole body undergoes a minute examination. But all these same organs may be taken up in a different light, and this is the object of General Anatomy. Examine the stomach, we find it lined by a mucous membrane and covered by a serous; examine the lungs, we find the same arrangement; the bladder, still the same. But look elsewhere; at the mouth, the eye, the ear; we find them lined by a mucous membrane, but with no corresponding serous membrane without; at the brain, the testis, we there find a serous membrane covering an organ, but no mucous lining within. Every where we find cellular membrane, we find arteries, veins, nerves, &c. Now these are what are called the different textures; the serous, mucous, cellular, arterial, and venous textures. The same texture then is found in different parts, it contributes to the construction of different organs, intended for the accomplishment of entirely different objects; still it possesses, wherever it is found, certain common properties, is governed by certain common laws, and takes a peculiar part in the formation of the organ. Thus the membrane which lines the stomach is subservient to digestion, that which lines the lungs, to respiration, two very different functions, and yet the analogies in structure, properties, &c., between these membranes, are so exact, that the conclusion is irresistible that they are of the same class, both mucous membranes. The same remarks may be made of the other textures. Now the object of General Anatomy, is to analyze the body, to separate it into these several textures, and make each the subject of a particular investigation, not as relating, except indirectly, to the organs into whose composition they enter, but as so many separate and distinct systems. This object Bichat undertook, and this he accomplished with that complete, extensive, minute, and thorough spirit of investigation, which always distinguished him; with those bold, original, and ingenious views, which he always took of whatever came under his notice; and with that strong disposition to apply every thing to some purpose of practical utility, for which he was distinguished, but which is so rarely

united with the other qualities which he possessed to so remarkable an extent.

The different textures or systems he divides into two great classes. The first contains what may be called the primitive or generative systems, and these are six in number ; viz. the cellular, arterial, venous, exhalant, absorbent and nervous. They contribute not merely to the formation of our organs, but may also to that of the other systems. The second class contains those of a more limited character, adapted by their peculiarity of structure to the formation of particular organs merely ; such are the osseous, medullary, cartilaginous, fibrous, fibro-cartilaginous, muscular of animal and organic life, mucous, serous, synovial, glandular, dermoid, epidermoid, and pilous systems. These are the organized elements of our whole bodies. From their combination into organs of various forms, is made up the whole animal system, and by means of the structure and vital powers of these several textures, the organs are enabled to perform the functions assigned to them in the economy of the system.

The object of the work is to present a complete and accurate history of each of these textures separately ; to point out the distinguishing characteristics of each, and thus by assiduously studying whatever relates to the elements of our frame, arrive at the more perfect knowledge of the frame considered as a whole.

The textures differ from one another characteristically in the forms which they assume. Some are always found in canals, some in flat membranes, &c. They differ also in their organization. No two are alike. Some have a good deal of the cellular membrane, and many blood vessels and nerves, in others these are, more or less, wanting. They differ in hardness, thickness, color, density &c. One has a fibrous arrangement, another a granulated ; one a lamellated, another a circular. They differ also in the results which they present, when submitted to the operation of chemical re-agents, and the results are to a certain degree characteristic of the texture examined. But a still more important source of distinction between the textures is founded upon the nature and degree of the vital properties with which they are endowed. The sensibility and contractility of animal life are predominant in the nerves and animal muscles ; the organic sensibility and contractility (of both kinds) preside over the organic muscles, the

glands, the skin, &c. Each of the simple textures combines, 'in different degrees, more or less, of these properties, and consequently lives with more or less energy.' Each texture has a particular kind of force, of sensibility, which gives to it a peculiarity of character, a particular and distinguishing way of exercising the functions of life, and all these differences contribute to and form a part of the distinctions which exist between the various organs, and their functions. The textures are also farther distinguished by the time, mode, and extent of their development. Some are proportionally more developed in younger life, as the capillary, cellular, and nervous systems, others in adult and middle ages, as the muscular and the piloid. others in the more advanced stages of existence as the venous and the osseous.

In the General Anatomy, Bichat has considered the textures under all these points of view. It contains, in fact, a complete system of anatomy and physiology, under a different arrangement from that in which we usually study them, and an arrangement particularly well calculated to facilitate their practical application in the investigation of disease. We think it one of the greatest excellencies of the work, that there is throughout, a constant recognition of this principle, which we deem fundamental in pathology, viz. that a state of disease is not *specifically* different from a state of health, that it depends for its existence and support upon the same powers, and is governed essentially by the same laws, only modified and turned aside from their natural course and operation by the influence of agents unnaturally applied; and of course, that it is only by the investigation and application of the laws of health, that we can ever understand disease.

It would be superfluous to attempt to point out the great advantages to be derived from this mode of studying anatomy and physiology. Every professional man must feel its importance, as soon as he understands the plan, and, perhaps, no illustrations could make any other than a professional man duly appreciate it. It is a mode peculiarly adapted to the purposes of the *physician*. General anatomy is truly the anatomy for the physician; it is in fact eminently medical anatomy. And, we believe, though we may be singular in the opinion, that the knowledge applicable to practical purposes, which may be got from the work before us, is of no less importance to the physician, than any which he acquires from

anatomy, studied in the ordinary way, valuable as that undoubtedly is. The application of the principles contained in this work to the investigation of the nature, seat, and phenomena of disease is direct, immediate, and obvious. They open indeed a completely distinct field in the science of pathology, which had been before but partially and occasionally cultivated.

Upon the whole, Bichat may be considered as the most extraordinary man of whom the profession of medicine has yet been able to boast. Not that he was by any means the greatest man, or that he has made the most valuable contributions to the stock of our knowledge. But there is more in his history, and character, and works to excite admiration and astonishment. Let it not be supposed however that his writings are to be spoken of in terms of unqualified commendation. They will bear, and they demand, severe criticism. They require to be read with much caution, and it is particularly necessary that the younger class of professional readers, or readers of general science, should be on their guard, lest they be carried away by the fascination of his manner and the ingenuity which he always displays, to imbibe opinions which have no solid foundation. They are the works of a young man, and must be read with that kind of reserve with which the writings of young men upon scientific subjects should always be approached. They certainly bear some marks of immaturity. His fondness for systematizing and drawing nice distinctions often leads him to refine too much, and renders his subject obscure from the very attempt to be minutely correct. He is often copious to a fault, and dilutes the truth he would inculcate, by such a flood of illustration and argument, that the thing to be proved is lost in the multiplicity of proofs, and the force of that which is sound, is overwhelmed or overlooked from its connexion with that which is unsound. This seems to have proceeded from a habit of thinking and writing hastily and without correction, so that he retains a thousand trivial and often puerile remarks, which a revision would have induced him to exclude. There is frequently an appearance of solidity and force in these remarks, which at first is imposing, but vanishes before a strict examination; this deception is owing to the peculiar manner in which he announces his opinions, and to the air of ingenuity which his reasonings always display, even when they have it

not in reality. There is, in fact, throughout his works, a vast deal of inconclusive reasoning ; reasoning which at first seems plausible and unobjectionable, but which turns out to have some radical defect, that destroys at once its force and importance. Of this we can readily refer to a remarkable instance, at page 37 of the volume before us, where he endeavors to shew that the blood is not incorruptible in disease, from the fact that in opening a dead body ' he found, instead of the black abdominal blood, a real grey sanies, which filled all the divisions of the splenic vein, the trunk of the vena porta, and all the hepatic branches, so that by cutting the liver in slices, he could distinguish by the flow of this sanies, all the ramifications of the vena porta from those of the vena cava, which contained ordinary blood.' Hence he argues that the blood had circulated in this state before death : as if this sanies could have been circulating, and yet the branches of the vena cava, and indeed all the vessels of the body not contain it. No deduction can be more futile, so far as it depends upon this reasoning, and yet there are many examples where opinions are defended by arguments of as little weight as these.

Yet his faults are by no means a balance for his excellencies, nor are they indeed so great or so important as those of most other physiologists. There is little of that direct, that intrinsic inconsistency which may be charged upon a great part of preceding writers upon similar subjects. He is seldom absurd, and seldom inconsistent with himself. Considering the rank which he takes among French physiologists, there is no one with whom a comparison is so readily suggested as with John Hunter, who has long held a similar rank, among the English. In native powers they probably differed more in kind, than quantity. Bichat was more quick and apt at comprehension and perception, he had more docility in acquiring and greater facility in communicating knowledge. He had, if we may so express ourselves, greater agility of mind, than Hunter, who was distinguished more for strength, depth, and energy, and less for ingenuity in defending, or clearness in stating his opinions. The former had uncommon advantages of education, advantages, it is true, which he had obtained by his own exertions and merit ; the latter comparatively very few. From the peculiar structure of his mind, or some other circumstances, Bichat early in life formed a system of thinking and studying, to which he always adhered.

This system was clearly and definitely laid out, not only in his mind, but upon paper, and every thing was done in reference to it. Mr Hunter, on the other hand, had no idea of system writing; the plan of one, probably, scarcely entered into his mind, and yet without being aware of it, his thoughts were perfectly systematized, and his works contain, altogether, an admirable and most perfect system of physiological principles. Bichat thought, in order that he might form a system, his views were intentionally sent in this direction; but Hunter seems to have had no such object, he formed a system because he thought, and from the very constitution of his intellectual powers, never thought without thinking systematically. Every thing contributed to give Bichat an immediate and brilliant reputation. He was elegant, persuasive, and fascinating, as a writer, popular and admired as a lecturer, surrounded by the pupils, and inheriting, in some measure, the reputation and influence of his master, Desault. Hunter on the other hand was poor, he had to toil his tedious way under a thousand discouragements to fame and distinction. Awkward, tedious, and obscure in his style of writing and lecturing, it was long before he could make others comprehend the important truths of which he was the discoverer, and nothing but their importance and their value could ever have made the works in which they are promulgated, standard and classical in the profession. Such indeed were the obstacles which were thus thrown in the way of his progress, that it was not till nearly the age of forty that he had become very much known, and indeed at his death which occurred at more than sixty years of age, he had not acquired a very much higher standing in his own country, than Bichat had acquired in France, at the age of thirty-one. This difference certainly did depend, in a very considerable degree, upon the extrinsic circumstances to which we have alluded.

Bichat was more brilliant, Hunter more profound. The quick, beautiful, and ingenious ideas of Bichat often affect us with all the fascination, all the piquancy of wit; whilst those of Hunter, deep and extended, and therefore frequently obscure, produce in us something like the sensations of grandeur or sublimity. Bichat had, perhaps, the most thorough knowledge, and entertained the most clear and connected views of the structure and functions of the human body, considered by themselves, and in one sense was the

best human physiologist ; but Hunter had, with the eye of a master, looked all creation through. Not merely his own species, but the long series of living things extending from man, down to the lowest zoophyte, had all claimed a share of his attention ; and he had studied life from the top to the bottom of this immense scale of being, as one grand whole.

What Bichat might have accomplished, how nearly he might have arrived to an equal standing with the great man, to whom we have compared him, it is impossible to conjecture. It is the highest praise that we could give him, to be named in such a connexion. That he could have effected as great a change in medicine, as was effected by Hunter in surgery, was not to have been expected. That he would have done much, that he would have given a great impulse, and in some important respects a new direction to the inquiries of physicians, there can be little doubt, and indeed this consequence is in some measure to be anticipated from the influence of the works he has left behind him.

ART. VIII.—*Julia Sévère, ou l'An quatre cent quatre vingt douze. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.* 3 vols. 12mo. Paris 1822.

In the course of some remarks in a former number on Mr Hope's *Anastasius*, we could not help dwelling a moment on the change, which has taken place in the department of novel writing. We repeated the names of some of the most distinguished writers, English and continental, of the last generation, who had exercised their talents in this way ; till novels and romances had become the vehicles of the finest efforts of the understanding.—As far as the strict novel form is concerned, this may be considered an innovation of the present day ; a new course struck out by the ever active invention or changeful caprice in man. But the operation of that general principle, whereby we seek to make grave truths attractive, by the form in which they are delivered, may be traced back to the oldest periods of written literature. Most of the ancient philosophers acted upon it. Cicero and Plato strove to secure for their moral and metaphysical discussions all that interest, which the names of some of the most distinguished personages in Grecian and Roman history, or of their most celebrated con-

temporaries could add to the philosophical dialogues carried on in their names. Xenophon gave his political theory the clothing of a gorgeous oriental romance; and if we judge from the internal character rather than the outward form, the *Iliad* itself is a primitive Waverly novel, and if there is any faith in German lore, its authorship is as great a secret as that, which is so admirably kept at the present day.

It would not be easy to say, to which of the prominent nations of modern Europe the palm should be assigned, in this species of composition. Some of the very first geniuses of all of them have cultivated it; and if the Waverly novels upon the whole be accounted the most wonderful for the united considerations of their great number, rapid succession, wonderful excellence and concealed origin, it must be recollected that Rousseau and de Stael, Goethe and Wieland are names able to sustain almost any competition, and that Foscolo's single effort has appeared in London in the fifteenth edition. It is not without some feeling of national pride, that we are able to add, among the names of the most popular writers of the age, that of our own countryman, the ingenious Mr Crayon, who has also consecrated his delicate taste and happy fancy to a kindred department of fine writing.

In the work before us, M. Sismondi has entered the same field; but we doubt whether his appearance there will add to his own reputation or that of his country in this branch of literature. It has been supposed that the illustrious unknown in England, with a modesty as noble as his genius, at first concealed his name through fear for the reception of his work. And we do now most distinctly remember that many nice judges, whose opinion of a work is much prompted by a knowledge of the author, who have a sort of intuition at finding out that great geniuses can produce fine poems, and who can tell at a glance that ingenious writers produce curious books, were extremely in doubt when Waverley appeared, 'whether the thing would do.' We are not sure that M. Sismondi would not have done well to imitate the reserve, even if he had no occasion to feel the diffidence of the great author, with whom he ventures in some degree to compare himself. Few writers of the present day can boast a more extensive popularity than M. Sismondi. And if the number of his works of historical research, make it necessary to give him the name of compiler, it cannot be denied that he stands highest on that

list, and needed but to have written less to have been ranked with the classical historians. We are even aware that we cannot expect to carry all our readers along with us in denying him a place among the latter; and our brethren of the Edinburgh Review have bestowed on his history of France such encomiums, as show, whether just or not, that few writers of the present day have a greater reputation at stake. Had he concealed his authorship in this new department, till he had ascertained his success, he would, we think, have better consulted the interests of this reputation. In order to justify this opinion, we beg leave to offer our readers an extract from the preface, as a guide to M. Sismondi's views in the composition of this work.

'While,' says he, 'in a work of a more serious cast,* I have attempted to exhibit more clearly, than has yet been done, the connexion of public events, the great historical characters, the victories and the disasters, the exalted virtues and the crimes of the French people and kings, I was desirous at each grand revolution, to be able to exhibit to my readers the common life in an imaginary sketch, and in fabulous personages; under the guidance always of historical researches, and in scrupulous conformity, as to opinions, and national characters, with contemporary writers.

'The work then,' continues M. Sismondi, 'which I now offer the public is intended to paint the condition of Gaul, at the period of the invasion of Clovis. It is the fruit of the researches and labors, which I had devoted to the composition of the first volumes of my *History of the French*. The historian is obliged, in some degree, to live in the age which he proposes to describe, while the effort necessary to this is scarcely expected of the novelist. Had I had no other design than to write this novel, I certainly should not have read three times in succession Gregory of Tours, nor grown pale over all the Chronicles, and all the codes of law, and all the lives of the saints of this period.

The mottoes, which I have attached to each chapter *in imitation of the author of those admirable Scottish novels, which I wish mine resembled more*, are all drawn from contemporary authors; they are designed to show how nearly the scenes, which I have presented to the imagination, approach to the realities of that age.'

* M. Sismondi here alludes to his *Histoire de France*, of which the first portion appeared last year, in three volumes, containing the history of France from the fourth to the tenth century, under the Merovingians and Carlovingians.—The work is to be continued in portions of from two to three volumes.

M. Sismondi also informs us, in his preface, that the principal personages and incidents of the tale are imaginary.

With regard to the general character of this work, it appears to us that what merit it possesses is that of an antiquarian essay, and not of a novel. In other words, M. Sismondi appears to us wholly to have failed in solving the problem, which was involved in the composition of such a work; namely, to write an interesting *novel*, of which the scene should be laid in the age of Clovis. We are not disposed to question the accuracy, with which he has painted the manners of the age, nor the fidelity with which he has derived his materials from monkish chronicles and barbarous codes, and legends of forgotten saints. He has been able, in consequence of these studies, to draw some instructive sketches of the manners and opinions of the age. But here his success stops. The story is of ordinary merit, and sinks, for the greater part of it, to the common machinery of the works of the Minerva press. There is in the composition of the work, if we mistake not, a visible difference between the former and latter portion. The first is far more antiquarian and learned, and the author probably felt, as he proceeded, that it was getting to be a laborious and uninteresting essay. He accordingly plunged into the opposite extreme, and conjured up at once the whole apparatus of ruined castles, subterraneous passages, spring doors, sliding pannels, robbers, and convents. Had this thing come by study, he might have learned of 'the admirable Scottish novels,' that antiquarian lore and romantic adventure could not thus, by mechanical admixture, be made to balance each other, so that the romance should render the learning attractive in one chapter, and the learning impart its gravity to the romance in another; but that by a wonderful chemistry, of which that author alone seems fully to possess the secret, they should be amalgamated, and a strong human interest of character and incident he breathed into the manners of ages past. What, if possible, renders M. Sismondi's course more fatiguing to the imagination is the downright honesty, with which he informs us in the title of each chapter, of the point in antiquity, which forms the topic of the Essay, an error not unlike that of our most excellent countryman, whom we are too pleased to keep naming, who has inserted in the index of his *Bracebridge*, some more titles than there are subjects to the chapters. M. Sismondi, too, has plainly mistaken the object of the mottoes of

the Scottish and other British novels, if he supposes it to be that, at which he has aimed in his own. In the Scottish novels, they are neither regularly nor in the greater number of instances from writers contemporary with the action of the story. When they are not inserted only as a part of the artificial form of this species of composition, the design of them we presume merely to be, after affording a faint indication of the business of the chapter, to amuse the reader's mind with a beautiful quotation, applied in a sense different from that in which it was composed, and (as it has been held by an ingenious American writer), as a quotation always ought to be, in an acceptation *parce detorta*. An amusing essay will we doubt not one day be written, on the mottoes of the author of Waverley; and some future Alexandrian of England or America will, as likely as not, attempt to publish in an uniform edition the fragments—*quotquot supersunt*—of the 'Old Play.' Mean-time M. Sismondi appears to have taken that name too literally, in garnishing his chapters with long quotations from monkish chronicles and lives of the saints. It is, however, time to proceed from these somewhat minute criticisms to such a general sketch of the story as, with a translated specimen, will enable our readers to estimate its merit.

Julia Severa is the only daughter of Julius Severus, count of Chartres, a titular Roman senator and wealthy lord in Gaul, at the close of the fifth century. While her father had left his home at Chartres to repair to the court of Clovis at Soissons, to negotiate a treaty with that barbarous monarch, the chief of one of the tribes of Franks, another tribe of the same nation, falls upon Chartres, and Julia Severa is compelled, with the rest of the inhabitants, to fly before them. Their flight is arrested by the Loire, and the gathering band of fugitives is there perceived on the opposite bank by Sylvia Numantia and Felix, her son, noble and wealthy proprietors of Noviliacum, a rural villa between the Loire and Cher. Felix, prompted by humanity, but ignorant of the cause of the assembly on the opposite bank, crosses the river to the relief of the fugitives, learns their condition, and with great intrepidity and disinterestedness succeeds in transporting the whole company in his boats across the river, at the moment when the advance of the barbarians had well nigh overtaken them. Julia Severa immediately attracts the notice of Sylvia Numantia and her son, is lodged with becoming attendance at the castle of Noviliacum,

and a few pages afford the reader, expert in affairs of the heart, sufficient indication that Felix and Julia are the hero and heroine of the piece, and of course destined to marry each other. To bring about this happy event is the author's design at the end of the third volume: the delays thrown in its way are to make up the business of the tale. The first obstacle arises from the circumstance that Julius Severus, while negotiating for the confederate cities of Gaul a treaty of peace at the court of Clovis, conceives the design of bringing about an union between that young, ambitious, and insinuating barbarous prince and his own daughter Julia Severa. It sufficiently comported with the politics of Clovis to form a temporary alliance with a powerful Gaulish family, while means enough would offer themselves, at any future time, to disembarass himself of the connexion, should it prove onerous; the law of divorce, to the great scandal of the jurisprudence of the Franks, having been as lax in the days of Clovis, as in those of the empress Josephine. Julius Severus, having acquired the confidence of Clovis, soon succeeds in awakening the desire of this barbarous prince to espouse his daughter. Felix, meantime, in the manner we have mentioned, becomes attached to her, she is equally sensible of the merits of the young Roman lord, and their hearts are pledged to each other. For the sake of entering into some capitulation for the protection of the country between the Loire and the Cher, Felix also repairs to the court of Clovis at Soissons, and there becomes acquainted with the projected union of his mistress and the king of the Franks. This is the first distress in the plot; and as it opposes to the desires of the lovers the will of a father and the pleasure of a barbarous conqueror, the book might seem in danger of drawing to a speedy close. It happens, however, that Julius Severus, though openly a convert to the not yet universally established belief of christianity, is secretly devoted to the ancient gods of Rome, a fact suspected by the neighboring christian priesthood. Anticipating injury to christianity, should Clovis, the barbarous conqueror, ally himself with the daughter of a worshipper of the ancient gods of Rome, the archbishop of Rheims and the bishop of Tours exert themselves to prevent the union of Julia Severa and Clovis, and this measure of ecclesiastical policy forms a considerable portion of the business of the work, and is conducted as follows. Julius Severus, having concluded with Clovis a treaty of mar-

riage with his daughter, sends a matron to conduct her from her place of refuge at Noviliacum to the court of Clovis at Soissons. Felix, who, as we have said, was also on business of state at Soissons, in despair at the approaching death blow to his hopes, hastens home to Noviliacum, to enjoy one last interview with his mistress, or if possible concert means for their escape and union with each other. They appoint a meeting at Hesodunum, a ruined and desolate city on the banks of the Loire, built by the Celts, and amply furnished with secret passages and subterraneous communications, once contrived for defence, but now made use of as the covert of the numerous hordes of banditti, with which the distracted country is infested. Toward the close of a happy day passed together, Felix and Julia are descending from the citadel of the ruined tower to the river side, by means of one of these subterraneous passages, preceded at a short distance by Sylvia Numantia, who has the matronly discretion to allow the lovers to talk over their matters, without the embarrassment of a witness. On arriving at the outlet of the passage, followed as she thought at a short distance by Felix and Julia, the matron looks round and beholds, with bewildered feelings, that a massy door of solid rock has closed behind her, and forbids all further egress. She sends her slaves to the other extremity, and finds it closed in like manner. No art or skill suffices to open these heavy portals thus mysteriously closed, and she is left to the distressing conclusion, that the party had been waylaid by a band of robbers, and her son and Sylvia surprized in the passage. A day or two is passed in forcing and exploring the vaults; and when they are at last penetrated, Julia and Felix are nowhere to be found. They had, in reality, not been waylaid by robbers, but by the emissaries of Volusianus, bishop of Tours, who, to prevent the union of Julia and Clovis, adjudged it the most effectual step to shut them both up privately in the walls of a convent at Tours. Here the story halts a little, since it does not appear why it was necessary to confine Felix, whose liberty and marriage with Julia would have promoted the policy of the priesthood, as effectually and less violently. To a convent at Tours, however, they are both by stealth transported, under the guidance of father André. As we consider the entrance into the convent as one of the best chapters of the work, we shall extract nearly the whole of it:

‘They arrived at last at Tours, about the break of day. There was as yet no movement in the streets. The heavy gates of St Martin opened to them. They entered, and it was not till then that the hoods were removed from their faces, their arms untied, and the bandage removed from their mouths. Felix and Julia perceived themselves to be in a square court, surrounded on three sides by very lofty buildings, and closed on the fourth by a wall as high as the highest of the edifice. Opposite the wall could be recognized the side of a cathedral church, and on either side a house, which, by its grated and narrow windows and thick walls, were known to be convents.

‘The one was the convent of the nuns of St Marie de l’Ecrin, the same which Ingeltrude, daughter of Clothaire I. rebuilt and richly endowed a century after; the other, where monks of different order and costume relieved each other, in the uninterrupted chanting of psalms in the cathedral, was the celebrated convent of St Martin of Tours, the most famous, the most strict in its observances, and the richest in Gaul.

‘At the moment that Felix and Julia recovered the use of their eyes, they measured at a glance these high walls, which dampness had blackened, these narrow windows, by which so little light was admitted into the cells of the unhappy inmates, these grates, these bolts which seemed so many precautions taken in advance against the repentance of those, who had voluntarily condemned themselves to eternal captivity—against their efforts to escape, this silence, this stillness in a place where so many living beings were confined, even the grass and the moss which covered the pavement of the court and showed how little it was traversed. All these objects produced a profound impression of sadness on the minds of Felix and Julia. They cast their eyes upon each other to recal the promises of mutual fidelity, which they had made the preceding evening; but Felix perceived the tears, which glittered in the eyes of Julia, and felt that the power of the will might be weak, in opposition to the power of monkish despotism, to which they were now subjected. * * *

‘The father, who conducted them, knocked at the door of the convent, crying out to the porter, “a penitent son and daughter, by order of the most holy bishop Volusianus.” The lovers pressed each other’s hands, while they bid adieu; they entered the two convents, and heard the heavy portals and bolts close behind them.

‘The porter, who had introduced Felix into the convent of the men, conducted him, without speaking a word, into a long hall, which appeared to be the refectory of the monks, and there left him alone. Felix, on seeing him depart, recalled him to ask him some questions, but the porter having informed him, that he was

to await the orders of the abbot, left him, without deigning farther reply. After about two hours, twenty monks entered the hall two and two; their eyes were cast down, their hands joined on their breasts, and they repeated a prayer. Felix approached several of them, to ask them what he ought to do himself, or what he was to expect. Every one repulsed him with a motion of impatience, indicating that he did not wish to be interrupted. The prayer at length being finished, the monk at the head of the file deigned to notice his presence, and said, "Art thou Felix Florentius?" "The same." "Sit down." At the same time all the monks sat down to table, with the exception of one, who ascended a sort of pulpit, and began to read the gospel. Several lay brothers entered, with a kind of religious gravity, bringing dishes in their hands. The table was soon abundantly covered with food, that had the appearance of being prepared with care. Every monk, and Felix also, had his portion by itself; the bread, the wine, and the dishes in equal amount. It seemed as if care had been taken that the monks should never have to ask of each other those little offices, which guests render each other at table, and never be in danger of losing each his due share by the voracity of another. For the rest, the portion assigned each was abundant enough to satisfy the most inordinate appetite. Felix witnessed, however, its rapid disappearance from the plates of each of his neighbors, while he scarcely touched his own.

The reading went on, but the monks, much occupied with their meal, gave little attention to it. Their eyes were fixed exclusively on their plates. No look of affection, intelligence, or complaisance was exchanged between them. Condemned to pass their lives together, they were as entirely strangers to each other, as if they had never met. They were as little actuated by curiosity as by affection. When their chief had mentioned aloud the name of Felix Florentius, all eyes turned mechanically toward him, without, however, dwelling upon him, or even again returning to survey him. His appearance in the assembly had not occasioned a question, or led even to a whisper between any two present.

Felix nevertheless thought, that, in alluding himself to his singular adventures, he might awaken their dormant curiosity, and bring on a communication with his new hosts, "When I was borne off," cried he, "last night, in the caverns of Hesodunum—" "Tush!" cried the monk, whom he addressed, pointing to the reader, but to whom he had not before paid the least attention. Felix thought, however, that he had at least said enough to awaken the curiosity of his neighbor, and that, after the reading should be interrupted, the monk himself would resume the conversation. The repast, however, being done, the reader took his place at the table to partake his, and the monk, whom Felix had addressed,

joining his hands before him and twirling his thumbs around each other, remained silent, without so much as turning his head toward Felix. The latter, after having observed him for some moments, cast his eyes upon the others, and found them all in the same attitude of repose. Out of patience, he raised his voice and demanded of the dean himself what they intended to do with him. "Tush!" replied the monk, pointing to his brethren, "do not disturb their holy meditations." Felix was silent. These meditations lasted half an hour, and Felix observing the eyes closed, and the sonorous respiration of the monks, and of the dean himself, felt himself authorized to conclude, that what was called holy meditation in a convent, bore another name in the language of the world.

'At length a clock struck. The monks aroused themselves, and with a voice half asleep began to chant an anthem, as they rose from their places. They arranged themselves again two and two to leave the refectory, in the order in which they entered. The dean then turning to Felix said, "follow us to the quire." Felix followed them. As he advanced, he found himself placed between two files of monks, who chanted with a loud voice. They traversed the interior corridors, which connected the convent with the cathedral, into which they entered behind the high altar. Another band of monks had been chanting three hours in the church. The latter did not wear the same dress, nor were they subject to the same rule, though they lived in the same convent. They left the seats where they were bestowed, to make way for the new comers, without however ceasing their psalmody; and they left the church in procession still singing. Felix now found himself in the same church, in which but a few weeks before he had seen Volusianus, when he held with this prelate a conference, in which the latter had seemed to yield him entire confidence. Felix had then been entrusted by him, in the name of the cities of Gaul, with an honorable mission. He had just returned from executing it. He had not yet even had time to render an account of it to his constituents, and he found himself now a captive, a penitent, a monk, or he knew not what, in the quire of this same cathedral, from which to all appearance he was not to be permitted to withdraw himself. On the spot where he had entered he felt himself a prisoner, though in the sight of the public. He was in the inner row of seats against the wall. On the left and on the right, and in the row of benches before him, there were monks that surrounded him and almost hid him from the sight of the devout in the church. Besides, the latter, separated from the quire by a high screen, were sufficiently remote from Felix. Notwithstanding this, he determined, should Volusianus appear, to demand justice of him, in a loud voice, and should he not appear, he hesitated whether he should not choose

the moment, when the church should be crowded with devotees, to proclaim his name, complain of a shameful violence, and demand his liberty. Nevertheless he soon judged that this last step would be a desperate measure, and that he ought not to hasten to have recourse to it, when he heard the dean saying to the beadles, ushers, and monks, "The most holy bishop orders, that if the penitent disturb our sacred functions, or make any attempt to escape, he be immediately confined in the dungeon under the tower." Reply was made to this order by an inclination in token of obedience.

'Notwithstanding this threat, which he was made distinctly to hear, Felix calculated, that if he could defend himself a few moments against the monks, the tumult he should raise in the church would procure him protectors. But he was restrained by the consideration, that in this way it would be publicly known where he and Julia were to be found, and even the power of Volusianus might be insufficient to detain the latter, should Clovis demand her. He accordingly thought it more adviseable himself to submit to a captivity, which could not long endure. For the rest, the opportunity of making an effort to recover his liberty did not present itself. Neither Volusianus, nor any of the clergy whom Felix in a former visit to the cathedral had seen in his train, made their appearance. It was the hour when the inhabitants of Tours, having begun the day's work, scarcely came to the church. He only saw some old women at prayer at the foot of different altars, or at a distance the pilgrims crawling on their knees about the tomb of St Martin, and from time to time the horrid forms of the murderers and robbers, who had found an asylum in the temple. The latter seemed to look with astonishment and envy on the riches that surrounded them, without daring to raise their hands to commit a sacrilege, which they supposed would be punished with instant death. The chant of the monks meantime continued; and its drowsy monotony greatly seconded the effect of the fatigue of Felix, who from the time he left Soissons had taken no repose, who had travelled on horseback to the banks of the Loire, and who had felt little inclination to sleep while so near to Julia, or in the ruins of Hesodunum, or in the boat in which they had been carried away captive. In spite of his uncertainty, his strange recollections, and the fears not less strange which filled his imagination, his heavy eyes closed from time to time in the church. This the beadles failed not to observe, and the moment they saw him dropping asleep, touched him with their wands, and this painful struggle lasted for the three hours during which the chant of the monks continued. It seemed to him as if he had neither waked nor slept, and that he had remained in a long reverie.

At length he heard, at a distance, the approach of another band of monks, who advanced chanting in the same order, to replace those with whom he was surrounded. He remarked that between the files of those who arrived, was led a penitent, clothed in a frock like that which had been thrown upon his own shoulders at Hesodunum, and which he had been forced ever since to wear. This penitent was not a monk, he did not chant, he seemed to move forward with reluctance, and to resist the monks who conducted him. All at once he raised his voice and cried, "rescue me, citizens of Tours; deliver me from a shameful violence." But his voice was drowned in that of the monks, who began to chant or rather to yell the psalms, with all their might, at the same time that they overpowered with blows the unfortunate person, who resisted them. A stunning music from the orchestra aided in completely drowning his voice, while the good women on their knees in the temple crying out, "a demoniac, a demoniac, a demoniac!" dropped their eyes, and redoubled the fervor of their prayers.

Felix, although the voice of the pretended demoniac was altogether unknown to him, arose quickly, as if to run to his aid. But the monks at his side seized his arms and obliged him to resume his seat. The demoniac also submitted to superior strength, and the new quire of chanters took the place of the preceding. The latter left the church, chanting as it had entered, and Felix marching in the midst of them, found himself again in the corridors of the convent.

Here the procession separated, and each monk departed for his cell. The dean pointing to Felix an open door, said to him, "Behold your cell, be ready at noon for the exercises." "What exercises," cried Felix, astonished; "what further do you demand of me?" "That you chant in the quire, or at least attend the chanting, in the morning from eight o'clock till eleven, in the evening from four o'clock till seven, and in the night from twelve o'clock only till two, and besides, that you attend our prayers at noon and at eight o'clock." "What object can you have in thus tormenting me? I am not a monk; I have no design to become one. By what right—" "It is the order of the house. All the unhappy persons in your condition are equally obliged to submit to it." "In my condition, say you, what then is my condition?" "Perhaps if I tell it you, I shall but cause the unclean spirit to descend upon you. Address yourself rather to God, and be submissive." "No, tell me what is my condition." "Since you will have it then, you are a demoniac." "Strange infatuation. I, Felix Florentius, a demoniac? I, whom your bishop charged to represent himself before Clovis, and who am just returned from an embassy, on which I protected the rights of the church?"

"Yes, you, Felix Florentius, who last night, with sacrilegious hands struck a priest in the caverns of Hesodunum, and by this execrable crime abandoned yourself to the powers of hell. You, Felix Florentius, who descended those caverns to render a service to unclean spirits, who there met with a familiar of Lucifer, presented to your eyes under the image of a woman, who were so completely enslaved by her seductions as to sacrifice your immortal soul to her, who were immediately seized by devils and plunged into a dreary gulph, made the prey of I know not how many illusions, who were hurried rapidly towards the infernal abyss, when a holy man of this convent, who was in prayer before the tomb of the glorious St Martin, had knowledge of your danger, and delivered you miraculously by his prayers, in reward, perhaps, of the services you had just rendered the church. The devils were thus compelled to deposit you this morning at the door of our convent. You see, Felix Florentius, I know your history." "How is it thus you dare relate a scandalous arrest?" "Dare, know that in our eyes your late grandeur is but as the grass when it is withered, or the dust which is borne on the wind. Here you are but a man, and while the impure spirit retains his dominion over you, you are less than a man. Here we *dare* speak the truth; we shall dare, if need be, subject you to the rule of the house. More than once we have employed force to compel demoniacs to assist in the sacred offices; but at the end of a few weeks, the unclean spirit always yields to our efforts, the paroxysms become less frequent, the intervals of repose, like that which you enjoy at present, more protracted, and he whom we were obliged to bind to drag him to the church, comes at last to repair to it with pleasure." "Is it possible that so grave a person should not doubt the reality of facts so strange? You relate them without testifying the least astonishment." "A servant of St Martin soon ceases to be astonished. Every thing in our house is prodigy. We are here more accustomed to miracles than to natural events. When we see every day the sick returning to health and the dead reviving to life; when we see the sacrilegious struck at the foot of the altar, dying on the spot as if blasted by lightning, floating in blood or groveling in foam, for having lifted a profane hand toward what was consecrated to St Martin, we have no room for wonder at adventures so ordinary as yours." "And these adventures, so common, are they known to the whole convent?" asked Felix. "Doubtless," said the dean, "yet you have witnessed that they excited neither astonishment nor curiosity among our brethren."

Such is, with the exception of a few sentences at the beginning and close, one of the best chapters in M. Sismondi's *Julia*

Severa, and we doubt not our readers will agree with us that it sustains but an indifferent comparison with the great model that involuntarily suggests itself, and which M. Sismondi has avowed as his exemplar. To pursue the analysis of the story, we add, that father André, under whose care Felix and Julia had been conducted from Hesodunum to Tours, aroused from his lethargy of implicit obedience and faith, by the enormity of the transaction, betrays to Julius Severus the place where his daughter and Felix are confined. Julius Severus immediately repairs to Clovis at Soissons to demand his interference. Clovis, already engaged in a new treaty of marriage with Clotilde, daughter of the king of Visigoths, discovers great indifference to the appeal of Julius ; but Theuderic, one of his attendant princes, with a band of hardy Franks, engages with zeal in the cause. They march to Tours and procure the release of Felix, but Julia's presence in the convent is steadily denied by the bishop, and when search is made by Julius and Sylvia Numantia, the mother of Julia, who by permission of this crafty prelate explored the convent, she is no where to be found. The reader of course anticipates, that she had been meantime despatched to some other place of confinement ; but not till she had experienced treatment at once artful and cruel, to entrap her into an avowal of paganism, or a resolution to take the veil. She resists both, and is conveyed to another retreat, where after various adventures, in the common style of romance, which we have not time to relate, both on her part and that of Felix, she is happily discovered by the latter.

Such is a very brief analysis of the story, the least valuable part we know of a novel of this class. To avoid the charge of injustice in the present case, we have been induced to make an extract of nearly a whole chapter, hoping that the fame of the author, and the little probability there is that his work will find a translator, will be our excuse for so doing. We are unable, in this or any other part of the work, to discover even the *disjecta membra* of a genius gifted for this department. In many passages, Julia Severa has strongly reminded us of Valerius ; we hold it, however, as a whole, to be quite inferior. This inferiority is especially apparent in those passages which best admit of comparison. And the reader has but to contrast the incantations of Pona in Valerius, with the inspirations of Lamia, the priestess of Bacchus, to feel the weak-

ness of M. Sismondi's pencil, compared with that of the anonymous author of the fine work in question. The philosopher Eudoxus is a Xerophrastus, but of far less choice absurdity. The fine topic of the conflict between christianity and paganism, is turned to little advantage by M. Sismondi; though the blind veneration professed by Clovis for religion of any and every kind, is well conceived and in true barbarian character. In recalling to recollection the personages introduced, we cannot fix upon one striking *character*. Since the merit of the work, as a romance, is so inconsiderable, it needs scarce be added that, as an antiquarian essay, it is rather injured, than profited by the novel form. It is in vain to attempt so far to unite opposite branches of literature, that in the combination the essential features of either are sacrificed. A novel, which as a novel is ordinary, can recommend nothing else, however excellent it may be. An ignorance of this principle, is one of the causes of the dulness of Barthlemi's *Anacharsis*. No person of taste could endure for a moment the plot and story of *Anacharsis* standing by themselves, and with what reason is it to be expected that the antiquarian and historical details, which carry their own interest to persons engaged in their study, can gain new charms from that which is in itself common-place and insignificant, and which standing alone would not detain the attention a moment.

ART. IX.—*Europe : or a general survey of the present situation of the principal powers ; with conjectures on their future prospects ; by a Citizen of the United States.* London and Boston, 8vo. pp. 451. 1822.

MUCH as has been written on the political revolution, which broke out at the close of the last century in Europe, nothing is more uncommon than rational and distinct ideas in relation to its character and influence. One reason undoubtedly is, that, at no very distant period, all classes of society felt a personal interest in the contest. Great and unexpected changes succeeded each other so rapidly, that none could deem themselves beyond their reach. There were none, whose character and condition placed them above the tumult, and enabled them to look down on it with a calm and philosophic

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eye. The whole fabric of society was shaken, the most ancient institutions were tottering from the foundation, and all men were engaged in attempting to uphold or to subvert them. This intense struggle has gone by, and the passions excited by it have in a great degree subsided ; but it was of a nature not lightly to be forgotten ; and those, who were witnesses and partakers of it, cannot recur to it, even now, without feelings ill adapted to a just and dispassionate judgment of its nature and tendency. Another reason is, that this revolution is still powerfully, though not tumultuously operating, so that its result is not yet ascertained, and a knowledge of the event is a very convenient guide in all our speculations, and particularly in those on political subjects, in which it seems to be considered an especial duty to play the prophet. It belongs to another generation to write the history of that eventful period. To many generations it must be a subject full of interest ; though it depends on its future consequences whether it be deemed hereafter so important an epoch in the annals of mankind, as it is now commonly supposed. Those who trembled and those who exulted at it, have alike been deceived in their expectation of its immediate effects. Terrible as was the convulsion, which then shook the whole continent, it has not proved, as many dreaded, a presage of the speedy dissolution of society ; nor as others hoped, one of those critical efforts of nature, by which inveterate and perilous diseases are instantly thrown off, and the health of the body politic at once renewed.

But the friends of civil liberty, disappointed as they are, in the anticipation of its immediate establishment throughout Europe, still indulge the idea that the way is constantly preparing for it, and that it will yet be enjoyed as universally, though not as soon as they once predicted. They have in general, however, lost a little of their enthusiasm, and no longer esteem the subversion of a despotism as equivalent to the creation of a free government, nor hail the adoption of a democratic constitution, as a complete security of the rights of the people ; for they have seen that the forms of such a constitution may be made a cloak for the most oppressive tyranny. Their hopes are now founded on improvements in the character and condition of the mass of the community. Forms of government indeed are not indifferent. Influenced by the character of the people, they have in turn an influence upon

it. All classes of society find a strong motive to improvement in the persuasion that they hold a political power in the state; and by the very exertion of such a power they become better qualified for its exercise. Yet there is danger in either extreme. When an ignorant and thoughtless populace suddenly assume the reins of government, no sooner has the short intoxication, which follows the acquisition of sovereignty, passed away, than feeling the difficulties and embarrassments of their situation, they relinquish to the first hand bold enough to grasp it, a power, which they know not how to wield, and sink into hopeless despotism. It is not without a miracle that a nation can be born in a day. We are continually learning therefore to look with less and less interest, upon violent and precipitate revolutions in the frame of government. They are means indeed, but not the only nor always the most efficient means, of improving the political condition of a state. Such a blow as the French Revolution may at that time have been useful to rouse the inhabitants of Europe from the lethargy, in which they had so long been slumbering, to some sense of their power and their rights; but we are persuaded that in the peaceful days since the fall of Napoleon, many noiseless but important changes have taken place on the European continent, in the condition, institutions, habits, and opinions of men, which will produce more lasting and greater effects than that unnatural and tragical drama.

To this period the work before us is confined. The author points out the alterations recently made in the forms of government among the nations of Europe, and the causes, which are directly and conspicuously operating to bring about still further modifications of their present political systems. Observing that the spirit of political improvement now at work throughout the world, is the necessary and natural result of the progress of civilization, that is of industry, wealth, and knowledge, in which the whole body of society is interested, he states, that 'the property and intelligence of society at large are, in a general view of the subject, enlisted every where in its support.'

'If then we regard the whole of Europe as forming one body politic, divided into parties in regard to the great question of political reformation now so violently agitated, there will be found on one side the whole mass of population, not interested in the support of existing institutions injurious to the public welfare;

and on the other the individuals deriving personal benefit from these institutions, with all that part of the population, which is under their influence.

Such are the present circumstances of Europe, that the forces enlisted on opposite sides by these contending interests are nearly balanced; and they are separated pretty exactly by a geographical line. In all the Western part of Europe, civilization and political improvement in its train, have already made such progress that they have in a great measure broken down, in substance, if not in form, all injurious institutions: and here there is really no interest of any consequence engaged in support of such establishments or opposed to the cause of liberal principles and good government. The Eastern part of Europe on the contrary is yet in a great measure uncivilized. Russia, the dominant power in that quarter, as a nation, is wholly so. There, the existing institutions are all the growth of barbarous times, accommodated to barbarous manners, and wholly at variance with the habits and feelings of civilized nations. Still a certain portion of the society derives a vast individual importance from their existence, and would probably oppose with vigor any attempt to overthrow them. Independently of which, the nations themselves are not yet sufficiently improved to meditate such attempts or to wish for change. But though at present entirely safe from any attack at home, the rulers naturally look with jealousy upon the progress of different principles in other contiguous countries. When they see a spirit adverse to their importance passing like an electric shock from nation to nation, they begin to apprehend with reason that if not checked in time, it will soon penetrate into their own quarters and attack the foundation of their power and wealth. It is therefore on general principles a natural and necessary though an unfortunate result of their position, that they employ their influence and even their arms to prevent in foreign countries the most salutary and useful innovations. And in these enterprises they carry with them the whole weight of the communities they respectively govern, which, in their present state of civilization, are nothing more than blind instruments in the hands of their rulers. They also find assistance abroad, in all that portion of society in the West of Europe, which is connected with the mouldering remnants of abuses which have been destroyed in substance; in that part which has personally suffered by political improvements and still retains a lingering hope, that the ancient state of things will be completely restored. Along the geographical line which divides these adverse interests lies the debateable ground, where at present they come to open physical collision. In the whole of Italy and in the western part of Germany, civilization has risen to as high a point as in any part of Europe; but the Eastern des-

pots avail themselves of their proximity and of the circumstances which now neutralize in a great measure the active power of the Western nations, to maintain the ascendancy of antiquated forms and establishments inconsistent with civilization, by their great influence, and when occasion requires at the point of the bayonet; as we have seen in the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.'

Hence he deduces the general conclusion, that 'the cause of political improvement is identical with that of civilization and general prosperity, so that every measure, that has a tendency to produce these effects, whatever may be the views, with which it is taken, tends also to the promotion of liberal institutions;' and also the converse of the same proposition, that 'no effectual measures can be taken to oppose the progress of liberal ideas, except such as strike at the root of the general prosperity of a country in all its branches; and prohibit or discourage agriculture, commerce, and manufactures.' He adds, that 'even the violent measures taken by sovereigns to check the progress of constitutional principles—the late invasion of Italy—indeed the whole series of wars directed against the principles of the French revolution or its abuses—while they temporarily crushed or checked these principles in one form, have added in another an immense accession to their strength, by the vast creation of public debt, which operates to a very great extent, if not to its full nominal amount, as a transfer or cession of property from the landed proprietors to the industrious and mercantile classes;' and finally remarks, that 'the ultimate issue of the present struggle will depend upon the future progress of civilization.'

'If civilization, instead of advancing any farther, should decline from its present state, and go to decay in the countries where it has now attained its greatest height, the advance of liberal political principles will stop with it; and instead of spreading into other parts of Europe, where they have not yet penetrated, their influence will gradually disappear from the regions which they now in greater or less degrees enlighten. If, on the contrary, as every thing seems to indicate, commerce, manufactures and agriculture—though perhaps laboring at this moment under a temporary depression—are likely for a long and indefinite future period to advance by regularly and rapidly increasing steps, in consequence of the great increase of population, which must necessarily take place in the European settlements all over the globe, and the consequent great augmentation of demand for the

products of labor in all its forms—then it may be safely asserted; that the cause of good government and liberty is also in an advancing state, that it will continue to gain ground in those parts of Europe and the world, where its triumph is yet only partial; and will even gradually penetrate into regions, whose population is now unanimously arrayed against it, or is too barbarous even to form an idea of the existence of such a blessing.’

After this introduction, he enters into an examination, in detail, of the situation of the principal European powers, which is by far the ablest and most interesting part of his work, and to which we shall presently recur; and then gives a sketch of the political system of Europe, considered as a single community. Notwithstanding the independence of the several states, their geographical position and intimate relations render them, in substance, one vast and irregular body politic; but as they do not acknowledge any common tribunal for the settlement of their conflicting claims, none of them have any other means of redressing their real or supposed wrongs, than an appeal to arms, and hence perpetual war is the basis of their international system. Comparing it with that of our own country, founded on the basis of perpetual peace, and establishing over several different states, independent of each other as to all internal regulations, one general government, for the adjustment of their conflicting interests, and the administration of their common concerns, we are struck with the inestimable superiority of our institutions, and earnestly sympathize in the wish expressed by the author for a similar union of all the nations of Europe; though we cannot accede to the sentiment, which he seems in the warmth of his zeal to have adopted, that any consolidation of those nations, in whatever manner and at whatever expense it may be brought about, must promote their happiness; nor regard the assertion, which he advances with apparent seriousness, that it would be a blessing to them, if they had been united, even by universal and lasting submission to papal power, or should become so by common subjection to the Russian yoke, as any thing but a paradox.

The coalitions, which have sometimes been very naturally entered into by several of the European states, to defend each other against the attacks of a dangerous neighbor, whose power was too great to be resisted by either of them singly, are considered by this writer as an approach to the great object of consolidation, and he thinks that the general congress of ambassadors,

which has been repeatedly resorted to for settling the pretensions of the several European states at the conclusion of peace, might have been changed without much difficulty into a permanent tribunal, had not the gigantic power of Russia come within the pale of European policy; a power, which all the rest of the continent combined would, in his opinion, be unable to resist, as he thinks to be sufficiently proved by the repulse and ruin of Napoleon.

If the nations in the West of Europe would regard their subjugation by Russia as a misfortune, he holds that it was and still is their true policy to promote the aggrandizement of France, and to unite with her in opposing the Eastern colossus.

‘The war of western independence is still, as I have said, to be fought; and until it has been actually fought and decided in favor of Russia, there will be room for hope and a chance of success for the other powers; because, if we even suppose their materials of resistance to be in themselves wholly inadequate, they have still in their favor the possibility of some fortunate occurrence of an accidental character. Accidents, however, being, as such, beyond the reach of anticipation, it is only upon an estimate of the existing materials of resistance, as they will probably be employed, that any calculation can be formed upon the subject; and the chance of success for the western powers, founded upon any such calculations, appears at present to be extremely small.’

He maintains, however, that the military occupation of the whole of Europe by Russian troops would not check, but promote the progress of civilization and political improvement.

‘The prominent feature in the immediate future prospects of Europe, if the anticipations in which I have indulged in a preceding chapter are correct, is the probable prevalence of the influence and arms of Russia over the western nations. It remains, therefore, to inquire what will be the effect of this event, should it happen, upon the state of civilization and the establishment of a general government.

‘If the Russian influence in the west of Europe were decidedly unfavorable to the progress of civilization, it would check in the same degree the tendency towards a political union resulting from this progress. And as the mass of the Russian people is now in a very uncivilized state, it may appear, at first view, as if this would in fact be the consequence. But farther reflection may perhaps lead to a different opinion. The prevalence of the Russian power is not the prevalence of the rude barbarians, that con-

stitute the bulk of the nation, but of the dominant class of proprietors, which is equally civilized with the same class in any other part of Europe. Their political influence, as far as it affects the body of society, would be exerted in the same direction, and produce the same consequences, as that of the authorities now existing. It will doubtless be, for a considerable period of time to come, the immediate interest of this class in Russia, to check the development of civilization, in one of its particular forms, viz. that of liberal political institutions. Their whole exertions are now employed for this purpose; and it is under this pretext, as I have observed, that they will gradually extend their political and military power over other countries. But this effort, in reality, counteracts itself; and the persecution of liberal ideas only increases the ardor, with which they are embraced and propagated. This temporary pressure will therefore serve to prepare the way, at some future period, for violent explosions in favor of liberty. Meanwhile, the Russian influence counteracts, in another way, its own efforts in favor of arbitrary principles, by the strong encouragement which is given to the development of civilization, in every other branch, except the modification of political forms. The Russian nobles, who are doubtless the wealthiest proprietors in Europe, are also among the most active and munificent patrons of industry. In their private and social habits, as individuals, they unite the gorgeous magnificence of Asia with the fine taste of the western world, and encourage, by consumption of their products, the luxurious and elegant arts, more than perhaps any other class of persons whatever.

This is a very novel and ingenious theory, but it is in our opinion essentially incorrect, and rendered plausible only by the singular ability, with which it is maintained. The assumption, on which it rests, is too broad and unqualified, and when restricted to its just limits, is insufficient to support the system. It is undoubtedly true that political improvement is one of the objects, though not the only one to be effected by the progress of civilization, but we cannot admit that it is its necessary result. Still less can we assent to the sweeping conclusion that the progress of political improvement is identical with that of civilization and general prosperity, and promoted by every measure which tends to produce them. Improvements in the theory and practice of government are indeed of themselves advances in civilization, but not the only advances, nor always proportioned to the progress of the physical and exact sciences, of literature, or of the elegant and useful arts. If the cultivation of these be included, as it commonly is, within

the term civilization, then the assertion of our author cannot be maintained; if by civilization he would denote the progress of political science alone, then it is only an identical proposition and justifies none of the conclusions drawn from it. The progress of liberal institutions of government is not the same as that of civilization in its general sense, nor would the experience either of ancient or modern times warrant the assertion that they are necessarily simultaneous. The periods which have been marked out by the common consent of mankind as the golden ages of literature and refinement on the continent of Europe, that of Augustus, that of Leo, and that of Louis XIV, were not those, in which their countries were most free; and the nations, which have enjoyed the highest degree of political liberty, have not always, at the same time, been the most civilized. Let France, at the period last mentioned, be compared with Switzerland; or let the reader of Tacitus place the manners and institutions of the Germans in contrast with those of Rome. That liberty is favorable to civilization and civilization to liberty is readily admitted, but it is quite a different position from the unqualified assertion, that their progress is identical.

This is not a solitary error. Its consequences flow through the whole argument. Relinquish it, and it can no longer be maintained, that every attempt made by despotic sovereigns to check the progress of constitutional principles and to increase their own power must of course defeat itself, that liberal political principles will necessarily advance or decline with commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, or that if Russia should subdue all Europe, the encouragement, which would be given to the luxurious and elegant arts by the Eastern magnificence and gorgeous taste of her nobles would establish good government and liberty throughout the world. The same error seems to have led the author to the opinion above alluded to, that the diminution of the papal power, which protestants have hitherto united in regarding as the great source of civil and intellectual freedom in modern times, was in truth an evil; and that the consolidation of Europe, even under the gloomy sceptre of superstition, would have promoted the cause of liberal institutions and human happiness. Assuming,—in our opinion a bold assumption,—that such a consolidation, by abolishing wars, would have encouraged peaceful industry, and promoted the cultivation of the arts of convenience and luxu-

ry, he seems at once to conclude, in conformity with the erroneous position above noticed, that it would therefore have established liberal principles and sound institutions of government. But not so. 'Had the clergy prevailed, Europe,' to use the words of the writer himself, 'would have taken the form of a great ecclesiastical state, like the empire of the Mahometan Caliphs, and that of Japan during a long period of its history.' And it would have been as likely to resemble them in substance as in form. Have they been the regions of intellectual and political liberty? The science of government is founded, like most others, on experiment. It is by observing innumerable attempts and failures, and by investigating their causes, that it has been at length advanced to its present state of excellence. If Europe had been subjected to a single government, these numerous attempts could never have been made; and without the aid of experience, philosophers might have speculated forever, yet been unable to plan and construct the vast and beautiful fabric, under which it is our happiness to live, which is rendered secure at once by its massiveness and its symmetry; and which leaves room for all the emulation and enterprise naturally resulting from the distinct existence of the several states, while it prevents the contests that would arise among them, if they were entirely disconnected.

It cannot be pretended, that the very case supposed, of a common submission by all the European nations to the power of the church, would of itself have created a government like ours. That alone would not constitute such a government. It is further requisite that there should be a proper delegation and distribution of authority, and above all that institutions should exist, which give the people a constant control over the exercise of the power they delegate, and teach them to use with intelligence and discretion that which they retain. The clergy, we are told, did at one period possess the authority, the continuance of which would have been so happy for mankind. 'For every purpose but that of mere form, they succeeded in obtaining and holding the general government of Europe for two or three centuries:—time enough one would think for an experiment. Yet in point of fact, was this period distinguished by the successful cultivation of the arts of peace, by moral, intellectual, and political improvement; or was it disturbed by perpetual tumults, darkened and degraded by su-

perstition, and polluted with blood? It seems to us that the papal power must have been, as it proved, too weak to hold the nations of Europe in a lasting union, or have entirely destroyed their independence, and crushed and amalgamated them into one common mass of brutal ignorance.

The author seems to us not only to overrate the advantages to be expected from the mere fact of a consolidation of Europe, however produced, but to be mistaken in supposing that it will speedily take place. He certainly exaggerates the force of Russia, when he pronounces it to be superior to that of all the other European states combined. In the elements of power, in numbers, wealth, skill, and industry, she does not surpass them all; and as to her uniform success, we know no very splendid trophy won by her single arm from the southern nations of Europe, since the days of Souvaroff. She reaped no laurels at Austerlitz, or Friedland; the retreat of Napoleon from her capital, and the disasters attending it were owing to the unusual severity of the season, rather than to the arms of his enemies; and in the following year, if she had been left after the battle of Bautzen, to fight out the quarrel alone, it cannot be doubted, that the terms of a humiliating peace would have been dictated to her for the third time from the lips of the same conqueror. She is powerful indeed; at this time the most powerful state on the continent, and it is by no means the true policy of the others to encourage her growth; but she is not yet a counterpoise for them all. It is true, that, from the despotic nature of her government, she moves in a single body with concentrated force; but should she attempt to realize the dream of universal dominion, she would soon find, what Europe has repeatedly felt, that common danger is as strong a bond as despotism.

We believe that the spirit of political improvement is now active, that more rapid progress is making in the science of government, than in any other, so that it advances faster than civilization in general; and of course we cannot admit their progress to be identical; yet we trust that the political reformation of the present age will be to future generations, as the religious reformation, which three centuries since broke the papal yoke, has been to us, the spring of great improvements in every department of civilization. We are not insensible that an union of all the states of Europe upon just principles, and with a proper distribution of power and suffi-

cient checks on its exercise, would be an inestimable blessing ; but are incredulous, when it is asserted that such an union would be the effect of their consolidation by the arms of Russia, or that this is a probable event. This scheme seems to us far less feasible and efficient, than the celebrated project of Henry IV of France for the accomplishment of the same object. The reign of Napoleon has given us a specimen of the advantages to be expected from a military consolidation of Europe.

But though these opinions and the conjectures founded on them occupy the beginning and the end of the work now under consideration, they are not essential to it, and serve no other purpose than to give it an air of unity and compactness. They constitute only the frame of the picture, which the author has drawn with a master's hand, of the present political condition of the several nations of Europe. This, which forms the principal part of the book, is distinguished throughout by just and profound views, elevated sentiments, and a manly eloquence.

France occupies the first place. The immense political importance of her new laws, regulating the distribution of property, is duly appreciated and fully displayed ; and the strange reasoning and idle fears of the Edinburgh reviewers and of Mr Malthus in relation to the effects of those laws are most happily refuted and exposed. The jealous and vacillating conduct of the royal family is ably contrasted with the frank and simple policy, which would have equally promoted their interest and their honor. An entertaining account is also given of the successive changes in the structure of the government, and in the state of public opinion, and a sketch of the literary character of the most eminent writers on political subjects. The author closes this very engaging and instructing chapter with the following remarks : 'The political constitution of France is sound and vigorous in its essential parts beyond that of any other nation in Europe. The outward appearance exhibits morbid symptoms, at first view, of a serious and alarming character, but which, examined more nearly, can hardly be regarded as dangerous, and must soon vanish under the restoring influence of an active vital influence within.'

The next chapter, relating to Spain and Portugal, though interesting, does not exhibit the same minutè information, and,

as a whole, is much less satisfactory. The following passage is, in our judgment, founded on an entire misapprehension of the subject, to which it relates.

‘ The establishment of the Cortes in the form of a single assembly is regarded by many of the friends of liberty as a very unfortunate arrangement. But this objection, founded in a great measure on an erroneous theory of the British constitution, has, in my opinion, very little weight. It supposes that the existence of a nominal aristocracy is a point of great importance. But even admitting the correctness of this idea, which might however be contested on various grounds, it may be asked with pertinence, whether the security of such an aristocracy depends upon their being shut up in a separate room to deliberate on the public affairs; whether, like ciphers in notation, they are personally insignificant, and only acquire importance by their local position; whether their political weight does not depend, on the contrary, upon their property; whether, as long as they retain their property, they will not also retain their influence; and whether to form a part of the *same* legislative assembly is not the most favorable position, in which they can be placed for exercising the influence their property gives them, while they retain it, over their supposed enemies.’

Undoubtedly they might equally exercise their *influence*, whether they were in the same or a different assembly, or even without constituting any part of the legislature. But the question is not about their influence, but their constitutional authority. It is not their sitting in a different room, as is pleasantly rather than aptly suggested, but their right of putting a *veto* on the proceedings of the popular branch of the government, of preventing the operation of any of its acts, simply by refusing their assent, and without the trouble of exercising any influence or persuasion whatever, in which the power of the British house of lords and of every similar body consists; and this would be lost, if they were rendered a part of the assembly now controlled by them, and allowed to vote in it only in proportion to their number; for in that case, laws might pass without their consent, which is now impossible. So far is this from being immaterial, that it is an immense power, and one which can have no lawful origin but the will of the people. We see nothing absurd, however, in their establishing two legislative assemblies with this mutual control. This is a check, not upon the people, but on each of these assemblies. It must be recollected, that the representatives of the people are not

in any case the people themselves, but only their agents ; and in the case now supposed, both assemblies are such agents, and the inability of either to perform any valid act, without the concurrence of the other, is a restraint, not on the authority which the people retain and exercise, but on that which they delegate ; on the power of these assemblies to make laws binding their constituents.

We cannot refrain from presenting to our readers the following extract from this chapter. It is a beautiful passage, and full of practical wisdom.

‘The most interesting aspect, under which the Spanish and Portuguese revolutions present themselves to the citizens of the United States, I may say indeed to the world at large, is that, under which they are considered as affecting the condition of the American colonies. No doubt can be entertained, that the complete emancipation of these vast regions will be effected at no great distance of time ; and the simultaneous erection of these hitherto insignificant settlements into eight or ten independent and powerful nations may well be considered as one of the most extraordinary and interesting events that ever occurred. It can hardly fail, when its consequences shall be fully developed, to give an entirely new face to the political and commercial affairs of the world.

‘The struggle for independence in the Spanish colonies has been precipitated by the convulsions in the mother country, and is not, like our revolution, a spontaneous effort, resulting from an internal consciousness of capacity for self-government. This is the most unfavorable circumstance attending it. It is this cause which draws out the contest into such a weary length, and which, after the formal emancipation shall be effected, may very probably entail upon these countries a long period of anarchy and discord. A spontaneous effort for freedom implies a maturity of intellectual and physical resources sufficient to secure the object with ease, and to improve it to the best advantage. A colony, thus emancipated, is like a ripe fruit, that drops from its parent tree at the moment of full maturity, and springs up naturally into a new and vigorous plant. The freedom of South America is a premature birth. It does not proceed from the healthy action of nature, operating within at the proper time, but has been forced upon the colonies by accidents occurring abroad. Considered as a rebellion against the Spanish government, it is just, if any enterprise ever deserved that qualification ; and would have been, at whatever period it might have happened. No society was probably ever subject to a more intolerable and revolting system of misgovern-

ment ; and it is impossible to deny the right of resistance under such circumstances, without denying completely the inherent and universal right of self-defence against injustice and oppression. But, considered as a measure intended to promote the happiness of the South Americans, the revolution presents itself in a less favorable point of view, and might probably have been delayed with great advantage for two or three centuries. The Americans, however, are not to bear the blame for this precipitation. They have been subjected to the action of political forces, over which they had no control. A revolution, however premature, was the necessary result of the circumstances, in which they were placed ; and, although its aspect may for some time present many features not very consonant with just notions of liberty, still the friends of humanity must wish for their success, and are bound by all suitable means to promote it.

‘The policy which may be adopted by the Spanish government in regard to their colonies is still uncertain ; and in the period of trouble and confusion, that may very probably occur at home, the possessions abroad must be left in a great measure to themselves. At present, the plans under consideration contemplate the establishment of constitutional governments, nominally subject to Spain, and administered on the spot by princes of the royal family. If the mother country had the power to enforce this arrangement, it might perhaps be as favorable to the ultimate well being of the colonies, as their immediate emancipation. But this is not the case ; and after struggling, as they have done, for independence for ten or twelve years, it can hardly be expected that they will abandon the prize of their own accord, at the very moment of success. It is therefore much to be wished for the interest of humanity, of the colonies, and of Spain herself, that she may abstain from any further wanton waste of resources and life, and submit with a good grace to the decree of necessity. She will probably find, as England did, the emancipation of her colonies infinitely more profitable to her, than their possession ; and, in exchange for the vain name of ruling the Indies, will find the wealth of the Indies pouring in to her territory in fertilizing streams, instead of merely rolling through it, as it now does, like a mountain torrent, and leaving no marks of its passage, but barrenness and desolation.’

The author then gives a melancholy, but just idea of the degraded state of Italy and Greece, and expresses an honest indignation at the mean and oppressive policy observed by the principal powers towards these nations—the intellectual parents of Europe. The following chapter offers an elaborate view of the recent political revolutions and present condition of

Germany, including Austria and Prussia, and contains more important and minute information on the subject, than any other work we have seen. But we must be contented with recommending it to our readers. The remarks contained in that part of the work professedly devoted to Russia are confined to the personal character of the emperor, and though in the main just, appear to us too severe. The account of the continent is completed by a few brief remarks on the situation of Sweden, Denmark, and the Netherlands, and on the principal peculiarities of their inhabitants.

Our author then turns to Great Britain, and very properly taking it for granted, that the most important facts relating to its present condition are known to his readers, enters upon a train of reflections in illustration of them, which he evidently delights to pursue, and in which, though he is somewhat desultory, it is delightful to follow him. His remarks on the present state of the British constitution lead him to conclude, 'that it still exists, both in form and substance, in its ancient purity ; and that if the mass of the people no longer enjoy, in the same degree as they did formerly, the blessing of practical liberty, it is owing to other circumstances, and not to an alteration of the political institutions.' He then gives an account of the several political parties existing in England, which concludes with the following beautiful sketch of the characters of the three great statesmen, who adorned the close of the last century, and whose names will long shed lustre on their country and their age.

'Fox and Burke, if I may be allowed to dwell a little longer on so pleasing a theme as the characters of these illustrious statesmen, were not less distinguished for amiable personal qualities and intellectual accomplishments, than for commanding eloquence and skill in political science. The friends of Fox dwell, with enthusiasm and fond regret, upon the cordiality of his manners and the unalloyed sweetness of his disposition. It is unfortunate, that the pure lustre of these charming virtues was not graced by a sufficient regard to the dictates of private morality. Burke, on the contrary, with an equally kind and social spirit, was a model of perfection in all the relations of domestic life ; his character being at once unsullied by the least stain of excess, and exempt from any shade of *rigorism* or defect of humor. While his private virtues made the happiness of his family and friends, his conversation was the charm and wonder of the loftiest minds and the most enlightened circles of society. He was the only man, whom

Dr Johnson, a great master of conversation, admitted to be capable of tasking his powers. The only deduction from the uniform excellence of Burke is said to have been the small attraction of his manner in public speaking, a point in which Fox was also not particularly successful, but was reckoned his superior. It would be too rash for an ordinary observer to undertake to give to either of these two mighty minds the palm of original superiority. It can hardly be denied, however, that that of Burke was better disciplined and more accomplished; and his intellectual reputation, being better supported than that of Fox by written memorials, will probably stand higher with posterity. Had Fox been permitted to finish the historical work, which he had begun, he might perhaps have bequeathed to future ages a literary monument, superior in dignity and lasting value to any thing that remains from the pen of Burke. Both possessed a fine and cultivated taste for the beauties of art and nature; that of Fox seems to have been even more poetical than his illustrious rival's; but he has left no written proofs of it equal to the fine philosophical essay on the sublime and beautiful. It is but poor praise of this elegant performance to say, that it is infinitely superior to the essay of Longinus on the sublime, from which the hint seems to have been taken, and which nothing but a blind and ignorant admiration of antiquity could have ever exalted into a work of great merit.

A sagacious critic has advanced the opinion, that the merit of Burke was almost wholly literary; but I confess I see but little ground for this assertion, if literary excellence is here understood in any other sense, than as an immediate result of the highest intellectual and moral endowments. Such compositions, as the writings of Burke, suppose, no doubt, the fine taste, the command of language, and the finished education, which are also supposed by every description of literary success. But in the present state of society these qualities are far from being uncommon; and are possessed by thousands, who make no pretension to the eminence of Burke, in the same degree in which they were by him. Such a writer as Cumberland, for example, who stands infinitely below Burke on the scale of intellect, may yet be regarded as his equal or superior in purely literary accomplishments, taken in this exclusive sense. The style of Burke is undoubtedly one of the most splendid forms, in which the English language has ever been exhibited. It displays the happy and difficult union of all the richness and magnificence, that good taste admits, with a perfectly easy construction. In Burke, we see the manly movement of a well bred gentleman; in Johnson, an equally profound and vigorous thinker, the measured march of a grenadier. We forgive the great moralist his stiff and cumbrous phrases, in return for the rich stores of thought and poetry, which they conceal: but we ad-

mire in Burke, as in a fine antique statue, the grace, with which the large flowing robe adapts itself to the majestic dignity of the person. But, with all his literary excellence, the peculiar merits of this great man were, perhaps, the faculty of profound and philosophical thought, and the moral courage, which led him to disregard personal inconvenience in the expression of his sentiments. Deep thought is the informing soul, that every where sustains and inspires the imposing grandeur of his eloquence. Even in the essay on the sublime and beautiful, the only work of pure literature, which he attempted, that is, the only one, which was not an immediate expression of his views on important public affairs, there is still the same richness of thought, the same basis of 'divine philosophy,' to support the harmonious superstructure of the language. And the moral courage, which formed so remarkable a feature in his character, contributed not less essentially to his literary success. It seems to be a law of nature, that the highest degree of eloquence demands the union of the noblest qualities of character, as well as intellect. To think is the highest exercise of the mind; to say what you think, the boldest effort of moral courage; and both these things are required for a really powerful writer. Eloquence, without thought, is a mere parade of words; and no man can express with spirit and vigor any thoughts but his own. This was the secret of the eloquence of Rousseau, which is not without a certain analogy in its forms to that of Burke. The principal of the Jesuits' college one day inquired of him by what art he had been able to write so well; "*I said what I thought,*" replied the unceremonious Genevan; conveying in these few words the bitterest satire on the system of the Jesuits, and the best explanation of his own.

'If, by the criticism above alluded to, it be meant that Burke, though an eloquent writer and profound thinker, was not an able practical statesman, the position may be more tenable, at least for the partisans of the school of Fox, but not perhaps ultimately more secure. To form correct conclusions in points of practice, in opposition to the habitual current of one's opinions and prejudices, must be considered the highest proof of practical ability; and this was done by Burke in regard to the French revolution. As a member of the opposition and an uniform friend and supporter of liberal principles, he was led by all his habits of thinking, and by all his personal associations, to approve it; and to feel the same excessive desire to introduce its principles in England, which prevailed among his political friends. But he had sagacity enough to see the true interest of his country, through the cloud of illusions and associations; and independence enough to proclaim his opinions, with the sacrifice of all his intimate connexions. This was at once the height of practical ability and disinterested pa-

triotism. If he pushed his ideas to exaggeration in regard to foreign affairs, it was still the exaggeration of a system essentially correct in its domestic operation. He was rather a British than a European statesman; but the moment was so critical at home, that he may perhaps be excused for not seeing quite clearly what was right abroad; and it was also not unnatural that he should carry to excess the system, to which he had sacrificed his prejudices and his friendships. That his system was not correct in all its parts may be easily admitted; but I think that in supporting it under the circumstances, he proved great practical ability; and what system was ever adopted, in which it was not possible, thirty years after, to point out faults?

By the side of these celebrated patriots arose another not less distinguished, though his name is hardly surrounded in public opinion with so many amiable and lofty associations; I mean the son of Chatham—the pilot that weathered the storm. Prejudice itself can scarcely refuse to this statesman the praise of transcendent endowments, both intellectual and moral. He had the natural gift of a brilliant and easy elocution, great aptitude for despatch of business, and a singular facility in seeing through at a glance and developing with perfect clearness the most intricate combinations of politics and finance. He possessed, moreover, a firmness of purpose and a determined confidence in his own system, which finally insured it success, and which afford, perhaps, the strongest proofs he has given of the elevation of his character. It was no secondary statesman who could trust undauntedly to himself, when left as it were alone in Europe, like the tragical Medea, abandoned by all the world; and in the confidence of his own resources, could renew his efforts with redoubled vigor. His admirers will hardly venture to ascribe to him the enlarged philosophy or the warmth of heart that belonged to his illustrious colleagues and rivals. The conduct of public affairs was the business of his life; and he neither knew nor cared any thing about other matters. He was born and bred to this; and if he was equal to it, he was also not above it. Philosophy and friendship were to him, in the language of the law, *surplusage*; as Calvinism was to the great Cujas—*Nihil hoc ad edictum Praetoris*. And although political affairs are of a higher order, and of more extensive interest than any others, yet, when the conduct of them is pursued mechanically, like a mere professional employment, it becomes, like other professions, a matter of *routine* and drudgery. Thus, while Burke and Fox appear like beings of a different class, descending from superior regions to interest themselves in the welfare of mortals, Pitt presents himself to the mind as the first of mere politicians, but still as a mere politician like the rest. His eloquence is marked with the stamp of his character. It pursues a clear

and rapid course, neither falling below nor rising above the elevation of his habitual themes. No attempt to sound the depths of thought, or soar on the wings of fancy, still less to touch the fine chords of feeling, but all $a + b$, an elegant solution of political problems very nearly in the manner of algebra. This profuse and interminable flow of words is not in itself either a rare or remarkable endowment. It is wholly a thing of habit, and is exercised by every village lawyer, with various degrees of power and grace. Lord Londonderry, though he wants the elegant correctness of language, as well as the lofty talents of his great predecessor, commands an equally ready and copious elocution. In the estimate of Mr Pitt's powers, I have not taken into account the errors of his foreign policy, because an erroneous judgment is not always a proof of inferior talents, but often only argues a false position. The misfortune of having countenanced and joined in the crusade against the French, and the merit of having resisted the spirit of revolution at home, belong alike to Pitt and to Burke. The praise of a clearer and more generous view of foreign politics is due to Fox; though his plan was not always bottomed on the most enlarged system of European relations, and although his glory is somewhat clouded by his too precipitate zeal for political novelties at home.'

The distress, which is universally admitted to pervade England, is his next topic. He ascribes it to the fact that property is now so unequally distributed that the nation is laboring at once under the extremes of wealth and poverty, and expresses little expectation that any complete practical remedy can be applied to this evil. In connexion with this subject we find a description of the general appearance of the country.

'But whatever may be the extent of the distress in England, or the difficulty of finding any remedies for it, which shall be at once practicable and sufficient, it is certain, that the symptoms of decline have not yet displayed themselves on the surface; and no country in Europe at the present day, probably none that ever flourished at any preceding period of ancient or of modern times, ever exhibited so strongly the outward marks of general industry, wealth, and prosperity. The misery that exists, whatever it may be, retires from public view; and the traveller sees no traces of it, except in the beggars, which are not more numerous, than they are on the continent, in the courts of justice, and in the newspapers. On the contrary, the impressions he receives from the objects, that meet his view, are almost uniformly agreeable. He is pleased with the great attention paid to his personal accommoda-

tion, as a traveller, with the excellent roads, and the convenience of the public carriages and inns. The country every where exhibits the appearance of high cultivation, or else of wild and picturesque beauty; and even the unimproved lands are disposed with taste and skill, so as to embellish the landscape very highly, if they do not contribute, as they might, to the substantial comfort of the people. From every eminence, extensive parks and grounds, spreading far and wide over hill and vale, interspersed with dark woods and variegated with bright waters, unroll themselves before the eye, like enchanted gardens. And while the elegant constructions of the modern proprietors fill the mind with images of ease and luxury, the mouldering ruins, that remain from former ages, of the castles and churches of their feudal ancestors, increase the interest of the picture by contrast, and associate with it poetical and affecting recollections of other times and manners. Every village seems to be the chosen residence of industry, and her handmaids, neatness and comfort; and in the various parts of the island, her operations present themselves under the most amusing and agreeable variety of forms. Sometimes her votaries are mounting to the skies in manufactories of innumerable stories in height, and sometimes diving in mines into the bowels of the earth, or dragging up drowned treasures from the bottom of the sea. At one time, the ornamented grounds of a wealthy proprietor seem to realize the fabled Elysium; and again, as you pass in the evening through some village engaged in the iron manufacture, where a thousand forges are feeding at once their dark red fires, and clouding the air with their volumes of smoke, you might think yourself for a moment a little too near some drearier residence. The aspect of the cities is as various, as that of the country. Oxford, in the silent, solemn grandeur of its numerous collegiate palaces, with their massy stone walls and vast interior quadrangles, seems like the deserted capital of some departed race of giants. This is the splendid sepulchre, where science, like the Roman Tarpeia, lies buried under the weight of gold, that rewarded her ancient services, and where copious libations of the richest port and madeira are daily poured out to her memory. At Liverpool, on the contrary, all is bustle, brick, and business. Every thing breathes of modern times, every body is occupied with the concerns of the present moment, excepting one elegant scholar, who unites a singular resemblance to the Roman face and dignified person of our Washington, with the magnificent spirit and intellectual accomplishments of his own Italian hero. At every change in the landscape, you fall upon monuments of some new race of men among the number, that have in their turn inhabited these islands. The mysterious monument of Stonehenge, standing remote and alone upon a bare and bound-

less heath, as much unconnected with the events of past ages, as it is with the uscs of the present, carries you back beyond all-historical records into the obscurity of a wholly unknown period. Perhaps the Druids raised it; but by what machinery could these half barbarians have wrought and moved such immense masses of rock? By what fatality is it, that in every part of the globe the most durable impressions, that have been made upon its surface, were the work of races now entirely extinct? Who were the builders of the pyramids and the massy monuments of Egypt and India? Who constructed the Cyclopean walls of Italy and Greece, or elevated the innumerable and inexplicable mounds, which are seen in every part of Europe, Asia, and America; or the ancient forts upon the Ohio, on whose ruins the third growth of trees is now more than four hundred years old? All these constructions have existed, through the whole period within the memory of man, and will continue when all the architecture of the present generation, with its high civilization and improved machinery, shall have crumbled into dust. Stonehenge will remain unchanged, when the banks of the Thames shall be as bare, as Salisbury heath. But the Romans had something of the spirit of these primitive builders, and they left every where distinct traces of their passage. Half the castles in Great Britain were founded, according to tradition, by Julius Cæsar; and abundant vestiges remain throughout the island of their walls and forts and military roads. Most of their castles have however been built upon and augmented at a later period, and belong with more propriety to the brilliant epoch of the Gothic architecture. Thus the keep of Warwick dates from the time of Cæsar, while the castle itself, with its lofty battlements, extensive walls, and large enclosures, bears witness to the age, when every Norman chief was a military despot within his own barony. To this period appertain the principal part of the magnificent Gothic monuments, castles, cathedrals, abbeys, priories, and churches, in various stages of preservation and of ruin; some, like Warwick and Alnwick castles, like Salisbury cathedral and Westminster abbey, in all their original perfection; others, like Kenilworth and Canterbury, little more than a rude mass of earth and rubbish; and others, again, in the intermediate stages of decay, borrowing a sort of charm from their very ruin, and putting on their dark green robes of ivy to conceal the ravages of time, as if the luxuriant bounty of nature were purposely throwing a veil over the frailty and feebleness of art. What a beautiful and brilliant vision was this Gothic architecture, shining out, as it did, from the deepest darkness of feudal barbarism! And here, again, by what fatality has it happened, that the moderns, with all their civilization and improved taste, have been as utterly unsuccessful in ri-

valling the divine simplicity of the Greeks, as the rude grandeur of the Cyclopeans and ancient Egyptians? Since the revival of art in Europe, the builders have confined themselves wholly to a graceless and unsuccessful imitation of ancient models. Strange that the only new architectural conception of any value, subsequent to the time of Phidias, should have been struck out at the worst period of society, that has since occurred. Sometimes, the moderns, in their laborious poverty of invention, heap up small materials in large masses, and think that St Peter's or St Paul's will be as much more sublime than the Parthenon, as they are larger; at others, they condescend to a servile imitation of the wild and native graces of the Gothic; as the Chinese, in their stupid ignorance of perspective, can still copy line by line, and point by point, a European picture. But the Norman castles and churches, with all their richness and sublimity, fell with the power of their owners at the rise of the commonwealth. The independents were levellers of substance, as well as form; and the material traces they left of their existence are the ruins of what their predecessors had built. They too had an architecture, but it was not in wood nor stone. It was enough for them to lay the foundation of the nobler fabric of civil liberty. The effects of the only change in society, that has since occurred, are seen in the cultivated fields, the populous and thriving cities, the busy ports, and the general prosperous appearance of the country.'

The chapter on the balance of power bears the traces of an enlightend and comprehensive mind, but rests too much on the idea, that the force of Russia is irresistible, to receive our entire assent. There is also a chapter on the Naval power of England, the principal object of which is to expose the difference existing between the rules of naval and military warfare, in regard to the seizure of private property.

'The acknowledged basis of the law of nations is the great and universal law of nature; and is it to be endured, that this sacred oracle shall be made to say one thing here and another two or three miles off, so it be upon a different element? What says the illustrious Roman orator of this very law of nature in the well known fragment of the Republic? *Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immortalis continebit.* Such were the lights upon this subject nearly two thousand years ago of one whom we dignify with the titles of pagan and heathen; and with all our christianity and civilization, we have since brought the law of nations to such a point of pefection and consistency, that it shall pronounce the same act in the same place to be highway rob-

bery at low tide, and fair war at full sea. One would think the civilians must be lunatic themselves to make an action change its character from right to wrong four times in every twenty-four hours, without any other change of circumstances than the ebb and flow of the tide in the place where it was committed; yet such, according to the present law of nations, is literally the fact. The plunder of private property belonging to enemies by an armed force on a beach would be against the law of nations, and generally punishable with death; while the same act, performed by a ship of war at the same place when covered with water at high tide, would be agreeable to usage and public law. While we are going back to antiquity in search of authorities on the law of nature and nations, would it not be as well for the honor of common sense, if not of humanity, to pass over the age of the crusades, when the nameless, I had almost said shameless compilations, so often appealed to in maritime courts, were collected, and ascend to the time of Cicero?

This is rather a severe attack upon the poor civilians, and seems to take it for granted that they make the law of nations, whereas in truth, all they can do, is to expound it as it exists. From the acknowledged fact, that this law is founded on reason, it has sometimes been hastily concluded, that every thing reasonable in the abstract is part of the law of nations; and nothing unreasonable. Now this sweeping conclusion by no means follows from the premises, and would lead to most pernicious consequences in practice. For since there is no common tribunal to decide what is reasonable among nations, every one must be the judge for itself, and would of course do whatever it should think reasonable, and submit to nothing which it should think unreasonable, under all the circumstances of each particular case. This would at once abolish all law, and introduce perpetual wars; since no two parties in interest could ever be expected to agree. Reason is indeed of universal obligation; the same in every region and in every age; but its particular deductions are as various as the situations of those, by whom they are drawn. Were there no other rule than this, though we should nominally have one uniform law, the decision of every case would vary perpetually with the feelings, interests, and prejudices of the individuals who administered it, and these would be a much more uncertain standard even than the changes of the moon and tide. Reason itself teaches us the necessity of some more precise rule for the regulation of human conduct.

The law of nations is founded on the law of nature, but is not therefore exactly coextensive with it. Every state is bound by its treaties, by the usages established among those nations, with which it is associated, and by reason or the law of nature. But each of these rules is to be applied only to cases not determined by the preceding; the more vague must yield to that which is more certain and definite; reason must be controlled by custom, and both by the letter of a treaty. Such, too, is the doctrine and the practice of all municipal tribunals. They appeal in the first place to the letter of the law; if there be no statute, then to established precedents; and if these be wanting, to reason and analogy. The idea that, because the law of nations is founded on reason, every question arising under it must be decided by mere reasoning, independent of precedent, reminds us of a case in lord Coke's reports. 'A controversy of land between parties was heard by the king and sentence given, which was repealed, for this, that it did belong to the common law: then the king said, that he thought the law was founded upon reason, and that he and others had reason, as well as the judges: to which it was answered by me, that true it was, that God had endowed his majesty with excellent science, and great endowments of nature; but his majesty was not learned in the laws of his realm of England, and causes which concern the life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of his subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of the law, which law is an art, which requires long study and experience before that a man can attain to the cognizance of it.'

The universal prevalence of a custom is sufficient evidence that according to the common sentiment of mankind, it is reasonable; and it is not for one individual or one nation to control all others by denying it. Or admitting such custom to have been ever so unreasonable in its origin, while it prevails, it is the law; and there is no solecism in asserting that it is reasonable it should be so. Reciprocity is the corner stone of the law of nations. It is just that a sovereign should submit to what he is accustomed, under the same circumstances, to do; and right for a state to treat others, as it is uniformly treated by them. But how then, it will be asked, can the general law of nations be amended? As it was created, by custom. A nation may attempt to alter it at any time by waving the exercise of its strict rights in a particular case;

and if this example be generally imitated, the old usage becomes obsolete, and a new one having the force of law is at length established. Thus it is, that public law has been ameliorated in modern times, and the very inconsistency, of which the author complains, been introduced. Anciently, all private property was fair plunder, both by sea and land; but while the rule of naval warfare remains unaltered, that of military warfare has been rendered more humane by a change of custom, which has been brought about, not by the reasonings of civilians on the abstract principles of the law of nature, but by general convenience. It was natural that such a change should first take place on land, because it was more important, inasmuch as it is more desirable that men's dwellings should be secure than their ships; and because it was more easily accomplished, inasmuch as sovereigns, by preventing their troops from plundering the inhabitants of conquered territories, are better able to levy taxes and contributions on them for their own benefit. It is to be hoped that the same rule will in time be established on the ocean; and when it is so, it will be remembered to the honor of the United States and of Prussia, that they first attempted to introduce it by inserting it in a formal treaty. The circumstance, however, that when they renewed the other provisions of that treaty fourteen years afterwards, in 1799, this was suffered to expire, is some evidence that their attempt was premature.

We readily admit also, what this writer repeatedly suggests, that the custom of deciding national disputes by war is as absurd, as the ancient practice of determining private controversies by judicial combat; yet it would be little less than quixotism for a practical statesman to make its immediate abolition the great object of his labors, and something more for any judicial tribunal to declare that, because it is irrational and cruel, it is therefore contrary to the law of nations, and punish every exercise of belligerent power as robbery or murder. An enlightened government ought to seize every opportunity of mitigating the rigor of public law, but should not forget that by declaring itself the advocate of extravagant and hopeless schemes of benevolence, it diminishes its ability to promote such as are practicable. Distinguished writers may usefully go further in their speculations, and endeavor to render public opinion familiar with still bolder improvements; yet there is a limit, which even they cannot overstep, without being regarded as visionary, and losing something of their influence.

The conduct of Great Britain, in her foreign relations, bears no marks, it is truly said, of a liberal and enlightened policy. Such a spirit did not dictate the celebrated rule of the war of 1756, which is supported by no practice but her own; nor her monstrous claim to the right of declaring a whole continent under blockade, or to that of taking from neutral ships at sea persons not in the military service of her enemies, and of exercising on the high way of nations a mere municipal authority. The position, however, taken in this work, that it was an unwarrantable pretension of England, to hold that enemy's property on board of neutral vessels is good prize, cannot be maintained. This is the settled law of nations and is uniformly enforced by the United States themselves. A pamphlet has been recently published here to refute the assertions of this writer that the United States acquiesced in the rule of 1756, and sanctioned in a formal treaty the attempt of England to starve the whole innocent population of another country, by totally interdicting the trade in provisions. We know of no acquiescence by the United States in the rule of 1756; but on the contrary they always protested against it, and compensation was demanded and received from the British government under the treaty of 1794, for the American vessels which had been captured and condemned by virtue of this rule. With regard to the trade in provisions, the words of the treaty are these: 'And whereas the difficulty of agreeing on the precise cases, in which alone provisions and other articles not generally contraband may be regarded as such, renders it expedient to provide against the inconveniencies and misunderstandings, which might thence arise: it is further agreed, that whenever any such articles, so *becoming contraband according to the existing law of nations*, shall for that reason be seized, the same shall not be confiscated; but the owners thereof shall be speedily and completely indemnified; and the captors or in their default the government, under whose authority they act, shall pay to the masters or owners of such vessels the full value of all such articles with a reasonable mercantile profit thereon, together with the freight and also the demurrage incident to such detention.'

We supposed that there was now but one opinion among enlightened men with regard to the merits of the treaty containing this provision, and that at the present day it was admitted as a whole to have been equally honorable and bene-

ficial to our country. It is obvious that the clause above cited does not warrant the reproach cast on it, that it did not recognize any new rule of public law, nor sanction any usurpation on the part of Great Britain, or relinquish any national right of the United States. Literally construed and fairly applied, it is unexceptionable, tending rather to mitigate than increase the severity of the law of nations; and the only rational objection to its policy is, that in practice it admitted, and indeed almost invited abuse, by enabling England, more easily and with less danger of clamorous and immediate resistance to interrupt even our lawful commerce with her enemy, upon her paying what her own courts should deem an adequate compensation for the injury.

The work, we are now reviewing, has been mentioned in some English publications as that of a pretended American. Our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will not believe, that America can really have produced a book, written in a manner worthy of the best days of their literature. The style is throughout in excellent taste. Brilliant and glowing without any affectation either of quaintness or of novelty; polished, chaste, and vigorous, yet entirely unostentatious, and wearing no appearance of effort; it attracts attention always to the subject of which it treats, and not to its own merits. We will not say, that a minute criticism might not here and there discover in it a few instances of carelessness and inelegance; but in the main, it is just what a style should be; perfectly simple, and elegant in its simplicity; transparent and without tinge itself, like the pure light of heaven, yet giving distinctness, coloring, and beauty to every thing that it touches. We hope for the honor of our country that such a pen will never be weary.

ART. X.—*Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists, a Medley*, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. New York, 1822.

WE should be without excuse either to the public or our own consciences, did we longer neglect the pleasing duty of noticing the productions of our distinguished countryman, Mr Crayon. It is true we have all along consoled ourselves with the reflection that he needed not our commemoration; that far more widely than our pages circulate at home, his own were diffused and admired, and that while we can scarce

promise ourselves a curious reader or two beyond the sea, he is enjoying an almost unexampled heyday of popularity, at the metropolis of our language and literature. We are ever too happy to have our labors thus anticipated and superseded, by the public discernment and taste. That we now at length devote an article to the last of the much admired writings of our ingenious countryman and esteemed friend, is not because we have any thing to say of value, after the unequivocal tribute the great English and American public have paid to his success, but because we would fain call him in as an auxiliary in the battle we have occasionally waged in behalf of our country's reputation, and because of all the pleasures, which the gods have attached to the thankless vocation of reviewing, that of commenting upon the production of a man of good humor, happy taste, and fine talents is the greatest.

We observe that we wish to appeal to the example of our countryman, in support of opinions which we have occasionally expressed on the subject of American literature. We hope our readers will not be offended with us for reverting to this topic. We assure them that we omit many fair occasions to do it; we pass by numberless designed provocations; we take no notice of paragraphs meant to be stinging, written in England, where they excite but moderate interest, but sent in popular journals to this country, with no other visible object than that of keeping up a literary hostility. We look with no other emotion than silent disdain, at the laudatory notice of the unfortunate 'gentlemen,' who travel through the most noble and charming portions of our country—who cross our grand rivers—traverse a region of fertility unequalled except by the enterprise and industry of the springing nations, to whose comforts it ministers—who pass almost the doors of the rural establishments, which rival in extent, in taste, and improved cultivation, the happiest spots in England—who hurry by those canals which put the enterprise and liberality of kings and tributary nations to shame—who pass all this with no other 'recollections of America,' than filthy adventures in the public coach, and nauseous, and what is far worse, fictitious scenes in the bar-room.—We are in general, equally disposed to silence, when in the gravest and ablest journals, and in articles on Greek literature, it is stated that our fair countrywomen, when invited to dance at a ball, reply, 'I guess I have no occasion:' and when the practice of bundling (which has taken

such rank hold of the susceptible minds of the English tourists in America) is pointed out as one of the chief fruits of republicanism among us, we know well that without any ado on our part, the man who could dictate such sorry stuff, to be sent abroad among the chaste mothers and daughters, we shall not say of America but of his own England, will be adjudged by all fair and honorable persons, to be some pedantic bigot, without the feelings of a gentleman or the heart of a man. We can safely do this, for we know that the same public sentiment in England which has already done much to assert the cause of America against their own journalists will do more : will compel them to abate much of the tone they still assume, to abstain from insinuating the exploded charges which it is too late openly to assert ; or at least force them to speak less confidently, or inform themselves more faithfully.

But to return from an unpleasant to a pleasant topic,—Mr Crayon, or to drop a mask which effects no disguise, Mr Irving has long been one of the most popular writers our country has produced.—The testimony rendered to his late writings by the English journals, and the numerous editions of those writings from the most fashionable English press are a confirmation of his reputation, which was not wanted here. We all remember the success of *Salmagundi*, to which he was a large and distinguished contributor ; with what rapidity and to what extent it circulated through America ; how familiar it made us with the local pleasantries, and the personal humors of New York, and what an abiding influence it has had in that city, by forming a sort of school of wit of a character somewhat marked and peculiar and superior to every thing our country has witnessed, except perhaps that of the wits of the *Anarchiad* in Connecticut. Equally or more admired was '*Knickerbocker's History of New York*,' a work to be compared with any thing of the kind in our language ; a book of unwearying pleasantries, which, instead of flashing out as English and American humor is wont, from time to time, with long and dull intervals, is kept up with a true French vivacity from beginning to end ; a book which, if it have a fault, has only that of being too pleasant, too sustained a tissue of merriment and ridicule. As the author of these works, Mr Irving was justly admired throughout America. To all readers of refined taste he commended himself by the remarkable chastity of his English style, and the uncommon delicacy of his moral sense,

which even in the tempting characters of the early Dutch settlers of New York did not allow him to be betrayed into the coarse and vulgar. What was somewhat remarkable, these works were appearing at the precise moment that our political dissensions with England had roused the spirits of her journalists to uncommon activity ; and while we were producing and relishing from one corner to the other of the continent a succession of works in a style of original humor and in a pure English equal to any thing, which the mother country has brought forth in this generation, we were taunted with Mr Barlow's poetry and Dr Mitchell's prose, and told to believe, in spite of our senses, that the English was a dead language among us, which we could neither read nor write.

For this ungentle carriage toward us, there was not even the equivocal excuse of ignorance ; equivocal, we say, because the literary taste of a people should be really understood before it is vilified. The *Salmagundi* we are sure, and we believe *Knickerbocker*, were reprinted in London. Gentlemen in New York, who had friends in England, would send them out these pleasant books, and by some accident or other, one at least of them was reprinted, nay, and noticed in the minor reviews : how judiciously our readers will understand, when we mention that the reviewer mistakes for Americanisms, the cant terms, which the fancy of the *Salmagundi* folks coined to express their own notions. Our brethren of a later period have fallen into the same error, and actually speak of *slang-whangers* as a denomination of American politicians. Upon the whole, however, these charming works of Mr Irving attracted no notice in England. They found not their way into the leading journals, which instead of paying a just tribute to these and other works of merit, that were appearing among us, were still—with low bred travellers to furnish the text—ringing insipid changes on the 'American language,' wrestling with the puritanical Christian names of our writers, and waging a quixotic warfare against barbarisms never approved, and denounced already here.—Our newspapers were culled for scandalous advertisements, the proceedings of Congress sifted for indecorous scenes, and the provincial courts of our most insignificant states declared to be a specimen of our jurisprudence, and that by gentlemen who 'flattered themselves that their readers would give them credit for their knowledge of America ;' all the time that the press at New York, a city

whose intercourse with England is more that of the same county than of another hemisphere, was sending forth a series of publications equal to any thing in the fugitive literature of the day, and which though reprinted had not the good fortune to be read in England. This shows, we apprehend, that if, as has been tauntingly said, no one reads an American book, it may not be altogether the fault of Americans; and that there is some little mystery and skill, independent of those required for its production, which are necessary to bring a book into notoriety. If this remark be at all authorised by the earlier writings of our ingenious countryman, it is confirmed by his late productions.—Few recent publications have been so well received in England as the *Sketch Book*. Several of the *Waverley* novels have passed through fewer editions than this agreeable work, and the journals of most consequence have paid the highest compliments to its merit. We are nevertheless free to confess, that we think the *Sketch Book*, as a whole, inferior to the author's earlier writings. Not so much perhaps that in any single assignable quality of fine writing it falls below them, as because it wants the raciness of originality, and in one respect, to which we shall revert, is less fortunate in the choice of its subjects. What popularity may be attained by *Bracebridge Hall*, we have not yet had the means of knowing, but we see no reason to question that it will correspond with that of its successful predecessor. Meantime the good fortune of these later productions is extended to the former, and a new edition of *Knickerbocker's* humorous history of New York is announced from Albemarle street.—We hope our design in making these remarks will not be misconstrued. We do not wish to be querulous on the subject of the reception our literature meets with in England. With a literary market so amply stocked as theirs, we cannot complain that they do not come to us for supplies. We admit, moreover, that it is quite natural that our brethren beyond the water should remain ignorant of what is here done. Foreign nations, on equal terms, know but little of each other's literature; and it is in the nature of things that we should be far better informed of the state of literature in England, than our brethren in England of the state of literature in America. But we maintain that this excusable ignorance is no ground for the diligent abuse, which has been heaped upon our press. We also maintain that an equal diligence exerted in procuring from America a supply of

our current works, might have furnished ample matter for compliment and praise, and that it argues ill for the candor, with which judgments on America are formed in England, that it is actually necessary for an American writer to appear bodily in London, to become personally acquainted with the *arbitri elegantiarum*, and have the advantage of being patronized by the British Sosii, before justice can be done to his substantial merits.

But we feel it time to proceed to the more immediate consideration of Bracebridge Hall. Mr. Irving is a writer happily above the necessity of receiving formal compliments, and insipid generalities of admiration. It is consoling to criticise a first rate writer, for you know whatever fault you find, if unjust, can do him no hurt, and if just, be taken in good part. We have no hesitation in pronouncing Bracebridge quite equal to any thing, which the present age of English literature has produced in this department. In saying this, we class it in the branch of essay writing. It may, perhaps, be called a novel in disguise; since a series of personages are made the subject or authors of the sketches of life and manners, which it contains, and it is conducted to a wedding, the regular *denouement* of a novel. The plot, however, is quite subordinate; not exceeding in intricacy or amount of incident the history of those various respectable personages, with whom the Spectator, the Tatler, and other ancient humorists had to do. In fact it is the first observation, which the perusal of Bracebridge excites, that the Squire is a kind of extended Sir Roger de Coverley; and could Addison have foreseen that the worthy knight would be so honorably supported, we think he would not have been in haste 'to kill him.' Looking on this work then as a series of essays and sketches on English rural life and manners, we may venture to put it in comparison with any thing else of the kind in English literature, for accuracy and fidelity of observation, for spirit of description, for a certain peculiarly pleasantry, like the very happiest touches of the Addisonian school, and for uncommon simplicity and purity of style. In this last respect, however, we do not know that it is any way superior to the former writings of its author. It was therefore not learned by him in England, and must accordingly constitute a problem curious to be solved by the philologers, who have written on the American lan-

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guage.* Before closing our article we shall present our readers with such extracts as we think will justify this opinion. But we beg leave first to hint at one or two points where we could have wished the ingenious author had taken maturer counsel. In his preface he thus expresses himself, in the person of Geoffrey Crayon Esq.

'The volumes, which I have already published, have met with a reception far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I would willingly attribute this to their intrinsic merits; but in spite of the vanity of authorship, I cannot but be sensible that their success has in a great measure been owing to a less flattering cause. It has been a matter of marvel *at least* to the European part of my readers, that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English. I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage with a feather in his hand, instead of on his head, and there was a curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society. This novelty is now at an end.'

* We hope we shall not be thought to go out of our way, in noticing a criticism in one of the most respectable London prints. In an article in the Morning Chronicle on 'Europe, by a citizen of the United States,' the writer argues that the work could not have been written by an American, from its containing even the English provincialisms. This writer adds, that the author of Europe betrays an ignorance of America, in the following comparison: 'Thus the actual amount of wretchedness is in some measure hidden from public view, by the princely splendor that encircles the summit of society; as the poisonous and *impassable swamps* of Florida are concealed by the colossal Magnolia tree, which towers above them to immeasurable heights, and charms the distant spectator, with the magnificent richness of its foliage, and the matchless size and beauty of its flowers, perfuming the air, for miles around, with their delightful odor.' On this passage the writer in the Morning Chronicle remarks, that the Magnolia grows not in swamps, and therefore the author of Europe is no American. Now it is asking rather too much to demand of every American to know the natural history of every tree on our soil from Maine to Florida. We doubt if this critic, *European* as he is, knows much about the Oleanders on the plain of Sparta. We profess ourselves Americans, but being no botanists were wholly unacquainted with the soil of the Magnolia. The author of Europe, however, probably felt safe in the authority of Michaux, who says, 'the big laurel (*Magnolia Grandiflora*) grows only in cool and shady places, where the soil, composed of brown mould, is loose, deep, and fertile. These tracts lie contiguous to the great swamps which are found on the borders of the rivers, and in the midst of the pine barrens, or form themselves a part of these swamps, but they are never seen in the long and narrow marshes, called branch swamps.' *Forest Trees of America*, ii. 5. Here we see the manner, in which American matters are understood and American books criticised. It was scarcely possible for a free comparison to have been more studiously accurate; for while, by placing the Magnolia in '*impassable swamps*' the author of 'Europe' might appear to have used at least an unguarded expression, (for who could go and see them there,) yet it seems these great swamps are on the margin of rivers, or surrounded by the dry sandy plains.

There are some other hints to this effect in the Sketch Book or Bracebridge Hall, and we must therefore take leave to say, that we dislike this tone altogether. We apprehend our ingenious countryman to be without warrant, in saying either that he came from the wilds of America, or that the European part *at least* of his readers would think he came from them. What this *at least* can rest on, we are in fact profoundly ignorant. It appears to convey the intimation, that possibly some in our own country might labor under the same delusion, and entertain that feeling with respect to their countryman, which he supposes to prevail abroad. But without urging this, we apprehend, in plain matter of fact, that no such impression, as our friend hints at, exists even among his English readers. We have no doubt in the world, that all among them, whose opinions would find public or private conveyance to his ear, know that New York is just such a wild as the immediate vicinity of Charing-cross or Temple-bar; inhabited by savages who wear fine West country cloths, and read the Waverly novels. We do not think that an American writer has been thought an Indian with a feather in his hand instead of on his head, since Franklin wrote his letters on electricity, or the American congress those papers, which lord Chatham said were equal to any thing in Thucydides or Demosthenes, or Mr Jefferson his Notes on Virginia, or Mr Ames his essay on American literature, or President Kirkland his life of Mr Ames, or Mr Walsh his essay on the French government. Nay, as it is now two years since we had the honor of announcing in our own pages, a complete translation and commentary of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, from a small 'wilderness' in our neighborhood, we think our friend can hardly lay claim to the credit of having broken the charm of novelty, which attended an American book. We know such language has at times crept into scornful pieces in the English reviews. But we have good reason to think that they excite nearly as much disgust in England as America. The well educated portion of the public there would not, we are sure, be thought so ignorant of *geography*,—to put it on no better ground,—as not to know that beyond the Atlantic ocean there is a kindred nation of laws, institutions, and manners like their own, and who boast as proudly as any Englishman,

That Chatham's language is their mother tongue.

We should not have expressed so pointed a dissent from this sentiment of our countryman and friend—which taken by itself might have worn merely a playful air of national diffidence—had not the sentiment which dictated it appeared to govern him in the composition of his work. We have seen an extract of a judicious opinion on Mr Crayon's writings in England, from the pen of our distinguished compeer, Mr Christopher North, setting forth, 'that he has engrafted himself, matter and style, on English literature, and must be contented to pass among the crowd of good English writers.' This we think the capital error to be laid to our friend's charge. No one can go beyond us in the veneration we feel for the great masters of our language; no one in the disapprobation we would express of all affectation of uncouth new idioms in America; no one in the pious tribute we would pay to all that it is grand or endearing in this great national brotherhood, this fraternity of millions, this consanguinity of empires, which we hold to have been deeply sinned against by certain writers beyond the sea. But at these feelings, an American, even in the judgment of all judicious Englishmen, ought to rest. Mr Irving gained his reputation as an American writer, as a painter of American life, an observer of our humors, as the happy delineator of a very peculiar and deeply marked variety in character and manners, which he had witnessed from early life, and on which his mind had exercised itself habitually. He was so identified with the *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*, that he could not, without labor, form himself to a different circle of topics, and if he did, it would remain for his readers here to become acquainted with him in his new dress, to feel familiar with an old friend under a new character, and then make the comparison between the two; a comparison never to be tempted by a writer so popular as the author of *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*. Mr Irving, however, has now chosen to appear in a new character: the observer of English life and manners, and the describer of them in a style of writing more correct perhaps, in the freedom from a few specific faults, but in our judgment less original and nervous. Moreover, though Mr Irving in his preface ascribes the peculiar interest he feels in English scenery and English manners to the contrast of their antiquity and prescriptiveness, (if we may coin a word) with the novelty and immaturity of ours, yet he does not let this appear in his descriptions. He has labored to write as an Englishman would

write, to show that he is at home among these scenes. His quick observation and his reading of old authors have really given him a surprising comprehension and accuracy of knowledge on these subjects; and he is able, like Mr Matthews, to play four or five parts at once, and personate all the humorists at Bracebridge Hall of all ages, stations, and characters, with equal ease. This is a talent of a totally different kind, and implies an interest and feeling totally different from the talent and feeling, which would enable and dispose an American to paint in its strength the contrast of English and American scenery and manners. Mr Irving traverses Bracebridge Hall, explores the grounds, goes in and out of the housekeeper's room, and the hunter's lodge, visits the village school and the rustic fair, not like the stranger from another world, struck at the sort of life, which he had never before witnessed, but as one of the inmates. In so doing, we maintain that he has mistaken his powers. We do not say that he never should have travelled out of the cycle of Wouter van Twiller or Jeremy Cockloft, that all his views of life should have been drawn from Broadway, and all his pictures of nature been sketched among the Highlands, though here alone his success had borne the full test of experience. But he should at least have acted on the principle, announced in his preface as that on which his interest in England rested. A well educated American, kindly received in good company in England, and capable of expressing in writing the associations and the emotions, with which he beholds the panorama of a life in many respects new, and of a scenery still more in contrast with that which he has left at home, might surely be called upon to produce a work of a strongly marked original character. We know not the individual, who could have done it better than Mr Irving. Possessed of all that nationality, which a good man must feel, but too liberal to be a national bigot, animated by the entire success, which his writings had merited, we would gladly have trusted to him the duty of representing the literary interests of America abroad; of either presenting to the British public, with all the charm and fascination of his manner, topics purely American, or of uttering those emotions, which glow in an American's heart or expressing those judgments, which are formed in an American's mind, as he treads the soil where his fathers repose. In condemning the manner, in which Mr Irving has written, it is from any thing rather than a hostile

feeling toward England. We have felt, of course, our share of the irritation, with which the warfare has been waged between the journals, the tourists, and the newspapers on both sides of the water ; but this can cast no shade over the feeling, with which we contemplate the home of our ancestors, the seat of our language, laws, and manners. These feelings of tenderness and veneration are a treasure, of which we will not be deprived by any quality or amount of literary provocation at the present day. But our complaint is one, which has been, we doubt not, already anticipated in England, which, in fact, is made, though in the form perhaps of a compliment, by the writer, to whom we have alluded, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is that Mr Irving has aimed to engraft himself, manner and matter, on the English stock. In so doing, he has merely proved his happy facility, and no more. He has shown with what ease and freedom he can write on English scenery and manners, after two or three years passed in England ; and this is agreeable. We are not saying that the *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* are not pleasing, finely written works ; but we do say that they wave almost wholly that peculiar interest, which the author's position enabled him to give them ; and in the main can be read through and through, without causing a thrill in the heart of a countryman. Mr Irving could have written a book, which should have done this ; a book, which should have turned to profit all his curious observation abroad, without sacrificing—as he has done—all that store of recollections, which he had brought from home. We grant him, in all its force, the impression made on the mind of an American in England. We have, on a former occasion, hazarded the opinion, that an American surveys Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon with keener feelings than an Englishman can do it. But we cannot grant that this impression may obliterate those which were made at home. On the contrary, you must first go abroad to experience in all their power the emotions, which belong to an American at the contemplation of his native land. They are deeper, and warmer, and dearer beyond the sea. You then feel, for the first time, the whole weight of this lengthening chain.—The names of Plymouth, of Lexington, of Washington, of America must come up to the memory of one of her sons beyond the Atlantic and the Alps, before he knows all that they mean and all that they say. We doubt not our excellent countryman has thus

felt all that they can inspire ; but there is little in his works to assure us of it.

We have hinted, that in this suppression he has mistaken the true path to interest as a writer, even in England. We remember well to have heard it objected by a person of remarkable discretion in London, to a certain American critical journal that shall be nameless, that it contained chiefly reviews of English books. ' We do not wish to know,' it was said, ' any thing more about Rob Roy or Childe Harolde. We want from you something new, national, peculiar.' Mr Irving need not have abated a whit of his courtesy and benevolence, he need not have omitted one nice trait in character or manners, above all he need not have employed one Americanism, and yet have written a book, which, without an allusion to a *caucus*, or the use either of *progressing*, or *lengthy*, should have revealed itself at once as an American production. As such, we are sure it would have excited a far higher and more flattering interest, than can attach itself to his late works.

We have thus far gone on the supposition that the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall are exclusively of the character we describe. This, however, is not the case, and Mr Irving, we think, might have seen in the preference given to Rip Van Winkle, where his fort lies.—In Bracebridge there is one story, the longest, and in our opinion the best in the work, called Dolph Heyliger, which is of the true Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle school, though not equal to the best efforts of the author, in the same department. The following extract will afford a pleasant specimen of it.

' As the doctor increased in wealth, he began to extend his possessions, and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or as the Dutch settlers called it, a Bowerie, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family that had returned some time since to Holland. A large mansion house stood in the centre of it, very much out of repair, and which, in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the Haunted House. Either from these reports, or from its actual dreariness, the doctor had found it impossible to get a tenant ; and, that the place might not fall to ruin before he could reside in it himself, he had placed a country boor with his family in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farm on shares.

' The doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within

him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and almost looked upon himself as owner of a principality. He began to complain of the fatigue of business, and was fond of riding out "to look at his estate." His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a sensation throughout the neighbourhood. His wall-eyed horse stood stamping and whisking off the flies for a full hour before the house. Then the doctor's saddle bags would be brought out and adjusted; then after a little while his cloak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle; then his umbrella would be buckled to the cloak; while, in the mean time, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door. At length the doctor would issue forth in a pair of jack boots that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flapped down in front. As he was a short fat man he took some time to mount into the saddle, and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted; enjoying the wonder and admiration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street; or trot back two or three times to give some parting orders, which were answered by the housekeeper from the door, or Dolph from the study, or the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret window, and there were generally some last words bawled after him, just as he was turning the corner. The whole neighbourhood would be aroused by this pomp and circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last; the barber would thrust out his frizzed head, with a comb sticking in it; a knot would collect at the grocer's door; and the word would be buzzed from one end of the street to the other, "the doctor's riding out to his country seat!"

Besides Dolph Heyliger there are various other pieces in the volumes of *Bracebridge*, of a miscellaneous character, and not belonging to the delineation of English life and manners, such as the *Student of Salamanca* and *Annette Delarbre*. The scene of the former is laid in Spain, and describes, with considerable spirit and effect, the monuments of Moorish magnificence at Grenada. There are other passages also of great merit in the piece; but we do not regard it on the whole as a happy effort.—The lore of alchemy is somewhat trite, and Mr Irving in search of originality has gone somewhat too deeply into it, and quoted freely the names of authors too long forgotten to awaken any association.—The incidents are commonplace, and the interest of the story but moderate.—Few writers might be able to produce so agreeable a piece, but we

suppose Mr Irving could write a score such, with no additional effort, but that of the mechanical labor.—Annette Delarbre, on the other hand, is most beautiful. The conception on which the *denouement* rests, though new to us, is so perfectly natural as to awaken no reaction against its probability, and the whole is unsurpassed for delicacy and pathos. The story is that of a girl attached to a young Frenchman of the same village, whom, with unreflecting coquetry, she treats with unkindness, and drives in hasty desperation to sea. Soon repenting of her cruelty, Annette falls into a melancholy, and on the return of the vessel in which Eugene had embarked with the tidings that he had perished in a storm, she becomes insane.

“The subject,” continued my informer, “is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it, and it seems as though there were some vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled, some imperfect idea of his shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

“Her parents have tried every means to cheer her up, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. They assemble around her the young companions in whose society she used to delight; and they will work, and chat, and sing, and laugh as formerly; but she will sit silently among them, and will sometimes weep in the midst of their gayety; and if spoken to, will make no reply, but look up with streaming eyes and sing a dismal little song which she has learnt somewhere, about a shipwreck. It makes every one’s heart ache to see her in this way; for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

“She passes the greater part of the time with Eugene’s mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother’s tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood. The poor girl seems, as formerly, to make an effort to be cheerful in her company; but will sometimes gaze upon her with the most piteous look, and then put back her cap, and kiss her gray hairs, and fall on her neck and weep.

“She is not always melancholy, however; she has occasional intervals when she will be bright and animated for days together; but there is a degree of wildness attending these fits of gayety, that prevents their yielding any encouragement to her friends. At such times she will arrange her room, which is all covered with pictures of ships, and legends of saints; and will wreath a white chaplet, as if for a wedding, and prepare wedding ornaments. She will listen anxiously at the door, and look frequently at the window, as if expecting some one’s arrival. It is sup-

posed that at such times she is looking for her lover's return ; but as no one touches upon the theme, or mentions his name in her presence, the current of her thoughts is for the most part merely conjecture.

"Now and then she will make a pilgrimage to the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace ; where she will pray for hours at the altar, and decorate the images with wreaths that she has woven ; or will wave her handkerchief from the terrace, as you have seen, if their is any vessel to be seen in the distance."

The description of Annette in her state of madness is quite equal to the best things of the kind, contained in our literature. The sequel of the story relates that Eugene had escaped from shipwreck and returned in safety to his native village. This concluding portion is so beautiful, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

'In the mean time Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette was told him. With bitterness of heart he upbraided his own rashness and infatuation, that had hurried him away from her ; and accused himself as the author of all her woes. His mother would describe to him all the anguish and remorse of poor Annette ; the tenderness with which she clung to her, and endeavored, even in the midst of her insanity, to console her for the loss of her son ; and the touching expressions of affection that were mingled with her most incoherent wanderings of thought ; until his feelings would be wound up to agony, and he would intreat her to desist from the recital. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping. The tears streamed down his sunburnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made, and his heart swelled almost to breaking as he beheld round her neck the very braid of hair which she once gave him in token of girlish affection, and which he had returned to her in anger.

At length the physician that attended her determined to adventure upon an experiment ; to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods, when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavor to engraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. These moods had become very rare, for nature was sinking under the continual pressure of her mental malady, and the principal of reaction was daily growing weaker. Every effort was tried to bring on a cheerful interval of the kind. Several of her most favorite companions were kept continually about her. They chatted gayly ; they laughed, and sang, and danced ; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and

took no part in their gayety. At length the winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swallow began to build in the eaves of the house, and the robin and wren piped all day beneath the window. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care, and bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreath a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet. "What!" said she with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding dresses of blossoms; has not the swallow flown back over the sea; do you not know that the time is come for Eugene to return, that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were reported to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that her idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene is coming," was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed, with a shriek, into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gayety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind as though they had been the mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlor her eyes were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without, and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavoring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and, before he could reach her, sunk upon the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind, but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep constantly in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and

when he was not present she would speak of him as buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

'As the agitation of her feelings subsided, and her frame recovered from the shock which it had received, she became more placid and coherent. Eugene kept almost continually near her. He formed the real object, round which her scattered ideas once more gathered, and which linked them once more with the realities of life. But her changeful disorder now appeared to take a new turn. She became languid and inert, and would sit for hours silent and almost in a state of lethargy. If roused from this stupor, it seemed as if her mind would make some attempts to follow up a train of thought, but soon became confused. She would regard every one that approached her with an anxious and inquiring eye, that seemed continually to disappoint itself. Sometimes as her lover sat holding her hand she would look pensively in his face without saying a word, until his heart was overcome; and after these transient fits of intellectual exertion she would sink again into lethargy.

'By degrees this stupor increased; her mind appeared to have subsided into a stagnant and almost deathlike calm. For the greater part of the time her eyes were closed; her face almost as fixed and passionless as that of a corpse. She no longer took any notice of surrounding objects. There was an awfulness in this tranquillity that filled her friends with apprehension. The physician ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet; or that if she evinced any agitation, she should be gently lulled, like a child, by some favorite tune.

'She remained in this state for hours, hardly seeming to breathe, and apparently sinking into the sleep of death. Her chamber was profoundly still. The attendants moved about it with noiseless tread; every thing was communicated by signs and whispers. Her lover sat by her side, watching her with painful anxiety, and fearing that every breath which stole from her pale lips would be the last.

'At length she heaved a deep sigh; and from some convulsive motions appeared to be troubled in her sleep. Her agitation increased, accompanied by an indistinct moaning. One of her companions, remembering the physician's instructions, endeavored to lull her, by singing in a low voice a tender little air, which was a particular favorite of Annette's. Probably it had some connexion in her mind with her story; for every fond girl has some ditty of the kind linked in her thoughts with sweet and sad remembrances.

'As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided. A streak of faint color came into her cheeks; her eyelids became swoln with rising tears, which trembled there for a moment, and then, steal-

ing forth, coursed down her pallid cheek. When the song was ended, she opened her eyes and looked about her as one awaking in a strange place

"O Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream. What has happened, and what has been the matter with me?"

"The questions were embarrassing; and before they could be answered, the physician, who was in the next room, entered; she took him by the hand, looked up in his face, and made the same inquiry. He endeavored to put her off with some evasive answer. "No! No!" cried she, "I know I've been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us; and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned!—But he has been to sea!" added she, earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and he came home again one bright morning—and—oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here. I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy—and we shall never, never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

"She sunk back in her chair exhausted. The tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment. "You are all so good to me!" said she faintly.

"The physician drew the father aside. "Your daughter's mind is restored," said he, "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married, in God's name!"

"The wedding took place," said the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last *fête* during their honey moon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees. The young man, his wife, and mother now live on a fine farm at Pont l'Eveque; and that model of a ship which you see yonder, with white flowers wreathed round it, is Annette's offering of thanks to our Lady of Grace, for having listened to her prayers, and protected her lover in the hour of peril."

But we are unconsciously drawing our article beyond its limits, and that perhaps without having done fair justice to the work. We have not quoted any of those portions, which belong to the main series of sketches of English life and manners,

and with which the stories we have alluded to have only a sort of episodical connexion. Many of them are singularly felicitous and pleasant, and replete with that half suppressed irony and gentle wit, which form the charm of a considerable portion of the Spectator. At the same time, we must add, that some of the pieces are but a kind of travesty. Such chapters as that on Hawking bear about the same relation to any thing in real life at any period of history, as the battle of the frogs and mice to the Iliad. They are certainly a mere farce, pleasant enough to be sure, but not the pleasantry of any set of humorists that ever existed in reality.

That we may clear our consciences of all the fault we have to find at once, we must profess our weariness of most of the quotations at the heads of the chapters, taken from writers very ingenious it may be, and of high repute with those who, like worthy Thomas Hearne, 'learn whatever time forgets,' but now exceedingly obsolete. There is a sort of reason of the thing which has allowed these authors to pass into forgetfulness, and as the series of years accumulates, each with its burden of books, it is wisely ordered that one after another of the older writers should sink away, leaving none but the immortal standards. As you skim along the shore, your eye is arrested and delighted with the hundred little hamlets that line it; but as you are borne off to the sea, they drop into obscurity, one after one is lost in the distance, and nothing but the great mountains and eternal landmarks remains for the eye to rest on. In an age, when, as has been finely said by a worthy colleague, good books are multiplied so rapidly, that all reading must be given up in despair, we hold it out of reason and taste to ransack the neglected shelves of the *beaux esprits* and gentle wits of Charles and James, and worry us with quotations from authors, we have no heart to set about reading.

We beg leave to make a remark on the price of the American copies of Bracebridge, which we have heard complained of for its extravagance. For ourselves, we rejoice that the publisher has ventured to sell it a price, without which, it is impossible that he can afford the author any thing for his pains. It is beyond all question, that the proximate cause of the languishing state of our literature is, that it is poorly paid. Men have somehow or other contracted a passion for keeping soul and body together; and where they cannot live by a

thing, they are seldom willing to starve by it. We suppose indeed that the *mass* of authors is as poorly paid in England as here. Human charity cannot go the length, in any country, of giving a great deal for most of the dull or trashy stuff, the learned or simple folly, that is scattered by the press. But those who write very well are paid very well, and the noble prize glitters in the mental sight of the whole tribe : few only can gain it, but all strive for it. Mr. Irving wrote better in America than in England, and in our measure we believe was well remunerated. But we are sorry to say that a man may stand high in the comparative degree among us, in this respect, and yet come shabbily off in the positive, and this we believe was the case of our ingenious countryman. Report speaks *goldenly* of his success abroad. It is a singular but certain principle that the price and reputation of a thing react upon each other; and when an author has been liberally paid, he is liberally praised, because the public would show that it has made a good bargain, and got its money's worth. Besides this, we should be glad to know what merit better deserves encouragement and what labor is better entitled to reward, than that which is purely intellectual. This one, who claims only to be a prudent adviser in matters of the law, and that one, who has his books kept by an accurate clerk, can turn his hours and his attention to an account of princely profit. Shall there be no lucrative market for wit and taste and learning, and for all that adorns our natures?

To conclude, we should not have spoken so freely of the work before us, had we not thought it in the author's power to write a better one. We know that some, over fond of metaphysical principles, deny the justice of these comparisons or the fairness of weighing one sort of writing against another, and bringing all to certain standard principles. Few men, however, hold this doctrine, but from a misgiving that their own works will not bear the test. No book can be pronounced good till it is also known what would be bad, and what indifferent. All judgment of merit is comparative; and no writer can be said to have done well, who has not done what became him in his place and condition. But though we cannot allow that Mr Irving has done all that ought to have been expected from the pen of an American in England, we have much to admire and praise, in his works. Besides the episodic tales, he has given us admirable sketches of life and manners,

highly curious in themselves, and rendered almost important by the goodnatured mock gravity, the ironical reverence, and lively wit with which they are described. We can scarce express the delight with which we turn to the definite images such a work excites, from the vagueness and generality of ordinary story writing, where personages without prototypes in any society on earth, speak a language learned out of books, without a trait of nature, life, or truth.

ART. XI.—1. *Narrative Journal of Travels through the north-western regions of the United States, extending from Detroit through the great chain of American Lakes, to the sources of the Mississippi river ; performed as a member of the expedition under Governor Cass in the year 1820, By Henry R. Schoolcraft.* 8vo. Albany 1821.

2. *A Memoir on the geological position of a Fossil Tree, discovered in the secondary rocks of the river Des Plaines. By Henry R. Schoolcraft.* Albany 1822.

THE journal of Mr Schoolcraft's travels contains the first general view of the chain of lakes and the country about the sources of the Mississippi, founded on actual observation, which was ever published. This gentleman was induced to accompany the expedition sent out under Governor Cass to explore these regions solely for the purpose of acquainting himself with the natural history of this unknown but interesting part of our country. It is the tendency of this science to excite enthusiasm ; the objects of nature are universally attractive even to the eye of a common observer, and they become absolutely bewitching when their secret charms are brought out by examination and study. When this passion is once excited, the votary follows wherever nature leads, and there are no proofs of stronger influence which any affection ever exercised, nor any instances of more perfect devotedness which any admirer ever exhibited, than those of which she has to boast. How many wearisome travels and long voyages and hazardous enterprizes have been undertaken for the advancement of natural history ; how often has it called those engaged in the cultivation of it to give up the usual comforts and enjoyments of life, to renounce the society of man for the

solitariness of the desert, to forego the charms of domestic life, and range wild with the savage, and to have neither part nor lot in the common business of the world. It is only among her works, and in her own grand theatre, that nature can be studied; the naturalist must see her there, or he sees her only imperfectly. But this theatre is too vast for the eye of individual observation, it must be portioned out among those, who are desirous of surveying it, and the knowledge of it must be attained by bringing together what each has seen. How much is to be done to become acquainted with her works in our own country; what numerous mountain tops have we, which no geologist ever ascended, and forests which never furnished bird or beast for the cabinet of the naturalist, and valleys in which the flowers have bloomed unseen since the beginning of time! Let it not be said, therefore, that it is a waste of life to spend it in wandering among wilds in pursuit of flowers and butterflies, for if these fading, fleeting, fluttering objects were the only ones of which the naturalist is in chase, the employment would still be infinitely more noble and more intellectual than a far greater part of human occupations. Are they not the works of God, and has he made any thing so insignificant as to be beneath the attention of man? Moreover, these are not the only nor the most important objects which claim attention among the works of nature. The earth itself is one of its productions, and surely it must be an interesting inquiry to know something of the globe, which we inhabit; of the materials out of which it is formed, of the various substances which are produced beneath its surface, of the convulsions which it has suffered, and the changes to which it is exposed. It is particularly to this portion of natural history, that the volume before us brings its valuable contributions, and we scarcely know a spot on the surface of the earth, which either needed or deserved examination more than the region which it describes.

In the introductory remarks, which are chiefly historical, a sketch is given by the author of the information furnished by the earlier travellers in these parts, but he goes no farther back, than the discovery of the Mississippi by father Marquette in 1673. The most important facts of their history, prior to this date, are these. The two great rivers, St Lawrence and Mississippi, were discovered nearly at the same time; the former by Cartier in 1535, the latter by Ferdinand de Soto in 1540.

Cartier sailed up the St Lawrence as high as Montreal, but did not explore the interior; and no attempt to do it, or to derive any advantage from the discovery, was made for a long while after. Ferdinand de Soto, who set out upon his Florida expedition in 1539, spent three years in traversing the coasts about the gulf of Mexico, and to the north of it as far as Carolina, where he followed the Santee river nearly to its source, and thence in various directions to the Mississippi, up and down its banks on both sides, and died on the Red river, near its junction, in 1542. His successor, Lewis de Moscoso, according to Herrera, sailed down the Mississippi to the gulf of Mexico the year after. It is remarkable, that the next notice, which we get of this mighty river is from Marquette, one hundred and thirty years afterward. The St Lawrence, however, excited attention much earlier. De Monts and Champlain both began their settlements on its banks in 1603, the last of whom remained in the country the greater part of the next twenty-seven years, founded Quebec in 1608, and prosecuted discoveries as far up as lake Ontario, in the country of the Iroquois, and among the Hurons, on the other side. In the account of his travels, published in Paris in 1617, is the earliest mention of the great lakes, one of which he had seen, and of the others he had received some vague information from the bordering tribes of Indians. Champlain published a quarto volume in 1632, which contains an account of all his transactions in Canada from 1603 to 1629, which is in fact a history of the country for the same period. The Jesuits began their *Journal of Missions* in 1633, and continued them to 1672. They relate chiefly to ecclesiastical matters, but they are the only sources of authentic information upon the general affairs of Canada for that time. Soon after Marquette opened a route to the Mississippi by the way of the St Lawrence and the lakes, numerous adventurers came out from France to visit the country; and it is a curious fact, that all the early enterprises upon the first named river should have been carried on through this channel of communication. All the efforts of La Sale to discover the true mouth of the Mississippi were ineffectual, and it is very satisfactorily proved, that it was never entered from the gulf of Mexico, until 1701 by Le Moine.

It would be pleasant to ourselves, if not to our readers, to start with our author from New York, and follow him along the banks of the Hudson to Albany, and thence up the Mo-

hawk to Utica, and onward to the shores of lake Erie, stopping to admire with him the activity, and bustle, and enterprise, which mark out the course of the great canal, the beauty and neatness of the villages on the route, the richness of the lands, the improved state of agriculture, the general appearance of thrift and industry among the inhabitants, and, above all, that most extraordinary union, which this fine region every where exhibits, of the freshness of youth with the comforts and accommodations that characterize older countries. But it was our author's particular design to describe the hitherto undescribed regions; it must be ours, therefore to meet him on that ground.

We cannot, however, pass by Niagara—the wonder of the western world—without some notice. How early and by whom were these falls first described are two questions started by Mr Schoolcraft, but left unsettled by him. Champlain was doubtless the earliest European traveller in their vicinity, but he neither mentions them in the account of his travels, nor marks them on his map. It is hardly possible, however, to suppose that he knew nothing of them, as he must have been very near to them, and was in constant intercourse with the Indians who lived beyond them. Nor do we find any account of them in the *Journal of the Missions*, before spoken of, although the place of several of these missions was far to the north and west of lake Erie, which must consequently have been past in going from and returning to Montreal and Quebec. Sanson's map of Canada, published at Paris in 1657, is the earliest on which they appear, but they are not so much as named in the description, which accompanies the map. The name on the map, Ongiara, through whatever medium it may have come to him, must have been obtained originally from the Indians, as it expresses the sound, as they pronounce it, which Mr Schoolcraft writes O-ni-aa-garah. La Sale is the first traveller, who speaks of having visited it, and he mentions it only incidentally, in describing the course, which he took in crossing to the Mississippi in 1678. 'Upper lake or Frontenac,' [Ontario] says he, 'has a communication with the lake Herie or Conti by a canal of above twenty leagues long, interrupted by a fall six hundred feet high, known under the name of the Fall of Niagara.' Neither admiration nor astonishment is expressed, nor a word more said of it. Hennepin, 'known in Canada,' says Kalm, 'as the great liar,' who was attached to Le Sale's

expedition for exploring the Mississippi, estimates the height of the falls also at six hundred feet. The monk Guedeville, whose *nom de guerre* is baron la Hontan, adds about a third to these estimates. 'As for the waterfall of Niagara, says he, 'tis seven or eight hundred foot high, and half a league broad. Towards the middle of it we descry an island, that leans towards the precipice, as if it were ready to fall. All the beasts, that cross the water within a quarter of a league above this unfortunate island, are sucked in by force of the stream. Between the surface of the water, that shelves off prodigiously, and the foot of the precipice, three men may cross in a breast without any other damage, than a sprinkling of a few drops of water.' Unless things have changed very much since baron La Hontan's visit in 1688, he and Hennepin together would come very near to two great liars. An account of the falls was published in the Philosophical Transactions for April 1722, written by Paul Dudley Esq. of Roxbury, who received his information in regard to it from Mr Borossoro, a French Canadian. This account is correct in every particular, and it is the first one published, which is so. The height is given at one hundred and fifty six feet, which was determined, says Mr Dudley, by a party of officers sent for the express purpose by the governor of Canada. Charlevoix, who visited the falls the same year, says that he saw it measured and made to be but one hundred and twenty feet in height, but gives his own estimate at one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty feet. The manner of measuring in both these cases was by letting down a rope with a weight attached to it. The two accounts coincide in all other respects, particularly in refuting the absurd fables of the earlier travellers as to the noise of the water and the distance which it shoots over. Whether these accounts were not believed, or that people prefer falsehood to truth, we are not able to say; but certain it is, that the old fictions of Hennepin and La Hontan continued to find a place in the geographies of Bowen and Middleton and others very nearly to the end of the last century.

The opinions about the point of view from which this stupendous cataract is to be seen are various. Most prefer that of the table rock; our author decides in favor of the chasm below. We agree with him in thinking it the best for judging of the height of the fall, of the volume of water, of the irresistible force with which it rushes over the precipice, and the best

also for watching the beautiful play of the prismatic colors as they form with the clouds of rising spray and vanish as these burst, and for observing those snow white billows as they are rolled out by the meeting of the waters, and for listening to the mighty roar which is sent up from the deep abyss, and for feeling that trembling, quivering motion, which is imparted to the solid rocks. But here is not the highest sublimity of the scene; to enjoy that, the waters from above must be brought into the view. The dark black aspect of the threatening cloud is more terrific than the thunder's peal and the lightning's flash. Let the beholder, who would feel the full grandeur of this beautiful and sublime spectacle, place himself on the table rock, and direct his eyes far above the fall to the point where the first ripple marks the rapidity of the river, and thence follow it downward as its impetuosity increases and as its waves roll out their crested curls, and then again when they no longer roll, but rush in a loud roar of broken, wild confusion, and next unite in a sheet of pure, transparent emerald green to plunge into the gulf below, and there waste their strength in fretting and foaming, and rise at last in infinitely divided spray, and float on the air as lightly and as gently as gossamer. But we would not be understood to imply that the view from this spot alone should satisfy any visitor; we mean only that all which belongs to this magnificent scene is here best grouped in the picture, and here it should be seen by every light and at every hour, and afterwards from the thousand other points along the banks of the river, which present some peculiarity, and novelty, and beautiful variety. Mr Schoolcraft has sketched his picture of this enchanting, this glorious spectacle with great correctness and liveliness, but it is too long for an extract, there is, however, one circumstance which he describes so beautifully, that we must give it in his own language.

‘What has been said by Goldsmith and repeated by others, respecting the destructive influence of the rapids above to ducks and other water fowl, is only an effect of the imagination. So far from being the case, the wild duck is often seen to swim down the rapids to the brink of the falls and then fly out, and repeat the descent, seeming to take delight in the exercise. Neither are small land birds affected on flying over the falls, in the manner that has been stated. I observed the blue bird and the wren, which had already made their annual visit to the banks of the Niagara, frequently fly within one or two feet of the brink, appa-

rently delighted with the gift of their wings, which enabled them to sport over such frightful precipices without danger.'

What a beautiful picture this brings to view, and who ever saw the scene from which it is taken, without wishing to share in the sports of these water fowl. There is a refreshing coolness in the very thought,—to be carried with the rapidity of lightning down this crystal stream to the verge of the precipice, and there wet one's limbs in that bright green water, and then rise and skim along its surface, now dipping in the tip of one wing and now that of another.—But we are straying from our proper path; we did not set out in search of the picturesque, but of facts and phenomena in natural history. The depth of the chasm through which Niagara river passes, affords a fine opportunity for examining the different strata of its banks. These according to Mr Schoolcraft are limestone, fragile slate, and sand stone. The uppermost and lowest of these strata, limestone and sandstone, compose the great secondary formation of the United States, occupying the whole basin of the Mississippi and extending from it between the lakes and the Alleghany ridge, as far eastward as the Mohawk, between which the slate is often interposed, as here at Niagara, and throughout the western part of New York generally. This formation is almost without a parallel for uniformity, throughout such an extent, preserving every where its horizontal direction, or varying only with the slight undulations in the surface of the earth. The stratum of slate which is interposed between the limestone and sandstone of this formation at Niagara is nearly forty feet in thickness and exceedingly fragile, nearly as much so as shale, and having been observed to crumble and let down the superincumbent limestone, an opinion has arisen that the same operation has been going on for ages, and occasioned a retrocession of the falls from some point far below, which is generally considered to be Lewistown. We do not look upon this supposition as unquestionable, not that it is in any way incredible, but that we do not see sufficient proofs to place it beyond a doubt. It is true the three rocks are precisely those which would most readily admit of such an effect, the slate crumbling, the limestone then falling by its weight, and the sandstone disintegrating and washing away. But is it not more probable that such a volume of water should have at once borne away its opposing

obstacles when it was first hemmed in, or when it first broke loose, in which ever way the canal between Erie and Ontario may have been formed, than that it should have gone on in the nibbling manner which the supposition takes for granted? That the precipice is not as it was, nor where it was, at some former time, certainly cannot be questioned by any one who examines the banks above and below it, but we believe also that the outlet of lake Erie was originally somewhere else, and not through Ontario and St Lawrence, and that the deep chasm between the falls and Lewistown was mostly formed when the junction of the two lakes was effected. As to actual testimony of a gradual retrocession since it was known to Europeans, we see none that is satisfactory. Kalm, who is acknowledged by every one to be both honest and exact, visited the falls in 1750, the island was then between eleven and twelve hundred feet long, and we believe it will be found to be still the same. Its lower edge also was then just even with the fall, and so it is now. But it is not necessary or even probable, that the island should keep pace in running backward with the ledge over which the water is precipitated. Supposing this retrocession to be gradual and uniform, and not to have commenced before the creation of the world, as probably will not be contended, the regular annual retiring must be about five feet and a half, which would give three hundred and ninety-six feet for the seventy-two years since Kalm was there. Do the observations of its neighboring inhabitants support this supposition? Mr M'Causlin, who lived there nine years, in a paper upon the falls, published in the third volume of the transactions of the American philosophical society, bears witness to the contrary, although he is a believer in the general opinion of their having receded. We are foreclosed from citing Hennepin as an authority, or we might get something in the support of the non-retrocession from him. But although we cannot use him as an evidence, we may quote his suggestions, one of which is so striking as to deserve notice. 'I could not conceive,' says he, 'how it came to pass, that four great lakes, the least of which is four hundred leagues in compass, should empty themselves into one another, and then all centre and discharge themselves at this great fall, and yet not drown a good part of America.'

Mr Schoolcraft returns to Buffalo May 8d, and finds lake Erie still obstructed with ice, which was then rapidly break-

ing up. On the 6th he embarks on board a steam boat for Detroit, where he arrives after a passage of sixty-two hours. This is one of the productions of civilized ingenuity which is said to have triumphed over the wonted savage pride. They have not been able to suppress their astonishment on seeing vessels impelled rapidly through the water without the aid of any moving force, apparent to them. Indeed it could not well be otherwise, for it is hardly possible to conceive of an object more incomprehensible to a person unacquainted with the principles upon which it is constructed, than this strange vehicle, called a steam boat, and Indians are not the only people who have viewed its approach with fear and wonder. The first one which went up the Elbe drove the inhabitants from the banks, as if it had been a sea monster, and it was much the same with the first which appeared on the Rhine. And surely when such was the effect upon those to whom its appearance had been foretold and who knew something of its moving power, the simple Indians need not blush at having been dismayed. Admirable as this ingenious contrivance is upon all waters, there are none to which it is so peculiarly fitted, as to our inland seas and the two great channels, by which they communicate with the Atlantic,—the St Lawrence and the Mississippi. It has already contributed greatly to the late rapid increase of population in the parts of the country bordering on these waters, and will doubtless contribute still more to the same effect hereafter. It matters not what the distance between two points on the earth's surface is, if there be an easy and certain mode of communication from one to the other, and such a communication is now afforded by steam boats, wherever there is water for them to move in; the lover's prayer is half realized, and space annihilated by their aid. Detroit, for example, which was formerly a half year's journey from our own metropolis, is now a mere pleasant excursion. This place, when it was visited by Mr Schoolcraft in May 1820, contained two hundred and fifty houses, and fourteen hundred and fifteen inhabitants. Its growth has been much less rapid, than would be expected from the great advantages of its situation and the mildness of its climate. But the several checks it has experienced from having been so often the seat of war with the Indians, and latterly of that with the English, have probably counterbalanced the causes, which would otherwise have given it a great increase. It was known in 1620,

the woodman and hunter having thus early selected it, as a stopping place in their journeys to the north. It was then the site of an Indian village, and afterwards of a French garrison, and continued such until 1759, when it fell into the hands of the English, and soon afterwards became famous by the long and obstinate siege it sustained against a confederacy of the Miamies, Ottaways, Chippeways, Wyandots, Pottawatamies, Missinagas, Shawnees, Ottagamies, and Winnebagoes, under the command of Pontiac, the greatest perhaps of Indian warriors. The account of this siege and of the English sortie and defeat at the bloody battle of Bloody Bridge is given at length in Carver's travels, and extracted into the work now before us. There are few places in our country, whose history is so rich in incident as Detroit; and were it not for one 'damned spot,' there would be none in any country, which could boast of a history with fairer and brighter pages.

The party for exploring the upper lakes and the sources of the Mississippi, consisted of Gov. Cass, Dr Wölcott, Mr Schoolcraft, and six other gentlemen, attended by ten Canadians, seven U. S. soldiers, ten Indians, an interpreter and guide, in all thirty eight, who embarked in three canoes at Detroit, May 24th. The entrance of the lake of St Clair, affords the first indication observed by Mr Schoolcraft of a change in the geological formation. Pebbles of granite, hornblende rock, and silicious sand are seen on the edge of the water, washed out from below the alluvion of the banks. This is probably very near the limits where the materials of the primitive formation show themselves from beneath the secondary; nothing of them being seen on the American side of lake Erie; but around St Clair masses of granite, mica slate, and quartz are found in abundance. This little lake is described as being very beautiful, particularly at the point of entrance into the strait which communicates with them. Descending the rapids near Black river, Mr Schoolcraft observed a stratum of blue clay fifteen feet in depth, covered by a layer of sand forty feet deep, and raises thereon some queries about the relative ages of the tree, which we think he might have answered for himself; for we know not how one could see the banks of such a water course, and not be convinced that the alluvion of its banks is continually undergoing changes. Fourteen days were spent by the party between Detroit and Michilimackinac, which shows the difference in despatch

between steamboat and canoe navigation, the distance being the same as from Buffalo to Detroit. The Erie steamboat now goes occasionally to Mackinaw and Green Bay, and never exceeds three days on the passage, which the canoes were fourteen in making. Huron afforded very few objects of interest to the travellers; its shores are uniformly level, and consequently dull and monotonous. No new plants were discovered to gratify the researches of the botanist, nor any geological phenomena observed, to extend the knowledge of the structure of the earth. Secondary limestone, filled with the usual reliquiae, constitutes the great mass of the rock along the coast. Detached blocks of granite and of other primitive rocks are scattered here and there, in one of which crystals of staurotide, and in another place pieces of calcedony were found, and these were the only simple minerals which they discovered from one extent of the lake to the other. Mr Schoolcraft is somewhat perplexed with a granitic block which he found on the shore, containing globular pebbles of hornblende, and queries if it be a primitive breccia, or a granitic porphyry. We see no reason why either of these names is necessary, as hornblende is very often a proper constituent of granite. But if a distinctive name must be given, doubtless it should be porphyritic granite. Around Saganaw bay, the primitive formation appears to approach nearer the surface, the secondary limestone then giving place to sandstone, which disintegrates and forms sand banks and beaches, as on the sea shore. We know not that the Canadian shores of these northern lakes have been examined; when they are, they will probably be found to belong to the primitive formation, judging from the detached masses which are found on the American side. Mr Schoolcraft remarks, that the common accounts of the highly electrified state of the atmosphere about Saganaw bay are entirely erroneous, and that there is no reason whatever to believe, that the air in its vicinity contains a surcharge of electric fluid. Farther north an animal was killed, which he calls a brown rabbit, described in a note as a variety of the American Hare, the *Lepus Americanus* of Gmelin. In the description one or two of the distinctive marks are omitted, such as the white spots below the eyes and behind the cheeks, but it appears to correspond to the characters which belong to this species in all other respects, except that it is somewhat longer and has its ears

tipped with black, which is a characteristic of the *Lepus Timidus*, or common hare of Europe. We have noted this circumstance, as the distinctions between the animals of the genus *Lepus* in this country and in other parts of the world have never been well defined. 'Approaching within four leagues of Michilimackinac,' says our author, 'we perceived ourselves opposite the foot of the island of Bois Blanc, which takes its names from the *Liriodendron tulipifera*, [what right have the botanists thus to bid defiance to the rules of grammar,] by which it is in a great part covered,' and which is a strong indication of the superior mildness of the climate near the lakes: the island is in lat. $45\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. 'Passing round this island,' proceeds Mr Schoolcraft, 'Michilimackinac first burst upon the view. Nothing can present a more picturesque or refreshing spectacle to the traveller, wearied with the lifeless monotony of a canoe voyage through lake Huron, than the first sight of this island, which rises from the watery horizon in lofty bluffs, imprinting a rugged outline along the sky, and capped with two fortresses, on which the American standard is seen conspicuously displayed. A compact town stretches along the narrow plain below the hills, and a beautiful harbor chequered with American vessels at anchor, and Indian canoes rapidly shooting across the water in every direction. There is no previous elevation of coast to prepare us for encountering the view of an island elevated more than three hundred feet above the water and towering into broken peaks, which would even present attractions to the eye of the solitary traveller, among the romantic and sublime scenes of the wilderness of Arkansaw.' We should exceed our limits were we to make a longer stop at this picturesque spot, but we recommend Mr Schoolcraft's whole account of it to the attention of our readers. Like Detroit, it, that is, old Mackinaw, which is three leagues distant from the present, has been the theatre of many interesting events in the early history of the wilderness. It was there that in 1671 Marquette began the first European settlement northwest of fort Frontenac on lake Ontario, and ever since it has been the seat of the most considerable fur trade in those parts. It is memorable also for the bloody massacre of the garrison by the Indians in 1763, and for the gallant assault which was made upon it by Col. Croghan during the late war. Mr Schoolcraft considers the island upon which the modern Mackinaw is built, as peculiar in its

geological structure, being composed of limestone of different ages, and of portions which mark the passage from one to the other, with crystals of calcareous spar in the cavities, and some other minerals of the same nature imbedded in the mass; but we see not from his description wherein it differs from the limestone of the Harz and numerous other strata of the same rock. An anomaly, however, of another kind, is pointed out by him in his statistical account of it; which is, that with a population of nearly five hundred, it has neither preacher, schoolmaster, attorney, nor physician, which we wish might be at least half true of all the towns in our country of the same size. The etymology given of this name is, *Missi great*, and *Mackinaw turtle*, the island being supposed to resemble a great turtle lying on the water.

The *sault* of St Marie interposes a barrier to the free navigation from lakes Huron and Michigan into lake Superior; barges and canoes partly loaded can ascend it, but the water never rises sufficiently to allow large vessels to pass. It was the site of another of the early garrisons of the French; and it may well be remarked, as it is by Mr Schoolcraft, that they discovered a most extraordinary good judgment, as well as a most thorough knowledge of the geography of the country in all the selections they made of places as points of defence; there is scarce an instance, where it has been found expedient to change them. While the party was there, the Indians attempted to frighten them out of insisting upon the claim, which they were instructed to make to a tract of land sufficient for a garrison, in virtue of a former cession to the French, but in consequence of the very firm and decisive manner in which the attempt was received, they soon gave up, and ceded the land demanded.

We are next introduced into lake Superior, and it would be injustice to our author to describe this, the grandest event of the whole expedition, in any language but his own.

‘The morning (June 18) was clear and pleasant, with a gentle breeze blowing up the river, which while it filled our sails and relieved the men at the oars, produced an exhilarating effect upon our spirits, by its refreshing coolness, and we approached the lake with a feeling of impatient delight. The most enchanting views were presented in every direction, and we fully realized the justice of the remark made by Carver, “that the entrance into lake Superior affords one of the most pleasing prospects in the world.”

This entrance was now in full view, presenting a scene of beauty and magnificence which is rarely surpassed, even amid the rugged scenery of the north. The lake spread like a sea before us: toward the north we could discern across the bay the distant highlands, which border the Canadian shore of the lake, while on the south the mountain chain extending from the head of the river St Mary, westward, towered majestically into the air and presented a fine contrast to the boundless expanse of water at its base.

But the traveller searches in vain along the borders of this stupendous lake for the picturesque scenery, which its fine entrance leads him to expect; long and lofty ridges of sand, or piles of shapeless rock, interchange with low sandy beaches from Iroquois point to *Fond du lac*. The few objects of note described by Mr Schoolcraft are interesting only in a geological view. A remarkable heap or bank of sand about three hundred feet high extends nine miles along the lake, which is divided into three distinct strata. The lowest, one hundred and fifty feet thick, is unmixed light yellow silicious sand; the middle, about eighty feet, is composed of the same substance, mixed with numerous pebbles of granite, hornblende, limestone, and quartz; and the upper like the lower with trunks of trees imbedded. It is the extent and height of this sand bank alone which make it remarkable. The arrangement of the strata and the manner of their accumulation is doubtless this: the lower unmixed part is the original sandstone which forms the bank of this part of the lake in a state of disintegration, the second layer has washed out from the bottom of the lake at the time of some great overflow, and the upper has blown on from time to time and enveloped the trees which it found growing there. Following the shore along westward, we soon come to the *pictured rocks*, as they are called, which is a range of sandstone of about the same height as the ridge just described, broken into various fantastic forms by the action of the elements. To judge both from the sketch and the description which Mr Schoolcraft has given of these rocks, they must bear a most marked resemblance to the sandstone formation on the Elbe above Dresden, which is called Saxon Switzerland. By contrasting pictures of the two, the resemblance will appear; and first of the pictured rocks of lake Superior.—‘Surprising groups of overhanging precipices, towering walls, caverns, waterfalls, and prostrate ruins, which are here mingled in the most wonderful disorder, and burst

upon the view in ever varying and pleasing succession'—are the objects selected by our author for his description of these rocks. Reichard's of Saxon Switzerland places before us,— 'Chasms and loose rocks in the form of figures the most grotesque, summits and points elevated almost beyond the reach of sight, abysses of prodigious depth, rivulets, torrents and cascades, which are either engulfed, or foaming, rush forward on their course, grottos and caverns of all sizes.' And this in fact is the common appearance of sandstone rocks, when laid bare to the pelting of the storms. A little farther onward the granite shows itself above the sandstone in an abrupt rock rising out of the lake to the height of two hundred feet, which is united with the shore by strata of red and grey sandstone, under which it dips and rises on the contiguous coast in high, rough, and broken peaks. From this point westward, granite is frequently seen rising from beneath the sandstone.

From the Sault de St Marie, to the Ontanagon or Coppermine river is 330 miles, which it took our party ten days to travel in their canoes. Here they were directed to stop and ascertain the truth of the accounts which Henry and others had given about the copper mines on the banks of this river, and particularly to examine the mass which was estimated by him to weigh six tons. The result of their examinations, as given by Mr Schoolcraft, is, that

'the copper which is in a pure and malleable state, lies in connexion with a body of serpentine rock, the face of which it almost completely overlays and is also disseminated in masses and grains, throughout the substance of the rock. The surface of the metal, unlike most oxydable metals, which have suffered a long exposure to the atmosphere, presents a metallic brilliancy—the shape of the rock is very irregular—its greatest length three feet eight inches—its greatest breadth three feet four inches, making about eleven cubic feet, and containing of metallic matter not exceeding twenty two hundred pounds, but the quantity may be much diminished from what it was originally, as there are marks of chissels and axes upon it, and Henry speaks of having cut off an hundred pounds.'

Mr Schoolcraft does not determine whence it came, but thinks it must have been removed from its original bed. The obstacles to mining in this region which Henry had to encounter no longer exist, and it is difficult to conceive a reason which would prevent such operations, if skilfully and judiciously conducted, from being productive. Not a doubt can be

entertained that the metal abounds there, and would probably be found to be accompanied by tin. From the mouth of the Ontonagon to the *Fond du lac* are one hundred and seventy miles, making the whole length on the American shore five hundred miles. The Canadian is estimated at twelve hundred, and the whole circumference at seventeen hundred miles, and its medium depth, according to Darby, nine hundred feet. It has several large and well wooded islands. The most interesting of these is the Island of Yellow sands, about which the Indians have many fine fanciful tales,

'that its shores are covered with a heavy shining yellow sand, which is gold, but the guardian spirit of the island will not permit any of it to be carried away. To enforce his commands he has drawn together upon it, myriads of eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey, who by their cries warn him of any intrusions upon the domain, and assist with their claws and beaks to expel the enemy. He has also called from the depths of the lake, large serpents of the most hideous forms, who lie thickly coiled upon the golden sands and hiss defiance to the steps of the invader,—that an attempt was once made by some of their nation to carry off a quantity of the glittering sand, when a gigantic spirit strode on the water, and in a voice of thunder commanded them to bring it back.'

As this lake is still so rarely visited, and so little is known about it, which is entitled to credit, we give an extract from Mr Schoolcraft's general remarks upon it.

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bark cabin, on a rush mat, with the stumps of his legs tied up with deer-skins, and wholly destitute of covering. He was poor and emaciated to the last degree, his beard was long, cheeks fallen in, eyes weak, but darting a look of despair, and every bone in his body visible through the skin. He could speak no English [for which God be praised,] but was continually uttering curses in his mother tongue upon his own existence, and apparently upon all that surrounded him.'

It would not require a heart as sentimental as Yorick's to bleed at such a sight.

Mr Schoolcraft has attempted to estimate the height of the sources of the Mississippi above the level of the sea, which he makes to be thirteen hundred and thirty feet. The basis of his calculation is the altitude of lake Erie, as determined by the canal commissioners, which is five hundred and sixty feet above the tide waters of the Hudson, to which his estimate adds ten feet for the rise to St Clair, nineteen to Huron, fifty-three to Superior, making the last six hundred and forty two above the same level; from this to Sandy lake the rise is five hundred and twenty seven feet, and from that to Cassina one hundred and sixty two feet. If this estimate be correct, or nearly so, and the length of the Mississippi, as he gives it, three thousand and thirty eight miles, its average descent per mile is about three feet. 'It is deserving of remark,' says our author, 'that its sources lie in a region of almost continual winter, while it enters the ocean under the latitude of perpetual verdure;' and adds, 'to have visited both the sources and the mouth of this celebrated stream falls to the lot of few; and I believe there is no person living, beside myself, of whom the remark can now be made.' And had he but have gone to La Beesh lake, we would join him in the exultation. The observations of Mr Schoolcraft determine that this river flows through a primitive region from its rise to the falls of St Anthony, but this is covered in many places along the banks by recent alluvion. From St Anthony to the gulf of Mexico, it is secondary limestone and alluvion. Various tribes of Indians are found on its borders, some of which, particularly the Chippeways, are distinguished for not making use of salt. The name Mississippi signifies *great river*, but we would observe, that it is not safe to trust altogether to the explanations given by the Indians of the names they apply to sensible objects; Mr Schoolcraft was told that Missisawgaiegon, their name for

the German ocean ; and it would be still more wonderful to find a like point of approximation of the waters of the St Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Red river of Hudson's bay, and the River of the West, which are received into the ocean at the extreme east, and west, and north, and south parts of the North American continent. In other respects, also, there is a great want of exactness in the accounts of both expeditions sent out to explore the sources of the Mississippi, as well as a great want of accord between them. The latitude of Red Cedar, or the Cassina lake of our author, as determined by Pike, is $47^{\circ} 42' 40''$; but on Mr Schoolcraft's map it is found nearly or quite a degree to the north. In the same way he has removed all the known points north of lake Superior to a like higher latitude, than has before been given them, and as it is done upon the authority of a single observer, with a single instrument, the alterations cannot be received without other confirmation. Two striking facts, in regard to the climate of these dreary regions, are found in the narratives of the two expeditions. When Pike was there in Jan. 1806, whiskey congealed to the consistence of honey, and our travellers found the bottoms of their canoes encrusted with a scale of ice of the thickness of a knife blade on the night of July 19, and the thermometer down to 36° at sunrise ; but the extremes of heat and cold of the two seasons are not noted. It must be presumed that the Fur Companies offer the highest pecuniary compensations to induce their agents to spend a whole life, as they often do, in these miserable solitudes ; but to what a state of moral degradation must civilized man be reduced, before any reward could tempt him to wear out life in a condition, which places him so far below the wandering savage. An idea of the misery, which it sometimes produces, may be formed from the following picture.

'Mons. D—— had, according to the custom of the country, taken an Indian wife, and spent several winters in that inclement region. During the last, he was, however, caught in a severe snow storm, and froze both his feet in such a manner, that they dropped off shortly after his return to his wigwam. In this helpless situation, he was supported some time by his wife, who caught fish in the lake ; but she at last deserted him ; and on our arrival he had subsisted several months upon the pig weed, which grew around his cabin. As he was unable to walk, this had been thrown in by his countrymen, or by the Indians, and appeared to have been the extent of their benevolence. We found him seated in a small

bark cabin, on a rush mat, with the stumps of his legs tied up with deer-skins, and wholly destitute of covering. He was poor and emaciated to the last degree, his beard was long, cheeks fallen in, eyes weak, but darting a look of despair, and every bone in his body visible through the skin. He could speak no English [for which God be praised,] but was continually uttering curses in his mother tongue upon his own existence, and apparently upon all that surrounded him.'

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lake Superior, signified a great lake, and we find it afterward applied to an inconsiderable tributary to the Mississippi, which enters it a little above the falls of St Anthony.

From Sandy lake the party followed the course of the Mississippi to the point where it receives the Ouisconsin. A greater part of this route is comparatively well known, we shall therefore detain our readers no longer with this part of the narrative, than to give them the following extract.

‘In passing through lake Pepin, our interpreter pointed out to us a high precipice, on the east shore of the lake, from which an Indian girl, of the Sioux nation, had, many years ago, precipitated herself in a fit of disappointed love. She had given her heart, it appears, to a young chief of her own tribe, who was very much attached to her, but the alliance was opposed by her parents, who wished her to marry an old chief renowned for his wisdom and his influence in the nation. As the union was insisted upon and no other way appearing to avoid it, she determined to sacrifice her life in preference to a violation of her former vow, and while the preparations for the marriage feast were going forward, left her father’s cabin without exciting suspicion, and before she could be overtaken, threw herself from an awful precipice and was instantly dashed to a thousand pieces. The name of this noble minded Indian girl was Oola Ita.’

A few leagues below the confluence of the Ouisconsin with the Mississippi on the other side is the district of country called Dubuque’s mines, which abound with the sulphuret of lead. The right of working these mines was ceded by the Fox Indians some years ago to Mr Dubuque, who carried on the process of mining to great profit, the ore being very near the surface, and consequently obtained without much labor. His grant was for life only, and when he died, the mines reverted to the Indians, who have since worked them and sold the ore to the traders in the vicinity. The abundance of this metal in the alluvion of the great basin of the Mississippi forms its most remarkable geological character. It is without a parallel in the extent to which it spreads and for the manner in which its veins or rather beds lay themselves bare on the surface of the rock, in which it is found. A particular account of the several districts on the Missouri, in which this metal has been observed, and of the manner in which it is mined and smelted, is contained in a former work of our author, entitled a ‘View of the lead mines of Missouri, &c.

We must now leave the Mississippi, and accompany our travellers on their return to Detroit by the way of the Ouisconsin and the Fox rivers, and the lakes Michigan and Huron. It was precisely by this route inverted that Marquette first came out to the Mississippi in June 1673, and there is a most remarkable accord in the narratives of the two travellers. The only points of difference are in their estimates of the length of the portage from Fox river to the Ouisconsin and of the distance from where they strike this river to its junction with the Mississippi, and these may be satisfactorily accounted for by considering that one descended and the other ascended it, and that the portage is not now just where it was then.

Marquette places the mouth of the Ouisconsin in $42^{\circ} 30'$ N. latitude, and that is within 12 miles of the true parallel, which is very accurate, considering the means he had for determining it. At certain seasons a perfect water communication between the Mississippi and lake Michigan is formed through this river, canoes being able to pass easily from it into the Fox river of Green Bay, but the navigation is interrupted in several places by falls. The whole distance across following the courses of the rivers is four hundred and forty miles. The Fox river is described by Marquette to be so 'full of wild oats, that it looked rather like a corn field, than a river,' and by our author as 'so prolific in the various species of water plants, that often, where it is a mile in width, there is scarce open space enough in its centre to allow the passage of a canoe.' Another circumstance mentioned by both these writers is the flux and reflux of the water in Green Bay, which is observed also on the other lakes, particularly Ontario, and is caused without doubt by the winds.

Being now arrived on the borders of civilization, the soldiers of the escort were sent to their stations and the Indians who had been taken to hunt, were dismissed. The party formed itself into two divisions, one going around the west and north side of the lake to Mackinaw, and the other around the south and east to the same place. The shores of this lake are described as much more beautiful than those of Huron and Superior, and are also more diversified in their geological character and mineral productions. Large boulders of granite and other primitive rocks are scattered along the shore, which was observed to be secondary limestone, wherever the strata appeared through the superincumbent alluvial.

We should have been pleased to have had a more particular account of these boulders, which Mr Schoolcraft speaks of having seen upon the borders of the northern lakes, and which from all accounts, are scattered very widely over those regions. If the facts in regard to them were collected, they might throw some light upon the history of these inland seas, and possibly afford some grounds for determining the period of the great catastrophe, by which they were formed. Were they closely examined, they might probably be traced to their original places, as those upon the Jura and the banks of the Aar have been; perhaps they would confirm Mr Hayden's theory of a great northeast current. The appearances around Green Bay, particularly near the rivers which it receives from the chain of mountains in which the Ontonagon rises, indicate very decidedly that copper abounds in the angle between lakes Superior and Michigan. A brilliant specimen of native copper, ten or twelve pounds in weight, was brought to Mr Schoolcraft by an Indian, who

'related that passing in his canoe during the afternoon of a beautiful summer's day, across Winnebago lake, when the sun was just visible above the tops of the trees, and a delightful calm prevailed over the face of the waters, he espied at a distance in the lake before him a beautiful form standing in the water. Her eyes shone with a brilliancy that could not be endured, and she held in her hand a lump of glittering gold. He immediately paddled towards the attractive object, but as he came near he could perceive that it was gradually altering as to its shape and complexion; her eyes no longer shone with brilliancy—her face lost the hectic glow of life,—her arms imperceptibly disappeared; and when he came to the spot where she stood, it was a monument of stone, having a human face, with the fins and tail of a fish. He sat a long while in amazement, fearful either to touch the super-human object or to go away and leave it; at length, having made an offering of the incense of tobacco, and addressed it as the guardian angel of his country, he ventured to lay his hand upon the statue, and finally lifted it into his canoe. Then sitting in the other end of the canoe with his back towards the miraculous statue, he paddled gently towards the shore, but was astonished, on turning round to find nothing in his canoe, but a large lump of copper, which I now present to you.'

How can it be said, that the aborigines of our continent are a stupid race, when they have a thousand such fictions showing the liveliest imagination?

The principal geological and mineralogical facts, which we learn from Mr Schoolcraft's Journal, are these—that the secondary region extends along the whole chain of lakes, which is mostly limestone and sandstone, and the latter chiefly around lake Superior—that beyond the portage of St Louis river, the few rocks, which are seen in situ are granitic, and that the same formation extends from thence downward along the Mississippi to the falls of St Anthony—that copper and iron are abundant near lakes Superior and Michigan, and lead throughout the whole limestone basin of the Mississippi. But a few earthy minerals are spoken of, and those mostly silicious. It would now be interesting and important to determine where the primitive range commences, which runs north of the lakes, and to what depth the secondary strata extend.

On the hundred and twenty third day from the time of his departure from Detroit, Mr Schoolcraft returns to it again, having made a complete tour of the northern lakes, and north of them to the sources of the Mississippi and down that river to the Ouisconsin, and thence across to Michigan, and again down the Huron to the St Clair. The whole distance travelled could not be far from three thousand six hundred miles. The narrative of this journey contains much valuable information upon the natural history and the geographical features of those unknown parts of our country, and also upon the manners and character of the savage tribes, who inhabit them. All who are interested in these subjects are much indebted to the author for the knowledge he acquired at the expense of so much toil and hardship, and for the fidelity with which he has communicated it. But it has been the defect of all the expeditions of this kind which we have sent out, not to be provided with the instruments necessary to make the requisite observations upon the country, which they went to explore, and it appears to have been the case here. We learn from it nothing to be relied on about the height of mountains, the currents in the lakes, the fall of the rivers, the temperature of the waters, and the latitude and longitude of remarkable places. If it were reasonable to complain of one who has done so much as Mr Schoolcraft, because he has not done every thing, we would say that his descriptions are too loose and indefinite; we are not sure that he has seen one new animal, or plant, or mineral, as he has never marked those, which he supposes to be new, by any characters which decide them to

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ing three days NW.—the figure of a white man with a tongue near his mouth (like the Azteck hierolyphics) that he was an interpreter, &c.

This told the whole story of how many, who, when and what. At Sandy lake they were joined by Gov. Cass and the rest of the party. Dr Wolcott who had been with them was requested by Mr Schoolcraft to take note of the geological character of the country through which he passed, which he did, and his observations upon it are given, but they are still more meagre and vague, than those with which we are favored by our author. All we learn from them is, that the vertical strata of slate which had been observed soon after leaving lake Superior continued but a short distance, and were succeeded by hornblende rocks, which extended as far as Sandy lake ; but these hornblende rocks, he says, were not in situ, and he does not inform us what the formation is through which the St Louis and the Savannah rivers flow, facts very important to be known, as these rivers rise in the ridge, which separates the waters of the Mississippi from those of lake Superior.

Sandy lake communicates with the Mississippi by a short outlet, and is therefore to be considered as one of its sources. North of it there are various other lakes, which send their tributary waters to form this mighty river, but it is difficult to say from which of them those drops proceed, which flow the farthest before they reach the ocean. Pike, on arriving at Sangsue lake, says, ' I will not attempt to describe my feelings, on the accomplishment of my voyage, for this is the main source of the Mississippi.' This may be ; but it is not the most distant point, from which it springs, La Beesh and Turtle lakes being a degree north of it, neither of which was visited by Pike or by our travellers. And how it is possible that men, who were possessed of a spirit of enterprise sufficient to carry them through all the toils and dangers of such expeditions, should turn back with their chief object unaccomplished, we are totally unable to conceive. Persons sent to explore the sources of a river should follow it till they reach the point, where they could hold all its water in the hollow of the hand. Objects of curiosity are not wanting in this quarter to occupy attention for days. A thorough search there would probably find out a spot as remarkable as the one on the Grison Alps, where a person may drink, without changing place, of water which flows into the Mediterranean, the Rhine, and

the German ocean ; and it would be still more wonderful to find a like point of approximation of the waters of the St Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Red river of Hudson's bay, and the River of the West, which are received into the ocean at the extreme east, and west, and north, and south parts of the North American continent. In other respects, also, there is a great want of exactness in the accounts of both expeditions sent out to explore the sources of the Mississippi, as well as a great want of accord between them. The latitude of Red Cedar, or the Cassina lake of our author, as determined by Pike, is $47^{\circ} 42' 40''$; but on Mr Schoolcraft's map it is found nearly or quite a degree to the north. In the same way he has removed all the known points north of lake Superior to a like higher latitude, than has before been given them, and as it is done upon the authority of a single observer, with a single instrument, the alterations cannot be received without other confirmation. Two striking facts, in regard to the climate of these dreary regions, are found in the narratives of the two expeditions. When Pike was there in Jan. 1806, whiskey congealed to the consistence of honey, and our travellers found the bottoms of their canoes encrusted with a scale of ice of the thickness of a knife blade on the night of July 19, and the thermometer down to 36° at sunrise ; but the extremes of heat and cold of the two seasons are not noted. It must be presumed that the Fur Companies offer the highest pecuniary compensations to induce their agents to spend a whole life, as they often do, in these miserable solitudes ; but to what a state of moral degradation must civilized man be reduced, before any reward could tempt him to wear out life in a condition, which places him so far below the wandering savage. An idea of the misery, which it sometimes produces, may be formed from the following picture.

'Mons. D—— had, according to the custom of the country, taken an Indian wife, and spent several winters in that inclement region. During the last, he was, however, caught in a severe snow storm, and froze both his feet in such a manner, that they dropped off shortly after his return to his wigwam. In this helpless situation, he was supported some time by his wife, who caught fish in the lake ; but she at last deserted him ; and on our arrival he had subsisted several months upon the pig weed, which grew around his cabin. As he was unable to walk, this had been thrown in by his countrymen, or by the Indians, and appeared to have been the extent of their benevolence. We found him seated in a small

bark cabin, on a rush mat, with the stumps of his legs tied up with deer-skins, and wholly destitute of covering. He was poor and emaciated to the last degree, his beard was long, cheeks fallen in, eyes weak, but darting a look of despair, and every bone in his body visible through the skin. He could speak no English [for which God be praised,] but was continually uttering curses in his mother tongue upon his own existence, and apparently upon all that surrounded him.'

It would not require a heart as sentimental as Yorick's to bleed at such a sight.

Mr Schoolcraft has attempted to estimate the height of the sources of the Mississippi above the level of the sea, which he makes to be thirteen hundred and thirty feet. The basis of his calculation is the altitude of lake Erie, as determined by the canal commissioners, which is five hundred and sixty feet above the tide waters of the Hudson, to which his estimate adds ten feet for the rise to St Clair, nineteen to Huron, fifty-three to Superior, making the last six hundred and forty two above the same level; from this to Sandy lake the rise is five hundred and twenty seven feet, and from that to Cassina one hundred and sixty two feet. If this estimate be correct, or nearly so, and the length of the Mississippi, as he gives it, three thousand and thirty eight miles, its average descent per mile is about three feet. 'It is deserving of remark,' says our author, 'that its sources lie in a region of almost continual winter, while it enters the ocean under the latitude of perpetual verdure;' and adds, 'to have visited both the sources and the mouth of this celebrated stream falls to the lot of few; and I believe there is no person living, beside myself, of whom the remark can now be made.' And had he but have gone to La Beesh lake, we would join him in the exultation. The observations of Mr Schoolcraft determine that this river flows through a primitive region from its rise to the falls of St Anthony, but this is covered in many places along the banks by recent alluvion. From St Anthony to the gulf of Mexico, it is secondary limestone and alluvion. Various tribes of Indians are found on its borders, some of which, particularly the Chippeways, are distinguished for not making use of salt. The name Mississippi signifies *great river*, but we would observe, that it is not safe to trust altogether to the explanations given by the Indians of the names they apply to sensible objects; Mr Schoolcraft was told that Missisawgaiegon, their name for

lake Superior, signified a great lake, and we find it afterward applied to an inconsiderable tributary to the Mississippi, which enters it a little above the falls of St Anthony.

From Sandy lake the party followed the course of the Mississippi to the point where it receives the Ouisconsin. A greater part of this route is comparatively well known, we shall therefore detain our readers no longer with this part of the narrative, than to give them the following extract.

‘In passing through lake Pepin, our interpreter pointed out to us a high precipice, on the east shore of the lake, from which an Indian girl, of the Sioux nation, had, many years ago, precipitated herself in a fit of disappointed love. She had given her heart, it appears, to a young chief of her own tribe, who was very much attached to her, but the alliance was opposed by her parents, who wished her to marry an old chief renowned for his wisdom and his influence in the nation. As the union was insisted upon and no other way appearing to avoid it, she determined to sacrifice her life in preference to a violation of her former vow, and while the preparations for the marriage feast were going forward, left her father’s cabin without exciting suspicion, and before she could be overtaken, threw herself from an awful precipice and was instantly dashed to a thousand pieces. The name of this noble minded Indian girl was Oola Ita.’

A few leagues below the confluence of the Ouisconsin with the Mississippi on the other side is the district of country called Dubuque’s mines, which abound with the sulphuret of lead. The right of working these mines was ceded by the Fox Indians some years ago to Mr Dubuque, who carried on the process of mining to great profit, the ore being very near the surface, and consequently obtained without much labor. His grant was for life only, and when he died, the mines reverted to the Indians, who have since worked them and sold the ore to the traders in the vicinity. The abundance of this metal in the alluvion of the great basin of the Mississippi forms its most remarkable geological character. It is without a parallel in the extent to which it spreads and for the manner in which its veins or rather beds lay themselves bare on the surface of the rock, in which it is found. A particular account of the several districts on the Missouri, in which this metal has been observed, and of the manner in which it is mined and smelted, is contained in a former work of our author, entitled a ‘View of the lead mines of Missouri, &c.

We must now leave the Mississippi, and accompany our travellers on their return to Detroit by the way of the Ouisconsin and the Fox rivers, and the lakes Michigan and Huron. It was precisely by this route inverted that Marquette first came out to the Mississippi in June 1673, and there is a most remarkable accord in the narratives of the two travellers. The only points of difference are in their estimates of the length of the portage from Fox river to the Ouisconsin and of the distance from where they strike this river to its junction with the Mississippi, and these may be satisfactorily accounted for by considering that one descended and the other ascended it, and that the portage is not now just where it was then.

Marquette places the mouth of the Ouisconsin in $42^{\circ} 30'$ N. latitude, and that is within 12 miles of the true parallel, which is very accurate, considering the means he had for determining it. At certain seasons a perfect water communication between the Mississippi and lake Michigan is formed through this river, canoes being able to pass easily from it into the Fox river of Green Bay, but the navigation is interrupted in several places by falls. The whole distance across following the courses of the rivers is four hundred and forty miles. The Fox river is described by Marquette to be so 'full of wild oats, that it looked rather like a corn field, than a river,' and by our author as 'so prolific in the various species of water plants, that often, where it is a mile in width, there is scarce open space enough in its centre to allow the passage of a canoe.' Another circumstance mentioned by both these writers is the flux and reflux of the water in Green Bay, which is observed also on the other lakes, particularly Ontario, and is caused without doubt by the winds.

Being now arrived on the borders of civilization, the soldiers of the escort were sent to their stations and the Indians who had been taken to hunt, were dismissed. The party formed itself into two divisions, one going around the west and north side of the lake to Mackinaw, and the other around the south and east to the same place. The shores of this lake are described as much more beautiful than those of Huron and Superior, and are also more diversified in their geological character and mineral productions. Large boulders of granite and other primitive rocks are scattered along the shore, which was observed to be secondary limestone, wherever the strata appeared through the superincumbent alluvial.

trymen ; but with the humble hope and firm resolve to expend their lives and their children's lives in the wilderness, for the sake of worshipping their God after the fashion of their own hearts. The situation and character of these men, who 'had they been as free from all sins as gluttony and drunkenness,' (so says one of their quaint historians) 'might have been canonized for saints,' are in the highest degree picturesque ; and moreover afford a singular contrast to those of Raleigh's successors in the south, headed by that man of adventure, who had challenged a whole Ottaman army in his youth, carrying off the heads of three Turkish champions at his saddle-bow, and who was now solacing his riper years, amidst the cares of a colonial government, in the arms of the renowned Pocahontas. The gloomy but sustaining spirit of fanaticism in these, who had fled to the wilderness for conscience' sake ; the disappointed avarice of those who had come to it for silver and gold ; the stern ecclesiastical oligarchy first established in the east ; the worldly time-serving despotism of Smith and the succeeding governors in the south ; the one punishing with banishment and death 'that damnable heresie of affirming justification by works ;' the other promulgating in the new world the laws of the old 'to prevent sectarie infection' from creeping into the pale of mother church ; the former denouncing temporal punishment and eternal wrath, against 'all idlers, common coasters, unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco takers ;' the latter formally enacting and literally executing that salutary law, that 'he who will not work shall not eat ;' the Virginian colony importing into the country a cargo of negroes, to entail the curse of slavery on their remotest posterity, in the same year that our first fathers were founding the liberties of America on the Plymouth rock, and Winthrop with his company of sturdy Independents, extending along the shores of Massachusetts the work which had been so happily begun, while 'refiners, goldsmiths, and jewellers,' 'poor gentlemen, tradesmen, serving men, libertines, and *such like*, ten times more fit to spoil a commonwealth, than either to begin or maintain one,' as the old writers inform us, were still flocking over to the shores of Virginia. Such contrasts judiciously exhibited, as, notwithstanding the distance of the two colonies, they well might be, with no very unpardonable poetical license, especially by the link of the New Netherlands, while they supply at once an infinite variety of individual character to the

author's hands, could not fail to confer on a work of fiction the additional value of developing the political history of the times, and the first beginnings, perhaps, of those conflicting sectional interests, which sometimes perplex us at the present day. Or if more rigid rules of composition require us to confine our views to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, for instance, what character could be more obsequious to the imagination than that of the moody and mysterious Blaxton? who was found by the colonists, the solitary lord of the little isthmus of Shawmut,* which he claimed and was allowed to hold against them, by the acknowledged right of established possession; of whom history only tells us that he had been a clergyman of the church of England, that he dissented equally from her canons, and those of his non-conforming brethren; but how or when he emigrated to America, and built his humble hut on a spot destined to become the seat of a populous and flourishing city, it tells us not. What shall we say to Sir Christopher, the knight of Jerusalem, a lineal descendant of the famous bishop of Winchester, who with the strange lady was travelling and revelling through the land, until he was stopped by the scandalized 'seekers of the Lord,' and arraigned on a charge of suspicion of bigamy, *et alia enormia contra pacem*, before such a judicial assembly as the politic Winthrop, the scholastic Cotton, the fiery and intolerant Dudley, with Underhill perhaps for a witness, and Miles Standish for captain of the guard? What would not the author of Waverley make of such materials? But we forbear to enlarge further on this prolific theme.

The Indian wars, of which the first occurred soon after the time of which we have just spoken, and the last of any note in New England, in the years 1722-25, are fruitful of incidents, which might, to great advantage, be interwoven with the materials before noticed; and it scarcely needs to be asserted, that the Indians themselves are a highly poetical people. Gradually receding before the tread of civilization, and taking from it only the principle of destruction, they seem to be fast wasting to utter dissolution; and we shall one day look upon their history, with such emotions of curiosity and wonder, as those with which we now survey the immense mounds and heaps of ruin in the interior of our continent, so extensive that they have hardly yet been measured, so ancient that they lie

* The Indian name of the peninsula on which Boston now stands.
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buried in their own dust and covered with the growth of a thousand years, forcing upon the imagination the appalling thought of some great and flourishing, perhaps civilized people, who have been so utterly swept from the face of the earth, that they have not left even a traditionary name behind them. At the present day, enough is known of our aborigines to afford the ground-work of invention, enough is concealed to leave full play for the warmest imagination; and we see not why those superstitions of theirs, which have filled inanimate nature with a new order of spiritual beings, may not be successfully employed to supersede the worn out fables of Runic mythology, and light up a new train of glowing visions, at the touch of some future wizard of the West. At any rate we are confident that the savage warrior, who was not less beautiful and bold in his figurative diction, than in his attitude of death, the same who 'suffered not the grass to grow upon the war-path,' and hastened 'to extinguish the fire of his enemy with blood,' tracking his foe through the pathless forest, with instinctive sagacity, by the fallen leaf, the crushed moss, or the bent blade, patiently enduring cold, hunger, and watchfulness, while he crouched in the night-grass like the tiger expecting his prey, and finally springing on the unsuspecting victim with that war-whoop, which struck terror to the heart of the boldest planter of New England in her early day, is no mean instrument of the sublime and terrible of human agency. And if we may credit the flattering pictures of their best historian, the indefatigable Heckewelder, not a little of softer interest might be extracted from their domestic life.

Instead of wearying our reader with a formal disquisition on the characters and scenes of the third epoch, we beg leave to introduce him, without farther ceremony, if he has not already made the acquaintance, to Mr Harvey Birch, better known by the name of the Spy of the Neutral Ground; whom we greet, as doubtless the reader does also, with the greater satisfaction, in that he has taken a world of trouble off our hands, doing away the painful necessity of establishing by syllogism and inference this part of our proposition, viz, that the American revolution is an admirable basis, on which to found fictions of the highest order of romantic interest. This trouble is taken off our hands, however, not because the work before us is a perfect model of its kind, but because, whatever other deficiencies or deformities may appertain to it, want of interest, the only unpardonable sin of romance, is not among them.

We do not propose, however, to give a minute analysis of a work, which has already been some months before the public, and has withal sufficient notoriety to have reached its third edition. We have a right to assume, that our readers are fashionable enough to have kept pace with their neighbors, and shall therefore tell no more of the story, than we find necessary for our purpose.

The narrative turns on the fortunes of Henry Wharton, a captain in the royal army, (then under sir Henry Clinton, with head quarters at New York) who imprudently visits his father's family at West Chester, (the neutral ground,) in disguise, and there falls into the hands of an American party under the command of Major Dunwoodie, his sister's betrothed lover, and his own bosom friend. He is tried and condemned as a spy; but succeeds in making his escape by the assistance of Harvey Birch, the pedlar, himself a notorious British spy, and with the connivance of Washington, who, under the assumed character of Harper, had been an inmate at the house of Wharton's father, at the time of the stolen visit, and was firmly convinced of the young man's innocent intentions.

Harvey Birch, by whose mysterious agency every important incident in the book is more or less affected, though a convicted spy of the enemy, with a price set upon his head, turns out in the sequel to have been all along in secret the confidential and trusty agent of Washington.

This finely conceived character, on whom the interest of the narrative mainly depends, is not wholly without historical foundation. It is matter of notoriety, that no military commander ever availed himself of a judicious system of *espionage* with more consummate address, or greater advantage to his cause, than General Washington. The similarity of the belligerents in all outward appearances, and their community of language, furnished both parties with great facilities for mutual deception. But the minute local knowledge of our commander in chief, his extensive information in regard to the manners, habits, and occupations of the persons with whom he had to deal, his own acute observation and discriminating judgment, united to an intimate acquaintance with the characters of individuals, gave him in this respect peculiar advantages, which he never failed to improve. A fund, liberal, considering the parsimony and extreme poverty of our government at that

time, was furnished by congress, expressly to be employed in secret services of this nature, and Washington was never sparing of his own purse when occasion demanded additional supplies. Hence he was enabled to maintain great numbers of secret agents, who were often at work unsuspected in the very heart of the British army, transmitting regular and authentic intelligence of its minutest operations; while his most confidential officers were profoundly ignorant of the means and sources of his information, and frequently received themselves that, on which they were directed to rely, without knowing the quarter whence it came. We do not state this without authority. We have it through a channel, which ought not to be doubted, that, at a time when General Heath was left by Washington in command, he was directed to make daily search in the hollow of a certain tree for despatches from the enemy's camp; and the search was seldom fruitless, though the general professed himself entirely unsuspicious of the person or persons by whom he was thus supplied. Many similar facts are probably known to officers now living; and although others, who stood high in the service, should not possess the same kind of information, this is a species of negative evidence, which can weigh little in the scale. That services of this sort should have been performed by persons commonly reputed to be disaffected to the American cause, and even by those who lived ostensibly in British pay, is a thing not only extremely probable in itself, but likewise a fact capable of being established by living testimony. Indeed we have, within these few days, held direct communication with a man then in this city, who, having first suffered his name to be stricken off the rolls of his regiment for desertion, entered into the service of sir Henry Clinton, as a private, and sir Henry thought confidential agent, while he was, in truth, a spy upon the movements of that officer, and constantly conveyed all his valuable information to the commander of the American armies, in conformity with the understanding that subsisted between them; and this was a man of sufficient respectability to receive a captain's commission for his services.* It may well, however, be a matter of doubt, whether

* This man had a secret pass from Washington, to be used in case of emergency. He was accustomed to carry his despatches rolled up, in shape and size like a bullet, that they might be swallowed, if necessary. Once, when employed by sir Henry, as the bearer of a despatch to sir Guy Carleton in Canada, he met a brother tory, charged with despatches, *vice versa*, from sir

General Washington himself ever submitted to a personal disguise for the purpose of obtaining this kind of information, either directly or indirectly; and, until we see undoubted evidence of the fact, we shall not hesitate to deny it. The whole character of Washington is against it. His station, his trust, than which none could be higher, are against it. The opinion of those most intimate with him, by their official relations, is entirely against it. Nay, it was almost physically impossible. His remarkable stature and physiognomy, his lofty carriage, the unbending dignity of his whole demeanor, and, above all, the notoriety of his person making detection almost certain, rendered him the most unfit of all men to practise such a deception. We are compelled to believe, therefore, that our author has deviated from historical accuracy, in a point where he should most scrupulously have adhered to it. When such a personage as Washington is made to move in the scenes of fiction, so recently too after the termination of his conspicuous career, he should appear, if he would appear safely, only as his countrymen have known and must ever remember him, at the head of armies, or in the dignity of state. Our imagination will hardly consent to follow him through the mere common courtesies, or grosser familiarities of life; and where our author attempts so to represent him, he undertakes a task, under which greater and more practised abilities would sink. In his own words, 'it was rash—it was unkind—it was a sad, sad mistake.' Reminding him, therefore of the old rule, '*sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam viribus,*' we will proceed to business.

The scene opens abruptly, in the year 1780, with a solitary traveller, muffled in his cloak, and mounted on a warlike steed, who is seen by the startled dames and peasants of West Chester riding through one of its valleys, towards the edge of an October evening, in quest of shelter from the approaching storm. After being dismissed from the door of a miserable hovel, the residence of Harvey Birch, by a sharp-voiced,

Guy. These he contrived to get into his possession, by pretending that he himself was then on his way to sir Henry, and immediately carried the two to Washington. 'This,' said he, 'was the only time I ever saw his excellency smile,' although he often had private interviews with him. He went to see General Washington the day before he resigned the presidency, and the general, not unmindful of former services, then presented him with a hundred dollars.

meagre-visaged female, who informs him through the crack of the door, that she is 'only a forlorn, lone body, and does not much like to give lodgings to strangers in these ticklish times,' he proceeds through the driving rain to a house in the neighborhood with something more of elegance about it, and we are forthwith introduced to the family of the Whartons. After the first and second set of 'complimentary greetings' are happily over, Mr Wharton, 'who by his manner, dress, and every thing around him showed he had seen much of life and of the best society, hands a glass of excellent Madeira to his guest, inquiring with a *formal bow*, to whose health have I the honor of drinking?' The traveller, who sat unconsciously *gazing on the fire*, 'turning his eyes slowly on his host, with a look of close observation, replied, *bowing in his turn*, while a faint tinge gathered on his pale features, Mr Harper. Mr Harper, resumed, the other, with the formal precision of the day, I have the honor to drink your health, and hope you will sustain no injury from the rain, to which you have been exposed. Mr Harper *bowed* in silence to the compliment, and soon resumed the *meditations*, from which he appeared to have been interrupted.' We are thus particular in noticing this highly complimentary scene, because it is the first instance of a fault very frequent with our author, and here the more unfortunate, as occurring so early, and so hard upon the heels of an extremely spirited introduction. We mean the great stiffness and inelegance, relieved by a little vulgarity, of his high life. This is rather a serious charge, and as we have no opinion of sweeping remarks, we shall proceed to establish it by, we trust, well supported illustration. The almost insuperable difficulty of representing Washington, *en famille*, we have already noticed; but that Harper is Washington the reader has as yet no ground to suspect; he comes to us a stranger, whom we look upon without 'fear, favor, or affection,' and expect merely that he will conduct himself like any other gentleman of graceful and dignified deportment, under similar circumstances. But, contrary to all this, the moment Mr Harper appears, wrapped in his cloak and mounted on his stately courser, we are tacitly informed that a prodigiously great man is getting under weigh. While he continues muffled, and in the saddle, he supports this character tolerably well; but no sooner do we meet him in the parlor, with the other high-bred gentlemen and ladies, than we perceive at once the author has got more dignity upon

his hands than he knows how to manage ; and accordingly it is starched up with stiff bows, awkward courtesies, and glum looks. All reasonable allowance doubtless should be made for a laudable attempt to exhibit 'the formal precision of the day ;' but really there is so little in the above scene said, or done very different from similar 'complimentary greetings' in modern days, that it is hardly more worthy of notice than 'the extra handkerchief' and 'blue surtout,' of which we are told, with great solemnity, Mr Harper had disrobed himself on his entrance.

Nor are we altogether satisfied with the easy abstraction in which Mr Harper settles himself down to contemplate the fire, and commune with his own meditations, when he ought to have been making his intrusion as little disagreeable as possible to the good people he had disturbed. These certainly were not the manners of Washington ! There is something however really ludicrous about the mock dignity with which this Mr Harper constantly makes a low bow, and says nothing 'for fear of committing himself,' and the formality with which we are told, this common place remark he made '*with his usual gravity*' p. 8. that, '*crossing his leg with steady composure,*' p. 9. &c. This holds with regard to Harper throughout ; and is in a greater or less degree applicable to all our author's heroes when they leave off action, and begin to talk ; because he thinks it necessary to stiffen their backs with an extra share of dignity and military etiquette. Thus Dunwoodie, 'the elegant and graceful Peyton Dunwoodie,' who is designed for a model of high breeding, after a pretty little love scene with Frances, full of touches of nature and true feeling, as soon as he comes to an interview with Henry, his prisoner, draws himself up like an old drill sergeant in a muster of raw recruits. That there should be a little awkwardness at first, between the captor and the captured, under such circumstances, is natural enough ; but there is no earthly reason why two warm hearted young men, who had spent their days of childhood in sweet communion together, who had grown up in habits of the strictest intimacy, who loved each other like brothers, and were in fact in a fair way to become so, should *sir* and *major* each other up, (when it was usually simple Peyton and Henry,) in a family conversation, as if they were upon parade, merely because duty required the one to examine into the motives and circumstances of his friend's disguise, while the other well knew that he

was under no sort of obligation to answer the inquiries, though very properly made. We had noticed several instances of the recurrence of this fault in the character of Dunwoodie, but our limits oblige us to omit them.

We have also said there is an occasional dash of vulgarity and grossness, among those who are introduced to us as men of a very different stamp. Lawton, for instance, who with something of Bothwell, and a smack of Dalghetty, rising but a single degree above either, is one of the best drawn characters in the book, a fearless trooper, who eats, drinks, and fights *con amore*, by some strange mistake comes in with the pretensions of 'a gentleman,' and is seriously spoken of by the author as such, pp. 70. 245; yet one of the first things he does when he gets into a gentleman's house, (its inmates utter strangers to him,) and is asked when Major Dunwoodie may be expected, is to fix his eyes upon Frances, and 'look droll' at Mr Wharton. And when he and his officers, 'all of them men who under the rough exterior of actual and arduous service concealed the manners of the highest classes of society,' p. 72, are seated at the breakfast table, they not only eat with a most inelegant voracity all that is set before them, but seem to amuse themselves—very genteelly—with endeavoring to disconcert their timid host, by shrewd questions, sharp looks, significant smiles, and 'dry' remarks, together with sundry threats of making his neighbor Birch dangle before his door 'from one of the limbs of his own namesakes.' p. 71—4. All we have to say to these finished gentlemen is, that they certainly succeed admirably in *concealing* 'the manners of the highest classes of society'—according to our poor notion of what those manners may be. It may really be worth our author's while, to contrast these high bred officers of his, seated around Mr Wharton's breakfast table, with Evandale, Claverhouse, and even sergeant Bothwell, at a *dejeuné* in the castle of Tillietudlem.—We will not fatigue our readers with multiplying examples of this kind, which lie scattered throughout the book. We cannot, however, but refer to the dining scene, towards the end of the first volume.

The scene in which the pedlar, after young Wharton's arrival, is ushered into the parlor, with all his vendibles, and the conversation which follows, are admirable. The gradual development of character—the cunning of the pedlar—his avarice, assumed to mask his real purposes—his affected indifference on political subjects—the skill and caution

with which he eludes the inquiries put to him—the effect on the purchases of the young ladies, who were of opposite parties in politics, as they draw different conclusions from his guarded answers—the eagerness with which young Wharton thrusts his head from behind the curtain, when he hears of Sumpter's defeat, and asks for more news, and the confusion with which he slinks back again when the pedlar, like a true yankee, replies by *asking* with peculiar emphasis, whether he had heard that André was hung;—the emotion of the father, who from beginning with an attempt to mend a broken tea-cup, ends with crushing the pieces of china in his hand—the boldness which he musters up at last to inquire whether they are like to be disturbed by the enemy—his dismay on being answered by the inquiry who do you call the enemy?—the quietude of Harper, sitting as if he were a disinterested auditor, throughout the whole—and the exquisite humor of the negro, 'the old family house servant, who, born and reared in the dwelling of his master, identified himself with those whom it was his lot to serve,' a character which we have never before seen truly depicted,—make it altogether a rich display of comic power, which we should certainly present to our readers at length, had we not yet better matter in store for them.

The battle scene, the escape, flight, and recapture of Henry Wharton—the chase of the pedlar-spy, and the overthrow of Lawton, are all described with great animation and spirit. We have no fault to find with either of them, except that the battle is planned with a little too much of military precision, and drawn too much into detail in the execution.

The next important scene we could not refuse our readers the pleasure of perusing, for the great variety of excellence it contains, but that we could not do it justice without a larger extract than our limits allow. We certainly esteem it the best in the first volume, and one which will redeem many subjects of censure.—In the hut of the mysterious pedlar lived an aged and infirm father, his sole surviving relative, and Katy Haines, his housekeeper, the same who introduced herself to the reader in the first chapter by repelling the applications of Harper for admittance in so uncourteous a way. The old man was lying at the point of death, and Cæsar had been despatched by his mistress to the hut with some restoratives which proved of little avail.

The curiosity of the spinster and the negro is excited to as-
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certain whether the dying man had made 'his last will in the testament,' for which purpose they enter upon a laborious investigation of the record of births, deaths, &c., in the first page of the old family bible; but when they had spelt their way to the record of some awful visitation of providence, a deep groan from the apartment of the sick fairly frightens them into closing the volume. In the next instant they are startled by the entrance of the pedlar himself, who had come to receive the dying benediction of his parent; and this is interrupted by the arrival of the skimmers, (outlaws of the time,) who, after extorting from Birch his hidden treasures, on the promise that he should then be allowed to go to his father, are on the point of violating their faith by seizing his person, when the old man, looking like a newly risen corpse, totters into the room, and puts them to the rout with the full persuasion that they had seen a ghost, or according to the African Dutch of Cæsar, 'a spookie.'—Every part of it is admirably wrought.

So far every thing has gone on swimmingly. The machinery of the plot is in excellent train. All the parties who are, or ought to be, interested in each other, by a series of natural, and for the most part striking incidents, have been brought under the same roof. The love seems to be working well;—the mystery that hangs over the pedlar thickens at every step;—and the fate of Henry Wharton is a strong concentrating point of growing interest, to which we look forward with doubt and anxiety. The characters, various and spirited in conception, have been well sustained;—we have had little superfluity; no unnecessary make-weights; no more of the insipid than was just necessary for nature's dead-coloring;—no boarding school sentimentality; no out-heroding of Herod; nothing absolutely shocking to the taste or revolting to the feelings. In this prosperous state of things, borne on with swelling sails 'in the full tide of successful experiment,' our author, with that unaccountable perversity with which young men will sometimes indulge a whim—a freak—a folly—against all sober judgment, does not merely stop short in his bright career, and fall into a profound slumber—we could forgive him that—does not move on more drowsily, or meander a little in his path from ignorance of the way, or a slight bewilderment of his senses—we could forgive that too—but suddenly, with his eyes open, and without any manner of provocation, wheels off at a right angle, and

walks entirely out of a plain road, to bring in for no conceivable purpose but to create confusion, the least agreeable of all disagreeable 'bundles of sensibilities' we ever remember to have met with in print—or out of it. However 'a wilfu' man maun have his way;' and accordingly he ushers in Miss Isabella Singleton, in a one horse chaise, with a dragoon escort and blackey to drive. This is brought about by causing her brother to be dangerously wounded, and carried to Mr Wharton's house; in consequence of which the sister is sent for by Dunwoodie, after a little struggle with his own delicacy, because she was so unhappy as to have fallen in love with him, while on the other hand neither he nor any other mortal living, could possibly feel the like passion for her. The young lady is chiefly remarkable for an eye 'large, full, black, piercing, and at times a *little wild*,' together with great versatility of countenance, which she displays on every promising occasion. For instance, as soon as she learns that her brother is out of danger, 'she clasps her hands with energy,' 'rolls up her dark eyes to heaven,' 'a slight flush beams on her features,' and 'she gives vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.' Frances is seized with a sort of sympathy; she first contemplates her with a kind of 'uneasy admiration!' She then 'springs to her side with the ardor of a sister,' and 'kindly drawing her arm in her own, leads the way to a retired room, where they can cry it out.' Miss Peyton followed the youthful pair with only a smile of complacency. The feeling was communicated to all the spectators, and 'what think you did they?—why, like sensible people,—'they dispersed in pursuit of their usual avocations!'—We shall follow their example, taking no farther notice of the sensitive Isabella, than that she continues to exhibit a very changeable countenance, and a great variety of emotion; contrives to excite the jealousy of Frances; occasions a temporary dismissal of Dunwoodie; and performs many other unheard of achievements, until one day a lucky bullet, which was designed for Lawton, makes a very indelicate entrance into the bosom of Miss Singleton, and so she dies as ridiculously as she had lived, happily ridding the author and the reader of a very disagreeable impediment to the progress of the story.

The funeral of the elder Birch is a solemn, well conducted scene; and the land speculator of the times who had contrived to cheat the pedlar in a bargain for the house, which now that his father was dead he was about to leave forever; the

parting between Harvey and Katy, which was beginning to grow so tender on the side of the latter, when it is interrupted by the arrival of the Skinners; their capture of the pedlar, and burning of his house after it had become the property of the speculator; the description of the quarters of the dragoons at the 'Hotel Flanagan,' together with Betty Flanagan herself; the examination, imprisonment, and miraculous escape of the pedlar-spy, and more than all, the military theology of sergeant Hollister, where he humanely counsels his captive to make his thoughts ready to pass muster at the last review, are all well conceived and happily executed.

But we must give our readers a taste of Mrs Flanagan and the sergeant, at a time when they were proceeding, in obedience to a mysterious warning from the pedlar, to carry succor to Lawton, who was supposed to be in some imminent peril.

"As it is quite uncertain whether we shall be attacked in front or rear," said Hollister, "five of you shall march in advance, and the remainder shall cover our retreat towards the barrack, should we be pressed. 'Tis an awful moment to a man of little learning, Elizabeth, to command in such a service; for my part, I wish devoutly that one of the the officers was here, but my trust is in the Lord."

"Pooh! man, away wid yee," said the washerwoman, who had got herself comfortably seated, "the devil a bit of an inimy is there near—march on hurry-skurry, and lit the mare trot, or it's but little that Captain Jack will thank yee for the help."

"Although unlearned in matters of communicating with spirits, or laying the dead, Mrs Flanagan," said the veteran, "I have not served through the old war, and five years in this, not to know how to guard the baggage. Doesn't Washington always cover the baggage? I am not to be told my duty by a camp follower. Fall in as you are ordered, and dress."

"Well, march any way," cried the impatient washerwoman; "the black is there already, and it's tardy the captain will think yee."

"Are you sure that it was really a black man that brought the order?" said the sergeant, dropping in between the platoons, where he could converse with Betty, and was equally at hand to lead either way.

"Nay, said the washerwoman, "and I'm sure of nothing, dear. But why dont the boys prick their horses, and jog a trot; the mare is mighty uneasy, and it's no warm in this cursed valley, riding as much like a funeral party as old rags is to continental."

"Fairly and softly, aye, and prudently, Mrs Flanagan," said the veteran; "it's not rashness that makes the good officer. If it is a spirit that we have to encounter, it's more than likely that he'll make his attack by surprise;—horses are not very powerful in the dark, and I have a character to lose, good woman."

"Caractur!" echoed Betty, "and is'nt it caractur and life too, that Captain Jack has to lose?"

"Halt!" cried the sergeant; "what is that lurking near the foot of the rock, on the left?"

"Sure it's nothing," said the uneasy washerwoman, "unless it be the matter of Captain Jack's soul that's come to haunt yee, for not being brisker on the march."

"Betty, 'tis foolishness to talk in such a way. Advance one of you and reconnoitre the spot—draw swords!—rear rank close to the front!"

"Pshaw!" shouted Betty, "is it a big fool or a big coward that yee are?—jist wheel from the road, boys, and I'll shove the mare down upon it in the twinkling of an eye—and it's no ghost that I fear."

By this time, one of the men had returned, and declared there was nothing to prevent their advancing, and the party continued their march, but with great deliberation and caution.

"Courage and prudence are the jewels of a soldier, Mrs Flanagan," said the sergeant; "and without one, the other may be said to be good for nothing."

"Prudence without courage," cried the other, "is it *that*, you mane?—and it's so that I'm thinking myself, sargeant. This baste pulls tight on the reins, any way."

"Be patient, good woman—hark! what is that?" said Hollister, pricking up his ears at the report of Wellmere's pistol; "I'll swear 'tis a pistol, and one from our regiment.—Hark! rear rank close to the front!—Mrs. Flanagan, I must leave you." So saying, having recovered all his faculties, by hearing a martial sound that he understood, he placed himself at the head of his men with an air of military pride, that the darkness prevented the washerwoman from beholding. A volley of musketry now rattled in the night wind, and the sergeant exclaimed—

"March—quick time!"

The next instant the trampling of a horse was heard coming up the road, at a rate that announced a matter of life or death, and Hollister again halted his party, and rode a short distance in front himself to meet the rider.

"Stand!—who goes there?" shouted Hollister, in the full tones of manly resolution.

"Ha! Hollister, is it you?" cried Lawton, "ever ready and at your post; but where is the guard?"

"At hand, sir, and ready to follow you through thick and thin," said the veteran, relieved at once from his responsibility, and now eager to be led against his enemy.

"'Tis well," said the trooper, riding up to his men; and speaking a few words of encouragement, he led them down the valley at a rate but little less rapid than his approach. The miserable horse of the sutler was soon distanced, and Betty thus thrown out in the chase, turned to the side of the road, and observed—

"There—it's no difficulty to tell that Captain Jack is wid'em any way; and it's the funeral that's soon over now; and away they go like so many nagur boys at a husking-frolick;—well, I'll jist hitch the mare to this bit of a fence, and a walk down and see the sport, afoot—it's no rasonable to expose the baste to be hurted."

The burning of the old mansion, with the rescue of Frances by Lawton, and of Sarah in a state of insanity by the pedlar, are told with some interest. But the moving ball of black which alarms Hollister in his midnight watch over the smoking ruins, and which turns out to be the royal chaplain in his robes, skulking about for fear of the Indians, is a poor conceit enough.

The trial of Captain Wharton, though detailed with rather too much form, and paying but a poor compliment to the acuteness of the learned judges in the art of cross-examination, is yet upon the whole well done; and there is not a little of real pathos in the wild supplications of Frances, and the violent emotions of Col. Singleton, when the recent death of his daughter is suggested to him by the agonized girl. It is the only atonement made for the Singleton episode in the whole book.

Wharton's escape is a very clumsy contrivance. To suppose that vigilant sentinels in broad day, should mistake a man in a black mask for a real negro, is making rather a larger draught upon our faith, than we can answer in this part of the country. The chase, however, is a scene of breathless interest, excellently well told. But we cannot sufficiently admire at the idle stage-effect of making Wharton and the pedlar exhibit themselves upon the cliff they had gained, to their baffled pursuers, merely because the horses of the latter could not climb the precipice. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract the whole of this scene, which, with the exceptions above mentioned is extremely good. We will not refuse them, however, the following energetic and eloquent

passage. It is just before the escape of the prisoner is discovered. Wharton, in the guise of Cæsar, is riding behind the supposed clergyman, (Harvey Birch) who turns his head occasionally under pretence of giving ghostly counsel to his humble follower, but in reality to watch the first indications of discovery and pursuit.

‘Do you see any thing in particular?’ asks Wharton.

“Humph!” ejaculated the pedlar; “there is something particular indeed, to be seen behind the thicket on our left—turn your head a little, and you may see and profit by it too.”

Henry eagerly seized this permission to look aside, and the blood curdled to his heart as he observed that they were passing a gallows that unquestionably had been erected for his own execution:—he turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

“There is a warning to be prudent in that bit of wood,” said the pedlar, in the sententious manner that he often adopted.

“It is a terrific sight, indeed!” cried Henry, for a moment veiling his eyes with his hand, as if to drive a vision from before him.

‘The pedlar moved his body partly around, and spoke with energetic but gloomy bitterness—“and yet, Captain Wharton, you see it where the setting sun shines full upon you; the air you breathe is clear, and fresh from the hills before you. Every step that you take, leaves that hated gallows behind, and every dark hollow, and every shapeless rock in the mountains, offers you a hiding place from the vengeance of your enemies. But I have seen the gibbet raised, when no place of refuge offered. Twice have I been buried in dungeons, where, fettered and in chains, I have passed nights in torture, looking forward to the morning’s dawn that was to light me to a death of infamy. The sweat has started from limbs that seemed already drained of their moisture, and if I ventured to the hole that admitted air through grates of iron, to look out upon the smiles of nature, which God has bestowed for the meanest of his creatures, the gibbet has glared before my eyes like an evil conscience, harrowing the soul of a dying man. Four times have I been in their power, besides this last; but—twice—twice—did I think that my hour had come. It is hard to die at the best, Captain Wharton; but to spend your last moments alone and unpitied, to know that none near you so much as think of the fate that is to you the closing of all that is earthly; to think, that in a few hours, you are to be led from the gloom, which, as you dwell on what follows, becomes dear to you, to the face of day, and there to meet all eyes upon you, as if you were a wild beast; and to lose sight of every

thing amidst the jeers and scoffs of your fellow-creatures—That, Captain Wharton, that indeed is to die.'

Soon after this comes a digression little less obnoxious than that which made us acquainted with the remarkable life, sufferings, and death of Isabella Singleton. We refer to the strange expedition of Frances Wharton, alone in a dark night through the midst of soldiers and villains, to the mysterious hut on the mountain, upon the vague notion of finding the pedlar, who might direct her to Harper, who she supposed would influence Washington to save the life of her brother who had already escaped, but who, to be sure, might possibly be recaptured, and then if he ever should come to the gallows, it would be highly convenient to have a pardon on hand.

The part which Harper, that is, Washington himself, is here made to play—holding secret and familiar communications with one of his meanest agents in such a spot, skulking upon the approach of Wharton into a recess of the rock—and finally emerging, after his departure, to inform Frances, that *if* she can but detain the cavalry two hours, her brother will be safe, and after giving her a long solemn blessing, concluding with 'any of these sheep-paths will take you to the place,' is far worse than the dull dignity with which he was stigmatized in the early scenes. The only real object seems to have been to furnish a pretext for the hasty marriage of Frances to Dunwoodie—a loss of time, by the way, which was rather inconsistent with the fiery zeal of the hero to pursue and overtake his fugitive friend.

There is one following scene of greater power, perhaps, than any our author has produced. It reminds us strongly, from the feeling of unmixed horror it excites, of the drowning of Morris in *Rob Roy*, although we do not mean to compare them in point of style.

—'On the brow of the eminence stood a deserted and dilapidated building, that had been a barn. Many of the boards that had formed its covering were torn from their places, and its wide doors were lying the one in front of the building and the other half way down the precipice, whither the wind had cast it. Entering this desolate spot, the refugee officer very coolly took from his pocket a short pipe, whose color might once have been white, but which now, from long use, had acquired not only the hue but the gloss of ebony, a tobacco-box, and a small roll of leather that con-

tained steel, flint, and tinder. With this apparatus, he soon furnished his mouth with a companion, that habit had long rendered necessary to extraordinary reflection in its owner. So soon as a large column of smoke arose from this arrangement, the captain significantly held forth his hand towards his assistant. A small cord was produced from the pocket of the sergeant, and handed to the other. Now, indeed, appeared a moment of deep care in the refugee, who threw out vast puffs of smoke until nearly all of his head was obscured, and looked around the building with an anxious and inquisitive eye. At length he removed the pipe, and inhaling a draught of pure air, returned it to its *domicile*, and proceeded to business at once. There was a heavy piece of timber laid across the girths of the barn, but a little way from the southern door, which opened directly upon a full view of the river, as it stretched far away towards the bay of New York. Over this timber the refugee threw one end of the rope, and, regaining it, joined the two parts in his hand. A small and weak barrel that wanted a head, the staves of which were loose and at one end standing apart, was left on the floor, probably as useless to the owner. This was brought by the sergeant in obedience to a look from his officer, and placed beneath the beam. All of these arrangements were made with immovable composure, and now seemed completed to the officer's perfect satisfaction.

"Come," he said coolly to the skinner, who, amazed with the preparations, had stood both a close and silent spectator of their progress. He obeyed—and it was not until he found his neck-cloth removed, and hat thrown aside, that he took the alarm. But he had so often resorted to a similar expedient to extort information or plunder, that he by no means felt the terror an unpractised man would have suffered, at these ominous movements. The rope was adjusted to his neck with the same coolness, that formed the characteristic of the whole movement, and a fragment of board being laid upon the barrel, he was ordered to mount it.

"But it may fall," said the skinner, for the first time beginning to tremble. "I will tell you any thing—even how to surprise our party at the Pond, without this trouble; and that is commanded by my own brother."

"I want no information," returned his executioner, (for such he now seemed really to be,) as he threw the rope repeatedly over the beam, first drawing it tight, so as to annoy the skinner a little, and then casting the end from him, far beyond the reach of any one.

"This is joking too far," cried the skinner, in a tone of remonstrance, and raising himself on his toes, with the vain hope of releasing himself from the cord by slipping his head through the

noose. But the caution and experience of the refugee had guarded against this escape.

"What did you with the horse you stole from me, rascal?" he cried, throwing out extraordinary columns of smoke, as he waited for a reply.

"He broke down in the chase," replied the skinner quickly; "but I can tell you where one is to be found, that is worth him and his sire."

"Liar! I will help meself when I want one—but you had better call upon God for aid, as your hour is short." On concluding this consoling advice, he struck the barrel a violent blow with his heavy foot, and the slender staves flew in every direction, leaving the skinner whirling in the air. As his hands were unconfined, he threw them upwards, and held himself suspended by main strength.

"Come, captain," he said coaxingly, a little huskiness creeping into his voice, and his knees beginning to shake with a slight tremor, "just end the joke—'tis enough to make a laugh, and my arms begin to tire—indeed I can't hold on much longer."

"Harkee, Mr Pedlar," said the refugee, in a voice that would not be denied, "I want not your company. Through that door lies your road—march!—offer to touch that dog, and you'll swing in his place, if twenty sir Henrys wanted your services." So saying, he retired to the road with the sergeant, as the pedlar precipitately retreated down the bank.

Birch went no farther than a bush that opportunely offered itself as a skreen to conceal his person, while he yielded to an unconquerable desire to witness what would be the termination of this extraordinary scene.

Left thus alone, the skinner began to throw fearful glances around, to espy the hiding places of his tormentors. For the first time, the horrid idea seemed to shoot through his brain, that something serious was intended by the Cow-Boy. He called entreatingly to be released, and made rapid and incoherent promises of important information, mingled with affected pleasantry at their conceit, which he could hardly admit to himself could mean any thing so dreadful as it seemed. But as he heard the tread of the horses moving on their course, and in vain looked around for human aid, violent tremblings seized his limbs, and his eyes began to start from his head with terror. He made a desperate effort to reach the beam, but too much exhausted with his previous exertions, he caught the rope in his teeth, in a vain effort to sever the cord, and fell to the whole length of his arms. Here his cries were turned into shrieks—

"Help—cut the rope—Captain!—Birch!—good pedlar—down with the Congress!—sergeant!—for God's sake help—Hurrah for the king!—O God! O God! mercy—mercy—mercy—"

‘As his voice became suppressed, one of his hands endeavored to make its way between the rope and his neck, and partially succeeded, but the other fell quivering by his side. A convulsive shuddering passed over his whole frame, and he hung a hideous, livid corse.

‘Birch continued gazing on this scene with a kind of infatuation, and at its close he placed his hands to his ears, rushing towards the highway; but still the cries for mercy rung through his brain, and it was many weeks before his memory ceased to dwell on the horrid event. The Cow-Boys rode steadily on their route, as if nothing had occurred, and the body was left swinging in the wind, until chance directed the footsteps of some straggler to the place.’

Such is our hasty epitome of the *Spy*;—a work, which, with numerous and great blemishes, has yet redeeming merits to give it a respectable station in the ranks of historical romance. We have no fondness for indiscriminate censure or praise; and we humbly trust, we shall never award that palm, which we should withhold from a foreign production, to the work of an American, merely because it is such. There is no compliment, in that unmeaning adulation, which has styled the author of the *Spy* the Scott of America; nor do we think public sentiment, in this part of the country, will bear out a pretension so extravagant. At any rate, for ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that although uncommon powers are here exhibited, from which we have a right to augur yet better things, we have discerned nothing in this production which draws the writer a step nearer to the author of the *Waverley* novels, than it does to Shakspeare himself. His faults, however, are in general those of inexperience, and we fear we must add haste. Nothing but unpardonable haste can account for that sad huddling into confusion, towards the end, of a plot so well laid in the outset. And if we look more into detail, we find not unfrequent such gross negligences as making locks which were *black* in one place, p. 14; *auburn* in another, p. 65.; speaking of a house as lowering from the ‘*light of day*,’ p. 229, when it was just fired because the night was ‘*too dark to move in*,’ p. 226; or causing a gentleman to establish a *cigar-box*, instead of a cigar, in the corner of his mouth, ‘without the slightest interruption to discourse,’ p. 208; while loose and inelegant expressions, and even sentences of ungrammatical construction, are more frequent than they could have been with the ordinary care of

an ordinary writer. We hope these indications of haste do not proceed from the pitiful ambition of feeding the compositor with sheets, on which the ink is scarce dry. That may answer for the veteran of established reputation—at least ‘for the nonce;’ but it is the last point in which we desire to trace a resemblance between our young writers and the author of *Waverley*.

The particular talent of our author seems to lie in describing action and hitting off the humors of low life. Wherever there is something to be done, he sets about doing it with his whole soul; the reader’s attention is chained to the event; every other interest is absorbed in the deed, which is exhibited with a boldness of outline and vividness of coloring, proportioned to its importance in itself, or in its results. The flight, the hot pursuit, the charge, the victory, pass before you with the rapidity, and the distinctness too, of the forked lightning which plays in the summer cloud; and the reader, not less than the writer, is irresistibly borne on by the subject. On the other hand is character to be developed, where character is most strongly marked, not in the heroes and the heroines, but the scene-shifters of life, the vulgar bustling beings, who perform its ordinary functions, who make the strong shadow and the sharp light, which education and refinement soften away, we are brought to hear a spirited dialogue, replete with comic humor, rich with the direct language of untutored men, which displays clearly the moral peculiarities of the speakers, and proves the writer to possess, and to have employed, the talent of observing others, and of subtracting useful or striking traits from the real characters of life.—These are high gifts—the highest in the writer of fiction of a secondary rank. They are also (in a far more exalted degree, however, than with our author) the characteristics of the great Scottish antiquary; but then to these are added in him other qualities of extraordinary perfection, which our author either does not possess, or possesses in a far humbler degree.

The author of the *Spy* has not shown himself to be pre-eminently endowed with the power of moving the softer affections. That mysterious touch, which can open the secret sources of passion, and dissolve the heart in tears, and without which the highest order of excellence in fictitious composition cannot be attained, we do not say that he has not the mastery

of, but he has not yet proved to us that he has. The close of the trial scene, the pedlar's short description of the terrors of a lonely and ignominious death, which we have quoted above, and one of the early interviews between Frances and Dunwoodie, are the only instances which occur to us, in which he has exhibited much pathos; and these are not of the first rate. Neither has our author betrayed that exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature, which so commonly belongs to the poetic mind. There is a vast field of novelty open in our country, for this species of descriptive writing. Our author has not neglected to enter upon it;—but though his descriptions of natural scenery contain nothing that is not American, and are in fact good, yet they exhibit only the most obvious peculiarities of nature in this western world, with not a mark of that deep moral feeling, which weds the soul to beauty wherever it exists, and breathes its own freshness and fragrance over all that it creates. A delicate and discriminating taste, the result only of high cultivation, does not seem to be among the characteristics of this writer, and we trust he may not think it beneath him, to devote himself to the refinement of a power, which diffuses such an inexpressible charm over the productions of genius, and without which the invention, which can feed the appetite with perpetual novelty, and the imagination which can electrify the mind, may disgust as often as they please. It is true we are seldom shocked by gross violations of this principle, except in the mistaken view of the refinements of artificial and polished life, which have been already noticed; but harmony and smoothness are wanting throughout the whole. Of this we cannot be expected to give an illustration, unless the reader should find one in the citations already made; but as an instance of particularly bad taste we would specify, amongst many that might be adduced, the description of the highway, which 'ran boldly to the base of a barrier that would frighten a spirit less adventurous, and regardless of danger and difficulties kept its undeviating way until the summit was gained, when, rioting for a moment in victory, it as daringly plunged into the opposite vale, and resumed its meandering and sloth.' This was doubtless meant for fine description;—but the personification of a turnpike is about as violent an appeal to the imagination as can well be made. The inventive faculty, that, which if it be not genius is at least its chief characteristic, we cannot but think our author

possesses in an eminent degree; and we have rather to complain of that want of good taste, which has crowded so much of violent action into so small a space, than of paucity of incident, or monotony of style. At the same time that we cannot but remark again upon that gross negligence, which has produced the effect of poverty; as, for instance, two miraculous escapes of the pedlar, effected in precisely the same way; two burnings, that of the pedlar's hut, and that of the Wharton mansion, closely succeeding each other; and the horror of encountering the gallows erected for his execution, first inflicted upon Wharton himself, and then upon Frances.

One capital defect, which remains to be considered, is that excessive minuteness which leaves nothing for the imagination to supply. The enumeration of little unimportant facts—mere necessary consequences—and full-length descriptions of the exact tone, look, and gesture, with which something, or nothing, is uttered, the precise graduation of this or that emotion, and nice calculations upon the quantum of scorn or of smile exhibited on every trifling occasion, are prodigious *weakeners* of style, and when once noticed by the reader, produce a ludicrous effect. Upon such a point a single illustration is worth a volume of commentary, and the following specimen presents itself literally at a single glance. It is from a short conversation (not so witty by the way as the author intended) between Capt. Lawton and Mason, his lieutenant, p. 134, 135. 'The thought makes my head ache, replied the other, *shrugging up his shoulders*.'—'I have much reason to be obliged to the captain, said Mason, *drily*.'—'I'll not feign anger with you, returned the captain, *good humoredly*.'—'I believe both of us will be spared &c. observed Mason, *kindly*.'—'From my soul I hope so, exclaimed Lawton, *fervently*.'—'I thought they were going the wrong way, answered the subaltern, *drily*.'—'It was either your fall &c. returned the *waggish* subaltern, *gravely*.'—'Ay, but he managed &c. continued Mason, *coolly*.'—'You slept through it all, said Mason, *laconically*.'—'Yes, returned the other *with a sigh*.'—Yes, yes, said the captain, *quickly*,'—and so on to the end of *all* the chapters. A species of characterising, that reminds one of the dauber in Don Quixote, who wrote under his portrait, *this is a cock!*—Epithets and adverbs are the wretched expedients of a lame artist, who knows not how to do that which, to say the truth,

our author does full well—make his characters speak for themselves, and exhibit their qualities by word and deed. His portraits are spirited and for the most part, we doubt not, striking likenesses. Cæsar, in particular, whom we are unromantic enough to esteem the true hero of the piece, and who is certainly a pattern for all ‘people of color,’ is not only a real African, but if any of our readers doubt it, we can point out the very person who sat for the picture. Sergeant Hollister, overflowing with piety and valor, is a man whom we are all well acquainted with. The calculating Katy Haines we meet every day of our lives;—and the speculator upon the land and the misfortunes of others we may not look far to recognize. These are all original sketchings, done with a masterly hand, and serve strongly to illustrate the remarks which we made in the beginning of our article, upon the wide scope, which our country affords for the exercise of this kind of talent.* Betty Flanagan, though neither native nor new, is hardly inferior to either of the others; and Lawton, if he would not insist upon setting himself up for a finished gentleman, and were a little less ambitious of being thought a com-mical fellow withal, would be a trooper after our own hearts. Even Dunwoodie, though by no means the man our author took him to be, is precisely such a vaporish hero as we have seen strutting in regimentals many a day; and his mistress, who loves him far better than he deserves, keeping the courtship a little too much on her own side, is, or at least was, before she caught the Singleton infection, a pretty little miniature of an enthusiastic, warmhearted heroine. Of the insignificants, old Wharton and Miss Peyton are excellent pictures, true to the life; and we think we may add Sarah to the list, before she goes mad; after that calamity, though she sets out in her new character well enough, she carries the joke a little too far. And this reminds us of Dr Sitgreaves, whom it is a wonder we had not thought of before. The surgeon of the horse has many excellent points of humor about him. The

* When those remarks were prepared for the press, we had not read the *New England Tale*, a beautiful little picture of native scenery and manners, composed with exquisite delicacy of taste, and great strength of talent. Had we seen this, we should not have needed a stronger confirmation of our opinion respecting the abundance of original character we can supply to the domestic tale.—If rumor has rightly attributed this excellent production to a female pen, we may with far greater confidence boast of a *religious Edgeworth* in our land, than of a wonder-working Scott.

billet, for instance, which he indites to his assistant, when Cæsar is despatched on an eight mile ride, expressly for a certain ring, which was to unite the destinies of Sarah and Wellmere, and in which the ring is the very last thing mentioned, a mere *obiter dictum*, after divers instructions which concerned the health of the regiment, rather than the happiness of the bridal array; his rescuing a good *subject* from the flames of the Wharton dwelling, at the imminent hazard of his life; and his remonstrances, before we become tired of them, against the unscientific cut of Lawton and his men, so fatal to human life and the art of surgery, are certainly comic. But Dr Sitgreaves after all is a mere caricature, and, we speak it with all due deference to the 'lights of science,' considerably overdone. A late foreign journal has exclaimed loudly against the whole system of *bores*—even the great Erymanthian bores—(if we may follow Cicero in quoting the pun of the Agrigentines) of the writer of the Waverley novels. The remarks are certainly just, but we are not prepared to go to the full length of the conclusion that would suddenly strike out of existence so prodigious a monster, as Dominie Sampson and others of his kind—'all my pretty chickens and their dam—at one fell swoop,' merely because they are monsters, certainly very harmless, and infinitely amusing in their way. But then they should be properly kept up—let out now and then seasonably;—whereas our friend, Dr Sitgreaves has no sort of tact at perceiving when he is wanted, and coming in at all hours without knocking, makes us laugh at his professional ignorance rather than his simplicity, in discoursing so seriously as he does on the difficulties of replacing a shattered brain, or reuniting a severed artery, to any purpose of animal life. Unseasonable jokes, and a constant repetition of the same, are rather a fault of our author's. Thus poor Cæsar's teeth are made to chatter every ten pages, till we wonder that a single stump is left in his head, p. 92. 98. 155. 161. &c. Birch is a grand conception, but imperfectly executed. His movements are sometimes too rapid for mere human agency, as where he sets Hollister and his party in motion, and in almost the same time that Cæsar on horseback, and at full speed, could travel with the marriage ring from the 'four corners' to the 'Locusts,' he performs the same journey on foot, and arrives in time to interrupt the ceremonies. His warnings of danger are sometimes a little too ambiguous to

warrant the effects they produce, such as 'the moon will not rise till after midnight—a fit time for deeds of darkness.' He often usurps a dignity which hardly belongs to him, and then again relapses into a degree of vulgarity quite inconsistent with his late dignity, and needless for any purpose of deception. His constant allusions to *him*, who alone knew him, but ill agree with his habitual caution; and the useless tricks that he plays, merely to astonish the natives, are often quite unaccountable; as where he calls to Dunwoodie to 'stand or die;' informs him that he wants nothing but his good opinion (which he certainly took a novel way of securing;) warns him of some impending danger without explaining what; and finally concludes with the very superfluous manœuvre of firing his musket in the air, throwing it at the feet of Dunwoodie, and vanishing *in fumo*.

But we must put a period to remarks which have already swelled our article to unlooked for dimensions. We have to thank our author for having demonstrated so entirely to our satisfaction, that an admirable topic for the romantic historian has grown out of the American Revolution; although we still think it a less prolific source than our earlier history. If he has not done all that man could do, he has at least exhibited powers from which we have every thing to hope. The Spy of the Neutral Ground is not the production of an ordinary mind, and we will not presume to set limits to that capacity of improvement, which the author of *Precaution* has evinced in this second attempt. He has the high praise, and will have, we may add, the future glory, of having struck into a new path—of having opened a mine of exhaustless wealth—in a word, he has laid the foundations of American romance, and is really the first who has deserved the appellation of a distinguished American novel writer. Brown, who is beginning to attain a merited distinction abroad as well as at home, although his scenes are laid in America, cannot be said with truth to have produced an American novel. So far from exhibiting any thing of our native character and manners, his agents are not beings of this world; but those dark monsters of the imagination, which the will of the master may conjure up with an equal horror in the shadows of an American forest, or amidst the gloom of long galleries and vaulted aisles. His works have nothing but American topography about them. We recognize the names of places that are familiar to us and

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nothing more. Not even his natural scenery, wild, romantic, sublime, possibly a true copy of the particular spots it represents, can be said to possess the peculiar characteristics of America; and with him the aboriginal savage moves to his fell purpose, not as the real warrior of the wilderness, but a mere fiendlike instrument of death.—The graceful and humorous author of *Knickerbocker* and the *Sketch Book*, we regret to say, has not yet permitted us to view him threading the mazes of romance; and when we have named these, we know not who else there is to enter into competition with our author for the palm as an American novelist. We hope to hear from him again—not too soon. We do not exactly.

‘drop in unwilling ears

This saving counsel—keep your piece *nine years*,’

But we protest most seriously against modern rapidity of production; and really beg that he will be so good (for it is a virtue now-a-days,) as just to write his book before he prints it; and it would do no harm if he were to read it over once into the bargain.

ERRATA.

Page 71. 12th l. from bot. for ‘voluminous,’ read ‘numerous.’

— 72. 6th l. ——— — ‘Mr Bacon Wood,’ read ‘Mr Baron Wood.’

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Boylston Medical Prize Dissertations for the years 1819 and 1821: Experiments and observations on the communication between the Stomach and the Urinary Organs, and on the propriety of administering medicine by injection into the veins. By E. HALE, Jun. M. D. M. M. S. S.

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1. *Chlorophyll *a** and *Chlorophyll *b** were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

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